

Medan, 17 July, 1937.

Mr. W.M.Mann

c/o. U.S.Consul

Medan.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your enquiry of yesterday we have pleasure in quoting you as follows:

500 Kg. bananas = 60 bunch ad.	f.0.70 in four stages of development.	f.	42.--
100 " longstring beans (kadjang pandjang)	ad.f.0.10	"	10.--
500 " white sweet potatoes (obie china)	" " 0.10	"	50.--
50 " green corn on the cob	" " 0.25	"	12.50
200 " shelled Indian corn, dried	" " 0.10	"	20.--
40 " papaja	" " 0.08 p/pc	"	p.m.
10 " coarse salt	" " 0.22	"	2.20
100 " dried peas (kadjang idjoe)	" " 0.20	"	20.--
100 dozen hen's eggs	" " 5.00 p/100 pc	"	60.--
25 Kg. peanuts	" " 0.20	"	5.--
200 " grass suitable for cattle feed.fresh	" " 0.03	"	6.--
50 " greens	" " 0.15	"	7.50
25 " onions large	" " 0.20	"	5.--
Freight Medan/Belawan		"	4.--
Total +		f.	244.20

We trust to be favoured with your esteemed orders, which shall receive our very best attention.

Yours faithfully,

pp.N.V. Handel Maatschappij
E. ter Meulen & Co.

at a trial
300 kilos bananas

January 12, 1937

Last night I thought that all the packing was done, except for putting our toothbrushes in a suitcase at the last moment. But as I went around the house gathering up all the little odds and ends that I could not bear to leave behind, the contents of the suitcase swelled and swelled. When I finally had everything packed to the stage where not another ounce could be squeezed in Bill came home with three volumes of Indo-Australian Reptiles and they had to go in, too.

The telephone and the door bell rang incessantly. Margaret Gellespie dropped in for a moment, and went out on a moneychanging errand. Fay came, and took me to the bank to store silver, went over to Sid's to get me a hot dog, and fixed a corsege and a rosary with equal efficiency. Pep and Deb called for us at quarter to three and drove us to the Geographic, where we said good-bye to McKnew and Gilbert Grosvenor, and then to the train, where we arrived at least an hour ahead of time.

Just as the train was about to pull out, newspaper photographers arrived, and took flashlight pictures of us standing on train steps, with me trying to show off the corsage of brown orchids which the Clarks had sent me.

January 13.

Arrived in Chicago at 8.15. Had a second breakfast in the station, where we were joined by Fran. Went to the Field Museum, and saw Gerhard, Stanley Field, and Dr. Sims. Ned Clark took us to the Stevens for lunch. Then over the Shedd Aquarium, where we spent some hours, partly to see the fish and Chute, partly to keep out of the sleet and rain that was blowing over the town. Dinner with Carl Schmitt and Charles at the Union Station, and departed on the Northern Pacific at 11 P. M.

January 14

Woke up in Minnesota. All afternoon crossing the plains of North Dakota, where the snow had been blown in ridges that looked exactly like ocean waves. White-caps and all. The illusion was heightened toward dusk, when the shadows were blue, and the snow looked more like sea water than ever, stretching illimitably toward the horizon.

January 15

Woke up in Montana. Ken Reeves, Jane and Roy Spencer met us at the train in Livingston about 8.30. Mr. Reeves got on the train and rode with us as far as Logan, an hour or so later. At Butte Jay Smith got on, and had lunch with us, leaving us at Deer Lodge. As we crossed the Continental Divide, and saw the spectacular stretches of snow-covered mountains, I wondered why Bill had ever left his native state. The train went through Garrison, and I was thrilled to see the country in which Bill ranched as a boy.

January 16

Woke up in Washington. Heavy snow covered the Cascades, and loaded the great pine trees with armfuls of white. We reached

Seattle about nine, and found the day cold and crisp, with a light fall of snow under foot. Telephoned Frida and Helen Croonquist, but were unable to find either of them. Went out to the Zoo, and spent all day with the Knudsens, mostly in his office, as it was cold and slushy and we were afraid of aggravating the colds we had started out with. My principle view of Seattle was of a row of veterinary instruments in a case, but we had a nice time, and caught a train at five for Vancouver.

The train was a jerkwater contraption, especially irksome after the marvelous service given by the Northern Pacific, and was nearly two hours late reaching Vancouver, where we got a room at the Vancouver Hotel (\$8) and sank gratefully into a bed that did not jiggle us through the night.

January 17.

A clear, sparkling cold day. Walked down to the dock to make sure the Empress of Asia was there. Lunched at the Georgia Hotel and especially enjoyed the Ontario cheese. Spent the afternoon loafing in our room, playing two-handed bridge, playing tag to work up electric shocks off the deep carpet, and drinking contraband liquor.

January 18.

Walked down to dock to make sure Empress still there. Lunch with Mr. Sigmore (a native) at the Vancouver Hotel, and then a drive around Stanley Park with Mr. Wootten, Park Commissioner. The Park was glorious, surrounded by the ocean, backed by the mountains, and full of snow-covered pines and cedars. Tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wootten at their home. Dinner with M.O.W. at V. Hotel.

January 19.

Up before daylight, packed, breakfasted, and reached the steamer at 8.30. All morning was spent loading, the cargo being unusually heavy on account of the strike, quantities of U. S. Mail taken aboard. Although we were supposed to sail at 11, it was 1 before we pulled out. A record of Suzy, the orang-outang, bleating for amate, was handed us just before we left. It had come by air mail, labeled with instructions to handle carefully "Sex is the Issue", and we were photographed on the forward deck accepting this ridiculous bit of publicity.

January 20 - 24

Calm days, smooth seas, moderate weather. Played a little ping-pong, a little shuffleboard and less deck tennis. Met the Proctors of Santa Rosa, the Fishers of Hong-Kong, ~~xxx~~ the Youngs of Shanghai and the Cullings of Bangkok. At our table are M.O.W. and Wm. Todd, horsetrainer of Honolulu.

January 25

Came past Diamond Head into Honolulu just at daybreak, and docked about eight o'clock. The Royal Hawaiian Band was there to play

to us, and our friends met us, each with leis of carnations, candlewick flowers, and a lovely lavender legume. F. X. Williams took us uptown to the bank, the oculist's and the milliner, then we all, and Mr. Fullaway, went out to the Bishop Museum, where Mr. Bryan, the curator, showed us around until nearly noon. The Museum is devoted to Polynesian exhibits exclusively, and there were wonderful relics of early days in the South Seas. King *Kamualii's* Throne and crown made one wonderful exhibit, and the feather cloak and helmet of *the King* were another. ~~Two~~ Two of the three birds most extensively used for this feather work are now extinct, the oo and the It has been estimated that 80,000 birds were needed for one big yeelow cape that we saw.

We lunched at the Waikiki Tavern, and I had pineapple and Ulua, a local fish. Then to the Aquarium, which is small but tremendously interesting. One wing is given over to food fishes, but for the most part the fish seem to be collected and exhibited for their gorgeous color. One brilliant tank was a collection of Samoan reef fishes, bright blue, darker blue, yellow dorsals, - indescribable colors. Spiny lobsters, spineless lobsters, sea urchins, starfishes, hermit crabs with anemones living on them, and octopi were interesting sights. Four octopi in one tank put on an amazing show, fighting, swimming, changing color, from almost white to dark brown, and all their tentacles and suckers working like mad, until I literally got gooseflesh all over my arms just watching them.

After a look at the Agricultural Experiment Station, & the Sugar Planters Association Mrs. Fullaway drove us up to the Pali, with probably the most gorgeous view of any mountain pass in the world. At 1200 feet it looks out over mountains, sea and sky, with constantly changing cloud and color effect, - simply too beautiful. On our way back we stopped at the Hildebrand Gardens, and admired all the botanical specimens, liking especially the old banyan trees and the orchid collection. One yellow, fringe-petalled orchid was called the Butterfly. We ate a small red fruit called Surinam cherry, and saw cup of gold, ginger, and so many other tropical plants new to me that I gave up trying to learn their names.

Mr. Fullaway, M.O.W. and I went swimming from the Outrigger Canoe Club at Waikiki Beach. The air was cool, but the water warm. Hunks of coral underfoot, beach shallow, breakers a quarter of a mile out on the reef. While we swam, Bill went to the Zoo, which he says is small, unusually clean and nice, with very large cages, grass growing in most of them. It is to be enlarged and turned into an aviary. The present bird collection contains four species of hornbill, two of Paradise birds, tantile stork, Java fruit pigeons, Leadbeater's cockatoo, breeding Hawaiian geese, crowned pigeons and Java jungle fowl. The Philippine hornbill put food in the keeper's mouth, flew up and down at command. Nice collection monkeys, two lions.

Sukiyaki dinner at beach Club. All the Hawaiian entomologists and their wives had been gathered together, and it was a lovely party, eating outdoors, watching the full moon over the water. Came back to the steamer a little after nine, and sailed at ten-thirty, to the accompaniment of Aloha from the Royal Hawaiians, pink, green and purple serpentines, lights twinkling from the town behind. As we left the harbor, we threw out leis overboard, so they would float back to Honolulu, as we hope to do someday ourselves.

Behind all the gaiety of welcoming and speeding the Empress and her passengers, was the strain of the three-months' shipping strike. At the wharf we saw the President Pierce, the President Hays, and the Lurline, all of which have been tied up for months. On the Dollar boats the Chinese crew are not allowed any shore leave, and on one of the President boats the poor Chinese have not set foot ashore since last September. Why murder and mutiny have not broken out I can't imagine.

Among the women in Honolulu whom we met, the chief topic of conversation was the high price of oranges and lemons. Oranges are \$1.50 a dozen, lemons \$1.00. Neither of these fruits can be raised in the Islands on account of the Mediterranean fruit fly, and with shipping practically at a standstill, there are none in the market even at these high prices.

January 26-27

Quantities of albatross are following the ship, and give a fascinating display of gliding over the waves and through the spray.

January 28.

No albatross

January 29 - No such date: We cross the International Date Line and have no Friday in this week.

January 30.

The albatross are back, a few terns with them. Williams got some movies of them. Bill and I went up to the bridge to see what was the closest island, and found that we were between Midway and Wake, a little nearer to Midway, and probably the birds have come some three hundred miles over the ocean from there.

Weather still fine. The masquerade ball was held on the after deck, under a full moon. Just as it was about to begin, the ship was ~~practically~~ stopped for ~~about~~ half an hour, while an appendectomy was performed on one of the Chinese crew.

Feb. 4th We had beautiful weather all the way, with the exception of a few rough hours yesterday.

We had had various warnings about the difficulties we would have in Japan. We had been told that the climate was bad, the coffee foul, the photographic limitations irksome, the conveyances and accommodations dirty. None of these proved to be true. The customs regulations are strict, and we had to list on our declarations the number of books we were bringing in, titles, etc., and "if unbounded, the number of pages;" also the number of rhinoceros horns and ? stones. It was also a little disturbing to learn about the Japanese baggage express, which promised to collect baggage and "send it in all directions". I did feel a little diffident about stepping off the good old British Empress, and facing an Oriental people of whom I knew so little, but we never had one moment in which to feel

strange or ill at ease.

To begin with, Fujiyama welcomed us. Seasoned travelers told us that only very occasionally was it possible to see Fuji from the harbor, but we awakened to hear enthusiastic voices in the corridor crying, "Have you seen Fuji?" - and dressing as hastily as possible we went out on deck in the clear, crisp dawn to see the great snow-crowned cone rising out of the clouds across the bay. Mist obscured it for a while, and then later the sun shone once more on the perfect mountain, and we had one more brief glimpse of it.

Before we were ashore, Dr. Koga, Director of the Tokyo Zoo, was on hand to welcome us. He brought us a letter from Dr. Kawamura, who was sorry not to be there, too, but hoped to see us later on. Dr. Koga, a tall, almost Indian-looking Japanese, led us out through the customs, and into a car, and drove us out of Yokohama to Tokyo, about fifteen miles, through the most intricate traffic imaginable. Bicycles by the thousands were weaving along the road, pedestrians, men pulling carts, oxen, trucks and motor cars of all kinds, made a maze that no American driver could have worked through with any remaining vestiges of sanity. I held my breath almost all the way to the Imperial Hotel, but finally decided that self-suffocation would eventually be as fatal as the crash that never seemed to materialize, and let the chauffeur worry about the traffic.

We had a short look at the famous, earthquake proof hotel, and then went with Dr. Koga to the Zoo. First we went into his office and drank little bowls of very hot tea, and understood why the Japanese inhale it - if you take in enough cool air with the hot liquid you don't get burnt! Then we walked around the Park, which was much larger and handsomer than we had expected. In addition to a lovely setting, with little streams and waterfalls and gardens and terraces, there was a really good collection of animals. A fine pair of giraffes, a performing elephant (with which we were photographed), an elephant that was a present from the Boy Scouts of Siam to the Boy Scouts of Japan, - 1500 animals altogether. Admission is 15 sen for adults, 10 sen for children, and the books more than balance at the end of the year. February 4th is a holiday, and the Zoo was crowded. The women were lovely in their kimonos, and most of them had babies on their backs.

We had a European lunch at Seiyoken, a fine restaurant in Ueno Park. Then we went back to Koga's office, and were joined by Dr. Yatsu, of the Imperial University, and Dr. Okada, the herpetologist. At each arrival we had another cup of tea, then we went to the University, which is composed of big, modern buildings, saw some of the laboratories and the auditorium, and then drove to the Meiji Shrine, where we walked about half a mile through the most beautifully cared for park, went under the enormous torii, and washed our hands before approaching the shrine itself. We bowed and waited while our Japanese friends prayed, and then drove back to the town.

We were taken to Mimatsu, which on the ground floor is a fairly European tea-room. After we had had tea, we went upstairs, where the second floor has been made to look like a Japanese tea house, with stone walks, rather damp plants, and innumerable little individual rooms. Into one of these went, first taking off our shoes (and of course I had a hole in my stocking toe). The floor was covered with

use chopsticks

straw mats (tatami) and the walls (fusuma) were sliding panels. Cushions were brought for us to sit on, and the first course was steaming hot towels, served in little straw baskets, for us to wipe our hands on. A Japanese girl, who refused to be amused at our awkward attempts to ~~help ourselves to sukiaki~~, prepared the *suki-yaki* meal, which was cooked on the table in front of us - thinly sliced beef, mushrooms, greens, bamboo ~~shoots~~ shoots, bean curd, leeks, and other unguessable ingredients. With it we drank warm saki from little bowls.

Although we had had a full day we still had zest for a walk through the Ginza at night, when this thoroughly metropolitan Main Street is lined with little stalls like a county fair, each man selling his own wares - toys, shoelaces, photograph albums, collapsible rubber pillows, carved bone, curious pieces of driftwood, and medicines that included dried, ground snake.

February 5. Tokyo.

Dr. Koga called for us early in the morning and we were taken to the estate of Prince Taka Tsucasa, and shown his aviary. He had many species of paroquets, pigeons, and pheasants, all nicely housed and many of them nesting. Then the Prince took us to Ko Ho Kwan (The Maple Club) a perfectly exquisite Japanese house, so delicate and fragile, with its lovely polished woodwork, its shoji and fusuma and tatami, that I felt like an ox as I scuffed along in felt bedroom slippers. Beyond was a garden, with rocks and pines, and below us a view of the city of Tokyo.

The lunch was the formal Japanese meal, with innumerable courses each one consisting of small portions of some hitherto-untasted food. We had tea, first and last, soft-shell turtle soup (With a turtle egg in it), raw bream, raw cuttlefish, raw tuna, seaweed with herring roe, leeks, two more kinds of seaweed, a chicken stew with bamboo, mushroom, and beancurd, broiled cod with vegetables, tempura (shrimps fried in batter), a stew of shrimps bamboo, peas, and mushrooms, soup made of angler fish and eel, rice, pickled radish and cabbage, and finally enormous strawberries and chestnut paste.

After all this, we were still able to make our way back to the Zoo, where we ran into two American women, a Mrs. Holbrook and Mrs. Tillman Johnson, who strangely enough used to be Luella Stephan's room-mate. As Eleanor says "The world is a small place after all."

Back to the Hotel, just in time to be picked up by Lillian Grosvenor Coville, who took us out to her charming house for tea.

Later we had a small dinner at the Hotel, we met by Ken Muriyama, and went for a walk in the Ginza.

February 6. Tokyo.

Okada, Mrs. Holbrook and Mrs. Johnson called for us at the hotel and took us shopping. We went first to the Obi Market, where I bought a gorgeous black ceremonial kimono for 15 yen, and an obi, four yards of silk brocade, for 10 yen. From there we went to Mitsukoshi, the big department store, the most luxurious store I have ever seen. Saks-Fifth Avenue can't hold a candle to its marble-paneled walls or beautiful displays. We had lunch on the 7th floor in the French Restaurant, and walked through the

bird department, where there was a great collection of finches, lovebirds, and paroquets, and the flower department, where dwarfed cherry and plum trees were just coming into bloom, and orchids were selling for a yen or so apiece.

In the afternoon we drove to Kamakura with Okada, Koga, Ken Murayama, and a small girl called Junco (?). We went back over the long road to Yokohama, crowded city streets, and pretty junky-looking, then turned and drove through real countryside and little villages to Kamakura. First we went to Hachiman Shrine, Shinto, where the God of War is revered. It seemed a strange place to pick to be married in, but we saw a wedding party, and the much bedecked bride.

Then we went to the shrine of the Daibutsu, the enormous bronze figure of the seated Buddha, ~~an~~ tremendously impressive in its setting of bent pine trees. Bill and little Junco both burned joss sticks before the image. Then Okada said that a friend of his had a villa behind the shrine, and we went around to admire a little gem of a Japanese house, and to drink tea and eat chestnut paste.

In the evening we went to a dinner given for us by the Japanese scientists at Orion, where we had a European meal. I was a little dismayed when I went in to find that I was the only woman with about twenty men, but pleased when Mrs. Koga showed up. She sat next to me at dinner, but as she knew not one word of English, we simply smiled at each other occasionally, and I admired her delicate prettiness. Dr. Yatsu was there, also Okada, Kuroda, and a host of other, including some entomological students from the University. After dinner we were shown movies of wild birds in Japan, and a bear hunt in Hokkaido.

When we came back to Hotel, Okada sat around with us, introduced some photographers to Williams, and about eleven-thirty we started out on a other party, this time to see some geisha. We didn't realize when we went that it meant another sukiyaki party, as we were so well-fed the very thought of food was distasteful, but after we had made a pretense of dipping our chopsticks into the central cooking pan, and swallowing a few morsels of beef dipped in raw egg, the geisha appeared, and were really very charming. We were encouraged to examine and admire their elaborate costumes and hairdress. They wore stunning jeweled buckles on the little belt that ties the obi, and had various silver charms dangling from the obi itself, as well as in their hair. One seemed a mere child, and Bill, full of enthusiasm and saki, christened her "little almond eyes" - and everybody was very friendly and very happy. They danced and sang for us, sat with us, lighting our cigarettes and pouring our drinks, until after two. One curious thing about the geisha is the make-up - ghastly white rice powder all over the face and upper lip, with the lower lip thick with red lipstick.

To our great surprise, the sweet little things came home with us, but as it turned out, it was simply a hospitable gesture, and they all got in a car and went home again with venturing into the hotel - where of course they are not allowed.

February 7

Had difficulty getting Bill up in time for the train - passed him the aspirin and called him "little almond-eyes" - which he certainly was. However, we managed to get to the station by nine, after being up most of the night, and caught the very comfortable train to Kyoto.

All day long we sat with our noses plastered against the rain-splashed window-pane. Part of the time the train ran along the coast, where we had the sea with its fishing boats on one side of us, and the misty mountains on the other. It was too cloudy to see Fuji, though we were at one time very near it. We did see plum-blossoms in the rain, and oranges, rice fields for mile after mile, gay paper umbrellas (what a feat it must be to ride a bicycle with getas on one's feet and a parasol in one hand!), and fields of tea bushes, shaped and trimmed as neatly as so many box hedges.

At four in the afternoon we reached Kyoto, and made for the Miyako Hotel. We were mildly surprised that evening to find the dining-room on the fourth floor, but simply amazed to look out of the window and find a lovely Japanese garden, water falls and all. The hotel is built smack up against the mountain side, and the garden is ~~viewed from~~ the fourth floor.

on a level with

In the evening we took a taxi down to Shinmozen, the tourist shopping street, lined with fascinating little shops selling silk, Damascene, lacquer, porcelain, prints, cloisonne, - all the wares and crafts of Japan. Bill went in heavily for silk shirts, and blew himself to a stunning kimono of ribbed navy blue silk.

February 8 - Kyoto.

Dr. Komai, zoologist of the Imperial University, called on us at ten-thirty. To my great delight he brought his wife with him, and she spoke beautiful English, and we became great friends. She is the only Japanese woman I met who knew any English at all, and it was lots of fun to have a little feminine conversation, after all the stag parties I had been to. We went to the Zoo, then to the University. The Zoo is not as attractive as Tokyo, but very good, with many interesting things, such as black swans nesting, breeding hippos, a record of fifty lion cubs born, a cage with three Japanese bears and one lion, all very tame. The Director, Mr. Nagato, spoke practically no English, but was very affable.

The Komais took us to their home (foreign style) for lunch, and we had a delicious meal. Meat and various vegetables were artistically arranged in a Korean charcoal burner which was set on the table, and we ate quantities of good "stew" with separate bowls of rice. Mrs. Komai had a pretty garden, with oranges on a tree, red camellias in bloom, and tulips and other spring bulbs coming up.

After lunch Mrs. K. took us to see some of Kyoto's famous temples. We saw the Buddhist temple of Ginkakuji, the Silver Pavilion, where a number of old paintings are on exhibition, a small shrine containing an image of the Emperor whose estate it once was, and saw the original ceremonial tea room, four and a

half tatamis, with a square hole sunk in the middle of the floor for the charcoal to heat the water for tea. We saw Heian temple, with its beautiful garden, where every stone and tree has a name of its own, and where one crosses the pools on curious round stepping stones. Then we went to Chionin Temple, which is surrounded by a wide wooden verandah, every board of which squeaks. "If you walk quietly," our Buddhist guide told us, "you will hear the nightingales singing underneath." And as a matter of fact, the chirping of the boards was not ~~unlike~~ un-bird-like.

That evening the mayor of Kyoto gave a dinner for us at Okinatei (The Old Men). He himself was not present, but his secretary was, also the Minister of Education, A representative of the Tourist Bureau, and Mr. Nagato. We had sukiyaki, and saki, and geisha, and a very pleasant and dignified evening.

February 9. Kyoto.

Went for a walk, and did some more shopping in Shinmozen. Went into Nomura's silk store, more to see his famous old brocades and beautiful screens than to buy, but picked up a pair of brocade sandals and a few furoshiki, and Bill bought two Fuji silk shirts.

After lunch we hired a car, and drove to Nara, about thirty miles through lovely country, and little villages where the road wound between tiny houses and shops that were so close together you could almost touch them on both sides.

Nara itself needs a week or more, instead of a couple of hours. We had a clear, sunny afternoon, and the feeling of peace and quiet that pervades the old, old forests was simply indescribable. We did see the Todaiji Temple, where the big Daibutsu sits, bigger even than Kamakura but less impressive because it is indoors and surrounded with a little too much in the way of gilt lotus plants and dangling decorations.

Then we went in search of the tame deer, and found them in a park leading to a shrine where there are literally thousands of stone lanterns. What an effect there must be when the lanterns are all lighted, as they are once or twice a year! The deer were embarrassingly tame, almost knocking one down in their eagerness to eat the little rice cakes that we bought to give. They would stand up and put their front legs on your chest, push their noses into your pocket, or give your belt a firm tug with their teeth. Very pretty, and in an entrancing setting.

In the evening, back at the Miyako Hotel, Dr. Kawamura came to call. We had been hoping to see him ever since we had been in Japan, and enjoyed having a brief visit with him,

February 10. Kyoto.

Accompanied by Dr. Kawamura and his assistant, Mr. Hazama, we caught an early morning train for Osaka, a forty-minutes ride from Kyoto.

With Bill's usual luck, the first thing we saw when we came

Yoshitaka Tsutsui
Curator, Osaka Municipal
Zoological Garden
Osaka

out of the station into the streets of Osaka was a circus tent. We wanted to dash right in, but it seemed that we were expected at the Zoo, so we went there first, and submitted to the usual photographs and interviews. Bill was asked, for the nth time, how Japanese Zoos compared with American Zoos, and I was asked what I thought of Japanese girls. Our doings are chronicled daily in the newspapers, and every opinion we express is aired, usually with some inaccuracy, over the radio. We have posed with the Tokyo elephant, the Kyoto hippopotamus, the Osaka stilt-walking chimpanzee and incidentally with a Kyoto geisha girl, but Mrs. Komai tells us that it was not a good newspaper but a sort of tabloid that published the picture taken in the geisha house.

The Osaka Zoo was, like the others, interesting. It has recently been enlarged, and an underground passage connects the new part with the old. This subway has been turned into a small, underground aquarium. The Zoo has one giraffe, and a fine sea-lion pool with eight sea lions, which the public is allowed to feed with fish thoughtfully provided and sold for a sen or two each. This honor system for feeding the animals is used in every Zoo. The public, the animals and the administration all enjoy the benefit. There were two elephants in a bar-less pit, a good monkey island, a row of big cat cages covered with a wistaria trellis, seven sacred cranes, a trained chimp and three others, a ouakari, an albino king snake - 1500 specimens of 280 species. And the usual charge, 15 sen for adults, 10 sen for children. (100 sen equals 29 American cents.)

From Osaka we were driven to Koshien, a place we had never heard of, where a most amusing Zoo is maintained by the Osaka-Kobe Electric Railway Co. in a Coney Island sort of amusement park. Here was a monkey island with windmill and rowboats for the Japanese monkeys. A pair of wart hogs proudly displayed their three babies. The chimpanzee had a glass-fronted house, with fireplace, benches, and other domestic furniture. Thirteen sealions - one big bull - disported in an enormous pool. The great sight was the penguin pool, where there are about thirty penguins (jackass) in all stages from egg to adult. Thirty have been born here. We photographed the flock, and then a three-weeks' old baby was brought out to have his picture taken. I petted him, and he was as soft as silk. Below the pool is a glass front, so that the birds can be seen through the water, swimming and diving for fish. There were 25 species of monkey, including douroucoulis and woolly and gibbon, a trained chimp, a circus wagon cage for performing lions, a Chosen leopard. The greatest thrill of all was a pool about a hundred feet in diameter, which contained a live whale, an 11-foot *Globiocephalus scammoni*, which feeds on dead squid and spends all day swimming counter clockwise, and coming up to blow three times in each circuit of the pool.

Koshien also has an aquarium, where the tanks are nicely arranged, some of them projecting, rather than having them all in a straight line, and sparkingly clean, with coral set in cement for backgrounds. One of the nicest exhibits was a flock of *Hypodytes rubripinnis*, the Sargassum fish.

Rihee

(Stami
near
Kobe)

On our way back to Osaka, we stopped to call on Mr. Okada, who has a collection of birds. There were numerous species of lovebirds and parakeets, including a new chocolate-brown budgerigar, which he had just succeeded in breeding. He had finches and pheasants, including the Mikado pheasant, and one of his tinamous had just laid an egg. We were told that the first cobalt budgerigar sold in Japan for 6,000 yen, and the first white for 10,000 yen.

Okada is the largest saki brewer in Japan, and we saw the brewery, where saki was in all stages, from freshly-boiled rice to kegs of the finished drink. It is stored, incidentally, in cryptomeria barrels, the wood of which gives it that distinctive flavor.

Okada had a Japanese house and a foreign house, with a little rock garden between the two. We were invited in to the foreign house, where we had tea with chestnut paste cakes, and then coffee. His ten-year old son was introduced to us as an entomologist, and Bill promised to exchange beetles with him. We saw some of the lad's collection, well mounted and well labelled.

Finally we got back to Osaka, and had a brief visit with the circus. The frame work was of bamboo poles tied together, and covered with a high-pitched brown canvas. The stage was in the middle of the tent; one half was for the audience, the other for the performers' dressing rooms. The stage had various curtains and back drops, like a vaudeville stage, and indeed the performance, what we saw of it, was like a slow vaudeville show. We saw a double trap act, a dance, and a man who stood on his head on a trapeze 35 feet in the air. We met Mr. Ariti, who would be taken for a circus manager anywhere, clad in a heavy black brocaded silk kimono, with a gold watch chain and a couple of hunks of jade across his bosom. We were served coffee, and the inescapable photographer turned up to make a picture of us.

The audience was more interesting than the show. They sat on mats, shoeless, on a high wooden platform that sloped up toward the back of the tent, and gasped and applauded at the proper spots.

We got back to the hotel about seven, and had quite a dinner party, having invited the Komais, Nagato, Kawamura, and Mrs. Osorio to have dinner with us.

February 11 - Kyoto.

We had planned to go back to the Zoo this morning, but as it was raining we wrote letters until 11.30. Then Dr. Kawamura called for us, and was joined by his son and wife (who brought me a box of Japanese chocolates).

To-day is Foundation Day, a national holiday celebrating the 2597 years since the birth of the Empire. It is also New Year's Day by the old calendar, and hence quite a day. The Kawamuras took us to Hyotan, a charming little tea house, for lunch, where we sat and admired the garden just outside the shoji, and ate nine courses, including shoots of Equisetum, sagittaria, tai or bream, turtle soup, crab, tiny trout no bigger than your little finger, fried crisp, big trout baked on a bed of salt and pine needles, quail, duck, lily bulbs, chestnut, radish leaves, bamboo and melon pickle, white-bait, fish ovaries, and rice.

After lunch, the hostess showed us how the ceremonial tea

W. Nakata & Co -
Kitanagasa - Dori 1-Chome
Kobeku, Kobe

is made. Rather large crockery bowls are used. They are cleaned with a sort of bamboo whisk, and wiped with a green silk furoshiki, held and folded in a certain specified way. A bit of powdered green tea is put in the bowl with a long-handled wooden spoon, then water added from the steaming kettle in the middle of the floor, with a long-handled wooden dipper. The cup is passed to the guest of honor, who first takes a bite of cake, then drinks the tea in three and a half sips, turns the bowl a quarter of the way around, and passes it back.

We then went to see a Noh play, the story of a young prince escaping from his kingdom, and the disguise he undergoes in order to pass the frontier. The theatre consisted of boxes that held four cushions, with a brazier in the center, where one may make tea or smoke cigarettes as the play goes on. There was also a gallery, where chairs had been placed for us. The stage is in the front, right-hand corner of the theatre, and so highly polished it reflected the stiff brocaded costumes of the actors. The orchestra and chorus sat on the stage, the orchestra consisting of three drums and a flute. The words which are old Japanese, as incomprehensible to the rest of the audience as to us, are sung in a rather impressive chant, and all the gestures are stiff and conventionalized. It was a most interesting afternoon, making a picture of color that I will never forget.

Then Dr. Kawamura said he wanted us to see one more temple, and we climbed a long hill, and many flights of stairs, to Kiyomizu, which was beautiful in the sunset. Lanterns were lighted, priests praying silently in the dim interior, and the old buildings, with their ancient cedar-bark roofs, rounded at the eaves, and moss-grown, indescribably lovely. Neaby was the pagoda of Easy Birth, where women pray, and far below us the city with mountains beyond.

February 12 - Kobe.

We caught a train at nine o'clock, that brought us to Kobe about ten-thirty. We were met by Nakato, the animal dealer, who took us first to his little shop in town, and then out to his house and farm. His father was the first dealer to import foreign animals into Japan, and dealt with the Hagenbecks forty years ago. Most of his stock just now is birds, and he is raising Manchurian cranes from one pair that he has had for 29 years. He feeds them Japanese snails "to make the babies". He also raises red, yellow and blue macaws, turquoise parakeets, and all sorts of other parakeets. The Nakato sons took us to Kikusui for sukiyaki that noon. It is a famous tea house, with each room different, some representing fisher huts, one a geisha room, one decorated with cherry, another with bamboo, and so on. They have a huge collection of old Japanese armor. And there was a nice garden, with a little stream and stone bridges across it. Because we were going away, we ate in the room that represented a boat. A huge sail covered one end of the room, and a little porch that projected out into the garden from our room was shaped like the prow of a ship.

In the afternoon we saw the Kobe Zoo, which is small, and chiefly interesting for the way in which it is built on a mountain side. It is really a three-story Zoo, and long flights of steps lead from one section to another. Here we were photographed with an indignant crane that was removed from its paddock for pictorial purposes.

Director Kobe Zoo - Nagato

"Chong kina, chong kina, chong chong kina kina, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kobe, Moji, Hei" was the song we learned at Kikusui.

Nakato has a concession in a small carnival in Kobe, and we went there to see his animals. Also at the carnival were a merry-go-round with elephants instead of horses, and a huge tin robot, at whose tummy you threw crockery balls. If you hit the right spot, the figure screeched, raised one hand, and stuck out his tongue.

In the evening we dined at Koyokwan, after a most interesting walk through the Motomachi, a crowded shopping district, where we bought ~~foxes~~ pencils and tabs - the sock with divided toes.

Slept on board the Corfu.

February 13 At Sea

We awoke to find ourselves sailing through the Inland Sea, and spent all day admiring it. Morning was rainy and misty, but in the afternoon the sun came out, and we were constantly in sight of mountainous islands, some so close we could almost touch them. Most of them looked completely barren, but they support a large population of fishermen, and there were junks with picturesque dark sails, close to us most of the time.

February 14 - At Sea

Bitter cold, rough, with snow and hail. Bill has the flu, and I got seasick for the first time in my life.

February 15 - Shanghai

Still cold, but calm. We hit the Yangtze River about eight this morning, and the sea turned brown suddenly. It was one before we came in sight of land, and then had a long ride up the Whang Poo, through flat country, and innumerable factories and gasoline warehouses. We docked about three o'clock, and were met by Mrs. Young, Viola Smith, Floyd Smith, and Mr. Su and Dr. Chen, local scientists.

It was nearly five when we finally got ashore, and Bill was pretty shaky, although his temperature has been normal all day. Mrs. Young insisted that we come out and stay with them, which we did, after a short stop at the Cathay Hotel, where Bill had a bit of liquid refreshment, while Mrs. Young and I went shopping. For about \$6.50 American money, I bought a hand-embroidered nightgown, a slip, a pair of panties and a thin brocaded silk kimono.

The Youngs drove us out to their very attractive house, in the International Settlement, and after a bath and a nap we came down to a dinner party. The Smiths, Julian Arnolds, Pere Piel, Consul-General Gauss, an American doctor and his wife, the Sowerbys, Dr. Ping, and Chen and Su, were all there, and we had a delightful evening.

February 16 - Shanghai

Hopped out of bed early to see China by daylight, and my first thought was that it looked somewhat like Scarsdale. Big, suburban, European houses, with large enclosed gardens, were all I could see from our bedroom window.

Immediately after breakfast we started out with Mrs. Young in her car. Our first stop was at Tai's Linen Shop, where Bill picked out some handkerchiefs and I got two ecru linen luncheon sets. The hadnwork on them was beautiful, and Mr. Tai wanted to know if I would like the napkins monogrammed. I said that would be very nice, but there was not time. However, he assured me that he could have them monogrammed, and Bill's hankies as well, and down to the ship by two o'clock. The two sets came to about \$11, and the sixteen monograms were finished, and delivered to us at the customs jetty at two.

From Tai's we went to the Zoo, a pretty little place, although most of the animals were huddled away from the cold, in little houses well covered with straw and thatch. Floyd Smith met us there, and took us around. Bill was much interested in a pair of blue sheep that belong to Smith, and made a deal to buy them later on.

Our next stop was to see Pere Piel, and his Pere Heude Museum. We saw a marvelous archeological collection, of ancient Chinese art, and also the entomological collection, which is housed in the neatest insect cabinets I have ever seen. It was delightful to see the old priest, but Bill was feeling pretty shaky, and the museum was cold as the Antarctic, so we hurried him away.

We had a brief drive through the native city, pretty depressing with its endless acres of poverty, and millions of human beings living in hovels and sampans. The water front was lined with junks, many of them with enormous eyes painted on the bow, and here, we were told, thousands of persons live all their lives. Meals were being cooked and laundry washed on board the wretched little boats.

We had a momentary glimpse at the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Sowerby again. Then we were hurried off to the New Asia Hotel, where our Chinese friends had planned a luncheon for us. We had nine or ten courses of perfectly delicious food, much tastier to our palates than the rather flat Japanese menus. There was roast duck, roast quail, ham, octopus, shrimps, abalone, Pekin duck (crisp duck skin served on bamboo curd patties), various mixed stews of fish or meat with vegetables, three soup courses, one of shark's fin soup, one of bird's nest (the saliva of swallows) and pigeon's eggs, and one of mushroom. With it we drank numerous glasses of Chinese wine, and were disappointed because we had to rush away before the rice course in order to make our boat.

We just made the tender, and sailed at three on the Corfu.

February 17 - At Sea

From time to time all day we could see fleets of Chinese junks, some with quite elaborate rigging, and some with one almost square sail of rice-straw matting. In the morning Bill counted 152 all in sight at the same time. The islands in the distance looked desolate and forbidding, but apparently they support a large population of fishermen.

February 18

In the evening we came into HongKong harbor. When we came up on deck after dinner, there were thousands of lights twinkling merrily at us from the mountain side, and the fairy-land picture was

unforgettable.

It was 9.30 when we docked, and the Naldera, a P.&O. steamer, tied up beside us at the same time. Her band began to play on deck, so our band came out too, and the combination was interesting. We had been warned that we should have a strict medical inspection, as we had unwittingly been through a smallpox epidemic in Shanghai, but it was only a matter of form after all. When we finally got ashore it was pretty late, and we had a short walk in Kowloon (the city on the mainland, where the docks are) and then went to bed on the Corfu.

February 19 - HongKong

Mrs. Fisher, whom we had known on the Empress, met us at the Peninsula Hotel at nine o'clock, and made an appointment for Bill with her husband's tailor, Wing Fong. We took the ferry over to HongKong (ten minutes, 10 cents) and walked up to see Wing Fong. That formality attended to, and the suits ordered, Bill and I strolled about the streets till lunch time, seeing, as he said, more than we could understand. The waterfront is lined with huge, substantial office buildings and hotels. A few blocks ~~in the distance~~ away is the native city, with winding streets, many of them steep as they go up the mountain side in steps, and shops, shops, shops, with red and gold and black-and-white banners proclaiming the wares of the merchants. We went through the municipal market, and in the meat department saw teal, quail, wild ducks, pheasants, chicken entrails, and owls (alive).

Everything from dried snakes to antique jade was displayed for sale. We saw several old women with tiny, bound feet, in embroidered slippers. Women with blind children in their arms followed us, and held out the baby's hand to us to beg.

We lunched at the Hong Kong Hotel, and were much amused by the small, cocksure bell hops. They were little Chinese boys of perhaps seven to ten years, with red caps, red jackets and black trousers. Their method of paging guests is superior to ours: the youngster carries a blackboard with the name of the person he is looking for, and rings a small bell like a bicycle bell. It is much better than the raucous "Calling Mr. Isaacstein" that one hears continually at the New Yorker, for example.

The hotel is patronised mostly by Europeans, though I saw an occasional Chinese lady in the lovely native costume - high collar, long skirt split to the knee on both sides. It gives a charmingly slender effect to the wearer. On the streets, both men and women wear trousers and pyjama-like coats. In the hotel I saw one lady with a long ~~skirt~~ of transparent velvet, slit to the knee, and very fetching. costume Like the Japanese, they never wear hats, but the men wear little round black silk caps.

After lunch we went for a drive around the Island. Although it was cool enough for me to be comfortable in a fur jacket, the vegetation was distinctly tropical. hibiscus in bloom, and all the flowers that we have in late summer - dahlia and gladiolus, marigold and petunia. All the trees were green, and there were many kinds of palm trees. We drove to Repulse Bay, and had a drink at the beautiful hotel which overlooks the sea. Then took the winding

road that leads one up the Peak, and gazed out over one of the great harbors of the world, filled with every type of vessel, from junks and sampans to battleships, freighters and big passenger liners. Both the Empress of Japan and the E. of Asia were in the harbor.

We went back to Kowloon for tea, and met Mr. Wm. Kershaw, whom Bill had once met in Africa. He took us back to HongKong so that I could do a little more shopping, and for about \$5 American money I bought a nightie, a pair of embroidered pajamas, and a slip. Beautiful handwork, for so little.

We rambled around town a little, visiting a bird store. Bill asked the price of Java finches, and the man, thinking he wanted to buy one, caught one out of a crowded cage, and started to put it in a paper bag for him. It was worth twentycents mex - about seven in our money.

At last I had a ride in a ricksha, and also one in a sedan chair, going up one of the steep side streets that consists entirely of steps, and is impassable to automobiles. The ricksha was smooth easy going, but the chair was rather jiggly.

Mrs. Kershaw joined us for dinner, and afterwards we came back to the boat, and sat around drinking and telling Knock.Knock" stories, which are vying with Little Audrey stories in the East.

February 20 - HongKong

We were up early, and met Mr. Herkiots, of the HongKong University for breakfast on board ship. Then we went over to HongKong, and he took us first to a snake store, which Bill had wanted to see. There were wire cages out in front, filled with rat snakes, and piles of heavy wooden boxes in the back of the store. The proprietor opened one of these, which was swarming with snakes, reached in and grabbed a cobra by the tail. The snake rose, and spread, and its head was just on a level with the man's eye. I retreated hastily, but the snake made no apparent effort to bite.

From there we wandered through Cat Street, the thieves' market of HongKong, where all sorts of curios are for sale. It is said one can pick up very good bargains here, if one knows them to see them.

Then we stopped in a restaurant, not to eat, but to see the supply of giant salamanders on hand. In a wooden tub there were several live hansakis, swimming about and waiting to be eaten.

Our morning was a short one, but filled with gasps of amazement. Only too soon we had to return to the Corfu, and we sailed at noon.

February 24 - Singapore

We had four glorious days at sea. The last two were fairly warm, in fact, getting into evening clothes in our cabin, which was always at tropical temperature by night, was something of a struggle. We had pleasant parties with the Sellers, the purser, the doctor, and the chief engineer, who produces rabbits out of handkerchiefs and does other tricks of magic.

The Corfu docked at Singapore about ten o'clock in the morning.

This is one of the great shipping ports of the world, and the harbor was filled with ships of all sizes and nationalities. We made our way at once to the Raffles Hotel, but were disappointed to hear that the hotel was full and they had no accommodations for us. The Adelphi however, was more hospitable, and although they told us the only rooms they had were so bad that they were ashamed to show them to us, we were pleased to have any sort of shelter, and quite liked the room assigned to us. It has wooden, half-doors, that swing open off a balcony that overlooks a little garden. The beds were well draped in mosquito net, and furnished with two pillows, a Dutch wife, and a small piece of cotton-flannel sheeting to pull over one if the night turns chilly (it doesn't). I tried in vain the first night to find some comfortable way of sleeping with the elongated bolster down the middle of the bed, but soon gave it up and threw Gretchen on the floor. Bill insisted on hugging his, and I wanted him to paint two eyes, a nose and a mouth on it. The bathroom also contained one of the institutions of the East of which we had heard - the Shanghai jar instead of a tub. There was running water, so one held an enamel bucket under the tap and poured cool water over oneself. It was surprisingly refreshing. The water runs off the floor and down the drain eventually.

Our first concern was to visit the American Consul, and see if he had any permits for us. Mr. Monnett Davis, the Consul General, was most cordial, and anxious to be of any possible assistance. No permits had come through, but he offered to take the matter up with the Colonial Office.

In the afternoon Bill and I went for a walk. Singapore is like any tropical town, with all the buildings making an arcade along the street, furnishing protection from both sun and rain, of which there is plenty. I doubt if any other city in the world has quite the variety of nationality among its shopkeepers. Here are Chinese, Japanese, Indians, ~~xxx~~ Malays and Europeans side by side, selling a tempting variety of things. Prices in general are much higher than Shanghai or Singapore; in fact they compare quite well with American prices. We are paying \$20 a day for our room, and with the dollar at 58 cents U.S. that is not cheap.

In the evening we visited a number of bird stores in North Bridge Road and Rochore Road. They were well stocked, and had numbers of Australian birds as well as Malay things. One of them had a tiny Malay bear cub, which I was allowed to hold for a minute. It was sucking its enormous paw, and whining in a most pathetic way.

About nine o'clock we went out to the Great World, a big amusement park where we heard there was a circus playing. The grounds were amazing: Booths selling everything from modern furniture to silk handkerchiefs; cabarets; Chinese, Malay and Indian theatres, open in back so that if you wanted to stand you could see the show free; what the carnivals at home call "games of skill"; open air restaurants with enticing displays of young chickens and pickled octopus; jugglers and snake charmers - and eventually the circus.

A ten-foot wall of corrugated iron barred our way to the circus. A sign proclaimed that the house was full, "come back early to-morrow". We pounded on the wall, and at intervals a bearded and turbaned sikh would climb up and put his head over the fence and tell us to go away. We finally persuaded him to let us in, and to find the manager for us. "Bell's Hippodrome Circus and Touring Zoo", with "Richard Bell, Sole Proprietor" was a good-sized European-type cir-

cus. There was a 50-foot ^{center} ring and two 55-foot ends. The tent was packed (partly because they were giving a free show). Bell, a pleasant young Australian, explained that he was the successor of Harmston's Circus, which had toured the East for forty years. He had five elephants, a line of twenty or thirty horses and ponies, a bear, 2 lions, and, for performers, a Burmese juggler, a Chinese acrobat, a flying trapeze act, two clowns, a riding act, a manage act. We met both Bell and his brother, and Chakovsky, the 60-year old flying trapeze artist.

February 25 - Singapore

In the morning Mrs. Sellers called for me and took me shopping. I was measured for some shorts, and bought some straw handbags. At noon I met Bill and Mr. Williams at the Hotel, and at one Mr. Davis called for us and took us out to his house for lunch. He has a beautiful place, with tennis court and garden, and a charming wife. The house was spacious and cool, and a long strip of green baize, attached to a wooden frame at the top, hung over the dining table and was pulled by the punka-wallah all through the meal, gently back and forth, to give just the right amount of breeze. We had a delicious curry, and a dessert that was new to all of us - gulah malacca - made of farina, coconut milk, and palm syrup.

After lunch we called on Mr. Hunter, Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, who seemed willing to give us permits but asked us as a favor to him not to take any Malay gibbons.

We went on to the Raffles Museum. All the ethnographic exhibits were draped in sheets, as some painting and re-decorating are being done, but we enjoyed seeing the Natural History exhibits and planning what we could do with some of the strange animals if we could catch them alive. We stopped in to see Mr. Chasen, the Director, and had a very pleasant visit with him.

In the evening we went back to the Great World, and saw the circus again. Later, as we were drinking beer with the Bells, we were introduced to Connie O'Neil, a famous local horse-trainer, and to Mr. Lee, the Chinese proprietor of the cabaret. He insisted on our seeing his place, and we spent an hour or more there. He has 110 taxi dance girls, mostly Chinese, but some Malays and Eurasians. Bill danced with two Malay girls, and with one who looked like a Swede but said she was Chinese.

I had a dance with Mr. Lee. Later in the evening he pointed to my empty glass, and said - I thought - "Another glass?" "No thank you," I said firmly. "No more."

Mr. Bell said rather pointedly, "Mr. Lee is asking you for another dance." So I had to have several, just to show that there was no bad feeling.

We got home about two A. M.

February 26 - Singapore

In the morning we went around to see De Souza, the animal man, and while the men were talking I bought a dress from Mrs. DeSouza. At the hotel the Proctors met us for lunch, and after lunch we went out to Besappa's Zoo on the Ongoll Road. We went under the auspices of our

friend Connie O'Neil, who has a Malay wife with a jade front tooth. Besappa was a very pleasant Hindu, with a good collection of animals, including two tame orangs, three tapirs, Australian black cockatoos (very rare; neither of us had ever seen one before); a couple of gibbons, a pair of lions, a large collection of Victoria crowned pigeons and New Guinea pigeons, Palawan peacock pheasants, etc.

In the evening we went over to the Sea View Hotel for dinner. It is a lovely place on the ocean, and we watched the moon on the water, and admired the silhouettes of palms, and thought all sorts of kind things about the tropics.

February 27 - Singapore

Spent the morning doing miscellaneous errands. In the afternoon we both got our new clothes from the tailor, and I had tea in my sun helmet and shorts, while the rain poured down outside.

In the evening we went to the Swimming Club with the Sellers. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner were also there. He sells Elizabeth Arden cosmetics and she is walking advertisement for his trade. Tall, blonde, very effective-looking, but very frank about the number of kinds of foundation cream, face powder, mascara, and hair dye that make her what she is. The funny part is that except for the eyelashes she doesn't look artificial.

The Club has the most beautiful swimming pool I have ever seen. I wish we had been invited to swim instead of to dance.

February 28 - Johore

The Consul General and Mrs. Davis called for us about 11.30 and we drove over the causeway to Johore - about fifteen miles altogether.

We met the Tungku Makota - the Crown Prince - at the Zoo, about which he is most enthusiastic. He has a beautiful deer park, with Nilghai, Sambar deer, mouse deer, hog deer, barking deer, and kangaroos cranes and other birds all in one big enclosure. It made a lovely picture, and reminded us of Baron Meydell's picture of the League of Nations. In a big cage, he has an enormous Sumatra orang, a male with great cheek callosities. Wild in the trees were several gibbons, and we got a thrill out of seeing our first wa-wa's leap from tree to tree.

After we had admired the animals, the Tungku took us to the old Palace, where State dinners are still held, to see the collection of hunting and racing trophies that were collected by his father the Sultan. There were many heads of gowar, long elephant tusks, and other trophies of the hunt. On the wall was a picture of the Sultan surrounded by eight dead elephants, all of which had been killed at one time - in self defense. Several tigers, mounted by Roland Ward, glared at us from glass cases. Better than the dead animals were some of the other collections - a gold service of dishes and flatware, ceremonial robes, spears, and decorations, the throne room, with tiger's heads on each arm of the two big gilded chairs.

Later he took us to his house, which is a new one and furnished modern style, where we met his wife and two brothers. I sat between the Tungku and the brother they call Boo at lunch, and had a very nice time. Both of them speak excellent English, and Boo, if you are not looking at him, sounds exactly like an Englishman. Tungku speaks with a slight accent. His wife, who is pure Malay, knows no English at all.

She is rather plump, and wears her hair twisted up tightly on the top of her head. She had diamond ear-rings, gold ornaments in her hair, and gold anklets. Her stockingless feet were encased in slippers. She was very smiling and gracious, in spite of knowing no English put us at ease with the poise of the accomplished hostess.

The lunch was made up of various Malay dishes. First we had fish, highly seasoned, and cooked in palm leaves, much the same style as our Mexican tamales. Then we had a meat dish called sati, - small pieces of lamb and of chicken liver broiled on skewers, accompanied by a finely ground rice and a hot sauce. Dessert was European - ice cream. We had champagne with lunch and liquers afterward.

In the evening we had dinner with Mr. Chasen at his home. He is a bachelor, and keeps a large establishment - big, airy rooms, cool screened verandahs. A Mrs. Capeau (?) and an enormous Dutch archeologist, Stein Capenfels (?) were the other guests. After dinner we discussed the possibilities of getting orang-outans out of Borneo, as we sipped our whisky sodas. A large bat flew leisurely through the rooms, but no one noticed. The little geckos were all over the ceilings, and occasionally gave their chuckle of pleasure over some succulent insect, but nobody noticed them either.

As we drove back to the hotel, I tried to count the smells of Singapore: Incense, fried fish, wood smoke, the oil on the syce's hair, roasting peanuts, the scent of flowers, the smoke of firecrackers which the Chinese are always putting off, and occasional unsanitary whiffs better not analysed.

We were sorry to leave this fascinating city, with its mixture of races, its crowded harbor, and the waterways where so many people live their lives in sampans; traffic policemen with rattan boards on their back for stop and go signs; sikhs and tamils from India directing the traffic of every imaginable Asiatic people; zebu carts rubbing axles with the latest make of motor car; orchids a customary decoration on the table.

Shortly before midnight we passed the
Empress of Britain, a mass of lights
carrying 400 round-the-world cruisers
toward Singapore.

20

March 1 - At sea

We left the Adelphi shortly after nine this morning, and boarded the Plancius, of the K. P. M. line - a swell little Dutch boat. For an hour before sailing ~~we~~ we watched the Malay boys diving for coins near the side of the boat. Each one had a canoe that looked just about as sturdy, and much the same shape, as a peanut-shell. How they could balance themselves in these little dug-outs was a mystery. From time to time they would bail them out with a curious scooping motion of their feet. One of the boatmen was a famous Singapore character, an elderly, gray-haired Malay, with a lighted cigar always puffing in his mouth. When a coin came his way, he quickly reversed the cigar, putting the burning end in his mouth, dived for the coin, righted the cigar as soon as his head came to the surface again, and climbed back in his boat with the cigar still lighted.

The boys played an interesting and skillful ball game, striking a rubber ball, about the size of a tennis ball, with their paddles. They would send it against the side of the Plancius, catch it time and again on the tip of their paddles, hit it from one boatman to another, and vary the game by hitting it occasionally with their heads.

As we pulled out, the Plancius served us orange ice instead of the customary bouillon on deck. We left the skyline of Singapore, and the blue hills of Johore behind, and set out through the Straits of Malacca. All afternoon we were in sight of land, partly ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ low coastal country but mostly with mountains rising from the green water. Many of the mountains were typically volcanic.

boys

The crew and the ~~stewards~~ on the boat are Javanese, and each one wears a batik sash and turban. We begin learning Malay in earnest, in order to get what we want to eat and drink.

Bill and I sat on deck very late, enjoying the mild evening, the moon and the clouds, and getting a great thrill out of the thought that to-morrow we will be in Sumatra, the island that has been the center of our hopes and plans for so many years.

March 2 - Belawan and Medan.

The Plancius docked at Belawan about eleven o'clock, and came alongside in a curious manner all its own. Two launches came out from land, each with a long rope, which was fastened at one end to stanchions on the boat, at the other to piles on the dock. A donkey engine on deck wound up the rope, and we were pulled in sideways to the pier.

There was considerable delay while all our baggage was taken ashore. Then we went ashore and sat on a pile of trunks waiting for the head of the customs. It was interesting to watch the coolies disembarking from between decks. There had been twenty or thirty first-class passengers on board, but there were eighteen hundred Javanese between-decks, coming out to work on the plantations. A stream of them came ashore, each one carrying his worldly goods on his back. There were women with babies in their arms, men with bird cages, strange bundles of all shapes and sizes tied up in grass matting, boxes of household utensils - a seemingly endless procession.

We had a fifteen-mile drive from Belawan to Medan, mostly through cultivated land. Native houses lined most of the road, built on piles above the low flat land, and with walls of woven nepi palm, and roofs of thatch. The zebu is the favorite beast of burden, and most of the vehicles that we passed were like little houses built on two high wheels, with a pitched roof of thatch, and drawn by zebus. We also saw our first water buffalo, grazing in a farmyard, and admired the tremendous horns, much longer than the horns one sees on water buffalo in Zoos.

Our first greeting when we reached the De Boer Hotel was an air mail letter from the Gothwaites. Our other mail had gone to the Consulate, but Pep and Deb knew we would be at the De Boer and had written to us there.

We have fine quarters at the hotel - a big, high-ceilinged tile-floored room, with a mosquito-room in one corner of it - fine screen around the beds, a much cooler, airier arrangement than the mosquito nets common in other parts of the Tropics. We have a large bath, and a sitting room - a most luxurious amount of space after so many weeks in ship's cabins. So I started to unpack, having, as I thought, arrived at last; and sent all our clothes to the laundry.

We called immediately on the Consul, confidently expecting that he would have the permits that we need from the Dutch government to start collecting animals. Mr. Sidney Browne, the Consul, said there were no permits here, but probably they were in Batavia, and he cabled to the Consul General there.

We spent the afternoon at the little Zoo on the Deli road, talking to Mr. Berthold, the head keeper, who is also an animal dealer. He had eight oranges, including one enormous one that he calls King Kong, two fresh-caught Sumatran tigers that were collected recently from a drain pipe just outside of town, a Sumatra gibbon, a loris, some rare lorikeets, two young hornbills of different species, and a most talkative mynah who said "Tabe, Tuan," all afternoon.

In the evening we went out to the Brownes' for drinks before dinner, and had a pleasant time. Mrs. Browne is little and red-haired and very nice. People keep curious hours out here. We were invited for cocktails at seven o'clock, and stayed until nine-thirty. We came back to the hotel wondering if we were too late for dinner, but dinner is served from eight to ten.

March 3 -

Bill went over to the Consulate in the morning and came back in a raging temper. Foote, the Consul General in Batavia, had telephoned that the Government didn't know anything about our expedition, except that we were not to catch any Komodo dragons (which we had not intended to do), and insisted that we come to Java in person to explain our mission. As any amount of correspondence had passed back and forth between our government and that of Netherlands India before we left home, this was annoying. However, the Consul thought we ought to go, so I started to pack up all the things that I had unpacked yesterday, and put in a most hot and uncomfortable morning. About one'clock there was a

22

knock at the door, and there stood the poor dobi, who had been ordered to bring back all the clothes we had given him the day before, and had done so. They were piled in a huge basket, and simply wringing wet - not even washed yet, just soaked. I didn't know what to do, and then Bill came in, still in an angry mood, and unable to make up his mind whether to catch the afternoon boat or not. Finally he decided that it was silly to go dashing off to Batavia, and that the matter could be settled by letter and cable, and we had lunch and cooled off.

We are anxious to meet Dr. Coenraad, who has been collecting Sumatran animals for years, and we eventually decide to pack a bag and go to Siantar, his home, in the morning.

March 4 -

The hotel arranged for a motor car to take us this morning to Siantar, with a stop in Dolok Merangir to see some of the Goodyear Rubber Company officials. We started merrily off about ten-thirty, with one suitcase in the car, and three cameras. Layang Gaddi, our Dyak boy, who joined us yesterday, was to go by train, and take the typewriter, and our other suitcase.

We had driven all of 16 kilometers, when the ancient Chevrolet in which we were riding, pattered, coughed and came to a full stop. The seis got out and looked at the engine, got in and stepped on the defunct starter, at least a dozen times. Bill and Williams decided to go for a walk down the road, which was exceedingly hot, one to look for insects, the other for pictures. Not to waste any time myself I got out my account book and started to work on that. I kept hearing occasional crashes in the nearby tree tops, and after thinking two or three times, "That must be an awfully big squirrel," I stuck my head out the automobile and saw a whole troop of Entellus monkeys come swarming down out of a big tree, scamper by twos and threes across the road, and swing madly into trees on the other side. They were so close that I could get a good view of them, and they were handsome, with black crests on their heads, long black tails, dark grey backs, and some of them with chestnut color underneath. There were mothers in the troop, with tiny pink babies hanging onto their breasts. Eventually the hedge right beside the car was crackling with monkeys. I was wild to think that both the photographers were out of sight, and tried desperately to get Bill's Graflex open, even though I didn't know how to use it, thinking that perhaps by some fluke I could get a picture. Bill came back just in time to see the last of the monkeys, but not in time to get a picture. It was a sight that made sitting by the road in the noon-day sun a delightful experience.

We waited two hours for the seis to tinker with the car. Then he gave it up as hopeless, and hired another car in the nearby village for us. By the time we got to Tebing Tinggi it was two o'clock, and we stopped there for lunch, finding a neat little Dutch hotel that served us good food, including bami, a Chinese dish that consists largely of bean sprouts, with a little meat and some noodles. A few miles further on we came to Dolok Merangir, the Goodyear plantation, and although we could not see either Mr. Ingle or Mr. Schoaff, the two men we had letters to, we had a visit with Mr. Marsh, and then drove on.

A terrific rainstorm caught us, and it poured all the way to Siantar. I was the only one who had brought a raincoat, but

that did not protect my head, and we arrived at the hotel looking like drowned rats.

Bill telephoned Dr. Coenraad, who invited us over to his house for tea, and as soon as got dried out a bit, we went. We found both the Coenraads very charming and hospitable. He was most encouraging about the prospects of our getting our permits and our animals. She is an expert photographer, and she and Williams were soon deep in technical camera discussions. We came back to the hotel about eight o'clock, had a good dinner, wrote some letters, and went to bed. Our rooms are like the ones at the DeBoer - apparently the sun-porch sitting room or verandah is the customary accompaniment of a hotel room - only a little smaller. We have the same screened alcove for the beds, and the nights are cool enough to make a blanket seem very comfortable indeed.

March 5

Early in the morning we went back to the Coenraads' house, and saw the animals which he now has on hand. He has a tame orang, which rides a bicycle, drinks lemonade through a straw, eats at a table, and dislikes Mrs. Coenraad. Then we went over to look at an abandoned hospital, and found that it would be an ideal place for our headquarters, if we can rent it. There are five bedrooms, two of them with baths, all of them with mosquito rooms, and enormous sheds, planned as wards for coolies, but simply perfect as animal quarters. Bill wants to take out citizen-ship papers for Siantar.

We had lunch with the Coenraads, and then came home, to sleep and write until tea time. At five Dr. Coenraad called for us again, and took us to see the little municipal Zoo which he is starting here. It is in a very pretty location, with a nice hillside, and a little stream running through. All that is finished now is the aviary, but it is very attractive, with glass-fronted cages, ~~xxx~~ lots of flowering plants in each cage, and a vine-covered pergola along the front to darken the area over the visitors' heads and cut down the reflection in the glass.

March 6

Mr. Ingle called for us at the hotel at eight-thirty, and we drove the fifteen miles to Dolok Merangir. There we met Mr. Schoaff, who spent the morning showing us over the plantation. There are 500,000 trees planted in 15,700 acres. We went first through the factory, saw how the latex is coagulated with formic acid, pressed out into flat sheets, and smoked. Then we went over the plantation, and saw the men tapping the trees, and catching the latex in cups. Each coolie taps four hundred trees in a morning. By the time he has finished tapping he goes back to the first tree and collects the latex that has flowed, and brings the result of his work to one of the many collecting stations. There it is weighed, poured into a big tank, and the cans are washed. The scrapings from the cups, the strips of rubber formed by the natural coagulation of yesterday's tapping, and the rinsing of the big cans, are all saved, and used for low-grade rubber. Most of the plantation consists of bud-graft trees, which produce twice as much rubber as ~~xxxx~~ seedlings, that is, about 1000 pounds to the acre

instead of 500.

We had lunch at the Shoaffs' very lovely house. It was dark and cool, with high ceilings, red tile floors, and carved teak furniture. For lunch we had bami again, but this time a very elegant dish compared to the bami we had at Tebing Tinggi, and for dessert our Singapore dish - gula malacca.

I rested in the afternoon, while Bill visited with various men on the scientific staff. At seven o'clock we went to Mr. Ingle's house (he is general manager, Shoaff is second in command) for pahits and kechil-makan (cocktails and hors d'oeuvres). Back to the Shoaffs for dinner, and home about eleven o'clock.

We got a telephone message today that the Governor will give us permits, but must have a list first of the animals we expect to get.

March 7

Up early, and over to the dam that belongs to the ice company. It was being emptied and cleaned, and we took Gaddi over, with a net and a bucket of formalin, to see if he could catch any fish as the water was lowered.

Then I spent the morning at the typewriter, writing letters for Bill, and getting caught up on my own diary.

It rained all afternoon, and we dozed, had dinner and went to bed.

March 8 - Prapat

We had intended to start early for Lake Toba, but we heard that there was mail coming up for us from Medan, so we waited for that. As it did not arrive by noon, we left anyway after tiffin, and told the hotel to send it up to us the next day.

Bill and I took a small car, leaving Williams to follow us to-morrow. We rode through the outskirts of town, then through a rubber plantation, an oil-palm plantation, and quite a strip of real jungle before we got to the mountains. The highest pass was 1750 meters - nearly 6000 feet - and then we wound down again until we saw the smooth blue water of Lake Toba below us.

Lake Toba fills the crater of an extinct volcano, and is 52 miles long. There is an island, Samosir, 28 miles long, in the Lake. The hills, mostly deforested, rise abruptly from the edge of the lake. Little groups of trees here and there over the mountain side, show where a batak kampong is situated. Except for Prapat, which is built on a peninsula, there is little sign of habitation, and the whole effect is very wild and beautiful.

The Coenraads have a house here, and are building another, and we walked down to see them in the afternoon, and stayed for tea on their porch, which is built right on the water's edge. They have planted quantities of lotus at their very doorstep. Looking past the tall pink blossoms, we could see a lopsided little fisherman's house built out in the lake on tall stilts, and from time to time a batak sampan with high curved ~~stem~~ bow and stern, was paddled lazily past. An occasional fisherman visited his nets, sitting or even standing, in one of the fragile

In the afternoon Bill killed a spider six inches in diameter in our bath room - Next morning ~~the~~ ^{he} saw one long leg of the spider walking slowly across the floor. The motive power turned out to be half a dozen small ants (P. longipes) carrying the tid bit ~~at~~ to their nest just outside our door -

looking dug-outs that they use.

We are staying at the Prapat Hotel, which is on a promontory and overlooks the water on both sides. We have a "bungalow" - the usual arrangement of living-room, bedroom and bath, but with a most unusual view out over the garden (where dahlias, asters, snapdragons, etc. are in bloom) to the lake and the mountains beyond.

March 9 - Prapat

We had morning coffee in our bungalow, and heard siamangs howling in the mountains. Magpie robins walked about our garden, and honey creepers came to the hibiscus bush to feed.

Dr. Coenraad took Bill ant-collecting. They started out in his little collapsible boat, and went across the lake to some trees, where he got three Sumatran species of ant, and several good beetles.

Mrs. Coenraad and I went for a walk, and visited the nearby Batak Kampongs. Several of them are quite close together, and we went through them, accompanied by a horde of small boys in ragged shirts and shorts. One's first impression of a batak village is of the dirt, both in the street and on the people. Their hand-woven garments, in which indigo predominates, are not unattractive, but the old men, old women, and children certainly are. The young ones were out, the men, I suppose, fishing, the women working in the rice fields. Underfed, mangy dogs set up a dismal series of barks as a stranger approaches. Pigs of all ages root under the houses, and practically under one's feet. Caribou are ~~now~~ penned under the houses, which are built on stilts from six to ten feet above the ground. The houses, with their exaggeratedly high pitched roofs, and with painting and carving on the front, are grand, but many of the newer houses in the kampong are being built modern style, just square boxes with no decoration at all.

When we got back to the hotel, we went for a swim in the lake - lovely cool, refreshing water, and a nice little sandy beach.

Tea at the Coenraads' was enlivened by the advent of millions of midges. Gaddi turned up with quite a collection of fishes, and a few large toads.

The Coenraads and Mrs. Ingle had dinner with us at the Hotel.

March 10 - Prapat

Mrs. Coenraad took Bill and me by boat over to the edge of the kampong, and we wandered around there for some time, Bill trying to catch ants and the natives trying to guess what he was doing. A second visit to a kampong is less perturbing, and I can face the prospect of camping in one with a little more equanimity. I didn't relish the idea at first, but Dr. Coenraad is planning a camping trip for us next week.

Another swim - lunch - a nap for Bill while I study Malay. Tea at the Coenraads, and we watch a gorgeous sunset. Heavy clouds

smouldered over the mountains. Samosir tapers off to a point, that exactly matches the conformation of the mainland on the horizon. Precisely in the middle of the distant background is a volcano. All this, done in the deep blues and crimsons of a tropical sunset - well, there's no use trying to pick it out on a typewriter.

A heavy storm made getting from our bungalow to the dining room a little difficult. We were furnished with paper umbrellas by the hotel, but spent a dampish evening.

March 11 - Prapat - Siantar.

Had a swim in the morning. After lunch we got a car and drove back to Siantar, again in the driving rain, that soused us all as we were in an open car.

About six o'clock Dr. Coenraad called to report that the first animals of the expedition had arrived - two *Felis minuta* and two parrots, brought in by a native about eight miles away. It is a good start, for the little cats are among the things that Bill especially desired, and as they are not on the protected list we can accept them freely even before our permits come.

An airmail letter from Dammerman arrived about six-thirty, re-iterating the fact that we must list the animals we hope to catch.

March 12 - Kisaran

Dr. Coenraad called for us at eight o'clock, and drove us to Kisaran. The road was lined all the way with rubber trees, which are already seeming commonplace to us. At first the plantations, with their tall, light-barked trees, and park-like mingling of sun and shadow, looked foreign and interesting. Now we look in vain for a bit of real jungle.

Kisaran was reached about ten o'clock. We called first on Mr. Knapp, who, when he recovered a bit from his surprise at seeing us, was very cordial, and made appointments for us with a couple of Dutch naturalists. We went over to his house and met his wife, who has just returned from the States, and had two mint juleps - a mistake: One is enough in this climate. We were housed at the company's rest house (Kisaran, incidentally, is the U. S. Rubber Company, known as HAPM) and had really grand quarters - bedroom, sitting room and verandah. Tiffin was served us in our room, and we started out immediately afterwards to see the two Dutchmen who had an interest in animals.

Mr. Leevenstein from the company's office took us in his car, and we called first on Mr. Slootegraaf, who has a fine collection of small birds, including some very beautiful sunbirds. He is interested in tropical fish, is doing some breeding work with Bettas, and had two small fish, one with a curious transparent tail that is invisible at first glance, and one a tiny catfish with two spots on it.

From his house we went to see Mr. Van der Laag, who

gave us his two porcupines and two pythons. Van der Laag was full of stories about shooting elephants and trapping tigers. His house had many elephant tusks and umbrella stands made of elephant feet. He told one story about trapping a tiger in a kampong nearby. He set the trap about six o'clock, came home, got ready for dinner, and then decided to go back and be sure the trap was properly set. He bicycled back to the kampong, and was just in time to see the tiger walk twice around the cage and then directly into it. He sent the tiger to the Zoo in The Hague, and was exceedingly sorry later on to hear that it had escaped from its cage there and been shot.

In the evening we had dinner with the Knapps. Bill and Mr. Knapp discussed animals all evening while she and I talked about mutual friends in the States.

March 13 - Kisaran

Mr. Knapp took us for a drive around the plantation in the morning to give us some idea of what the nearby countryside was like. Although there are elephants nearby, and they have to keep a lookout at night in two or three places to scare away advancing herds, it looked to us like poor collecting country - miles and miles of rubber, and beyond that, only second growth, which has some small animals in it, but is not interesting to a trapper or collector.

There are lots of good Zoo birds around our rest house - lovely little sunbirds and Munias, and we caught a glimpse of a hornbill. The trick is to catch them.

We went to the Farringtons for tea, stayed on for drinks and then went to the movies at the Club. The picture was "Wife Vs. Secretary", but the projection and the sound apparatus were both so bad that we got little out of it. We met the assistant resident, Mr. Booterhaven de Haan, and he gave us a note of introduction to the resident at Macassar, to whom we shall write for specimens.

March 14 - Siantar

We got a car in the morning and drove back to Siantar. It poured rain, as it always does when we are in an open car. The rain may have bothered us, but the only difference it made to the natives was that they produced what looked to us like totally inadequate means of protection. Men bicycled past us holding paper umbrellas over their heads. Women working in the rice fields had little straw roofs over them, that hid them completely from view as they bent over their weeding. It was a curious effect to see the little straw houses wandering along the rows of rice with no visible ~~xxxxxxxx~~ motive power.

March 15 - Siantar

In the morning we called on Mr. Meindersma, the Assistant Resident of Siantar, who was obviously relieved to learn that we already had our permits for collecting, and that we were making simply a social call, and wanted no particular favors from him.

From there we went to the market at Tanah Djarah where

word had been sent some days ago that we would buy animals or birds from the natives. As we stepped out of our car, the cry went out "Binatang!" and we were pleasantly surprised to see how many specimens had come in. There were many birds, including some beautiful parrots - one particularly handsome with a long tail; a loris, a baby *Felis minuta*, and half a dozen monkeys, some of them on chains, some tied to the trees. We did not buy the little cat, because it was not in good condition and the man refused to sell it at the price we offered, nor did we buy the monkeys, as they were all ~~xxxxxxx~~ common macaques, but it was encouraging to see that news of the object of our expedition was spreading.

We spent the afternoon shopping for camp supplies - blankets and cots, and tinned foods.

March 16 - Dolok Silau

We were up at 5.30, before daylight, and hastily finished packing for our first camping trip. At six a bus which we had hired drew up to our door, and Dr. and Mrs. Coenraad, Williams, Bill and I and Gaddi piled in, with all our gear taking up the rear half of the bus and part of the roof. We drove through the cool early morning out to Soeriboe Dolok, 66 Km. to the southwest. We were soon out of the rubber country. Along the roadside ~~the~~ were walls of spider webs, making a shimmering curtain as high as a man's head. We drove past the largest tea factory in the world, and saw literally miles of tea bushes. Many of them had just been pruned, and in a curious manner: All the branches but one were cut off to within a foot of the ground; one branch was left sticking up in the air, and upon this the insects are supposed to congregate. When this last branch is cut off and burned the pests that attack tea are done for in one swoop.

As we wound on and on, up into the hills, we passed rice fields nearly ready to harvest. One could write a monograph on the different species of scarecrow that inhabit the fields. Some of them looked like the familiar tramp of our own grain fields. One was a clever representation of a hawk, enough to brighten any small bird away. Some of them were little windmills that turned in the breeze. There were many pieces of palm leaf, or banana leaf, hung on strings and revolving in the wind. One of the most ingenious devices was a network of strings stretching out over the field. On each string were one or many pieces of banana leaves, and all the strings led to a central platform, where a small boy sat all day and pulled the strings to keep the leaves in motion.

Seriboe Dolok is about 4,000 feet high, and was downright chilly when we got there at eight o'clock. We went to the rest-house, where we were to meet Mr. Tichelman, the Assistant Resident, who had planned to go with us to Dolok Silau. He had changed his mind about accompanying us all the way, but offered us hot coffee and hot chocolate, which we drank gratefully. Then he went with us as far as the station of Dolok Silau. This was the end of the automobile road, and here were supposed to be porters to carry our gear into the kampong, ten kilometers through the jungle.

Mrs. Coenraad and I rode that last 20 Km. with Mr. Tichelman, who commented on the remarkable influence the Dutch government had on the country. Only thirty years ago it would

have been rather risky to camp in a Batak village, but now, said Mr. T., it is perfectly safe. "At least," he added, "I hope you won't be cooked and eaten!" ~~after~~ The Bataks are only one generation removed from cannibalism.

Mr. T. had written to the Rajah that we were coming, and had asked him to send porters. No porters were in sight, and we began to commandeer some from the neighborhood. There was trouble, for the rice was being harvested, and all the men were busy in the fields. Just when we were wondering what to do next, we saw a sturdy crew hurrying down the road, and cheers went up - the Rajah's men had come after all. Everything we had was tied into bundles, and the bundles slung onto stout bamboo poles. With ten bearers ahead of us, and the son of the Rajah of Siantar as guide and interpreter, we started off. For some distance the path was wide, fairly level, and sandy - easy going. It was not long before we were in sight of real jungle, steep mountain sides covered with enormous trees and thick undergrowth. The path led down hill a great deal of the way, and as we went farther along the trail grew wilder and wilder. We had to cross little mountain streams on slippery logs, and walk along the edge of cliffs where most of the sandy path had been washed away by rain. In the distance we heard siamangs dismally proclaiming that it was about to rain again. When we finally got on a trail that led through dense woods Bill began to collect insects, and found some very interesting specimens. One was Polyrachus upsilon, an ant with a spine on its back like the Greek letter that gives it its name. Another was a Myrmecine ant that makes a carton nest - a habit which as far as Bill knows, has never been reported. The nests are six or eight inches long, about half as broad, and are built on the under side of long flat leaves. I grew very excited about a black orchid that I found in a damp and shady spot - deep purplish black in color, and with long, fringe-like stamens.

The path led up the mountain side again as we approached the kampong. The first sign of civilization was that the weeds had been cut and the path cleared in our honor. Then we saw rice drying on a curious vertical rack - evidently tied onto a framework that was fifteen feet high and perhaps twenty feet long, in little bunches close together, so that it looked like a thatched wall of yellow grain.

Just before we entered the village Mrs. Coenraad wrinkled up her nose and said "Ugh! I smell durian." Close to the path was a huge durian tree, and near it a small shelter, where a group of natives were sitting waiting for the fruit to drop. They never cut the fruit from the tree, perhaps because there is no way of telling when it is ripe, but spend the day watching for the durians to fall. As they are heavy, and covered with spikes half an inch long, it would be dangerous to be hit on the head by one, - hence the roofed-over platform where they squat and watch. I wanted to get one, as I have heard such conflicting reports as to the goodness of this native fruit, but a small signboard proclaimed in both Malay and Batak that this ~~fruit~~ was the Rajah's personal tree and no one could have the fruit thereof except himself. Over the sign was hung half a palm leaf, with the fronds falling downward - the local tabu sign.

Men, women and children, dogs, cats, pigs and chickens,

were gathered in the dirt streets of the kampong as we entered. We passed one house with some interesting colored carving - probably a sort of club house - but the other houses were small and poor-looking, until we came to the Rajah's house. It was high, with the exaggerated pitch to the roof that is so characteristically Batak, about thirty feet wide, and at least eighty long. The roof was thatched, the front gable was woven of colored palm, the walls were of logs and planks whitewashed. The doorway was reached by six steep, cock-eyed steps, and over the entrance was hung the half palm leaf, similar to the one by the durian tree. Under the eaves was a mynah bird in a bamboo cage, and a string of wild boar jawbones.

We climbed the steps and entered the dark, smoky interior of the house. The Rajah rose from the low bench on which he had been sitting, and came to meet us, shaking hands with each one and greeting us with "Horas!" He was dark and plump, rather coarse-featured, about fifty years old, and had a bad cold. He wore a white shirt open at the neck, dark trousers, and a turban of brown batik.

We had understood that the Rajah had a guest house which we were to occupy, but after some palaver our porters began to climb the steps to the house and bring all our belongings in, so it became rather obvious that we were going to live right with the Rajah. Clean rattan mats had been spread on the floor, and we unpacked our cots so we would have something to sit on.

We found that we were in a room about 30 x 30 feet, with a small window on each side, and an open lattice work around the wall, a foot or so above the floor. The front door was a great heavy wooden affair, built in two parts that swung together and were closed with a wooden ~~harp~~. In the center of the room was an enormous post, carved in a small, all-over pattern, and painted red, black and blue. In the rear part of the room, on the right, was a small, enclosed room that was the Rajah's private bedroom. On the left, to the rear, was the fireplace, a slab of stone set in the floor, and covered with ashes. Over this ~~was~~ ^{were} two huge shelves supported by massive posts that came down from the ceiling but did not go all the way to the floor. It looked something like an old-fashioned four-poster bed upside down, and buffalo hides and other treasures were stored here. Along one wall were the various state uniforms hung on ~~hook~~ poles. Overhead in the rafters were the weapons of generations - blow guns, spears, blunderbuses, and fairly modern muskets. At the back of the room a dark and narrow doorway led to the women's quarters. Here one could always see a fire burning, and here the Rajah's five wives kept house for him.

We asked to see the head wife, the ~~Balenbon~~ ^{Porany Bolon}, and Mrs. Coenraad and I presented her with a piece of silk we had brought as a gift. It was a two-yard length, enough to make the short jacket that the Batak women wear over their sarong. She spoke no Malay, and we spoke no Batak, but she seemed pleased.

The men settled down to explain to the Rajah what we wanted in his village - namely, animals. Dr. Coenraad spoke in Malay to the Crown Prince of Siantar, a nice, intelligent boy, tremendously proud of his responsibility as interpreter for us, and he explained to the Rajah in Batak. The Rajah, who is a

cheery soul, beamed at us in a bewildered way. Undoubtedly there were animals in his jungle, but catching them alive was a new idea for him.

While the men talked, and exchanged cigarettes and drinks, Mrs. Coenraad got out a little alcohol stove and we warmed up two cans of army rations and made some tea, squatting on the floor to do our cooking, and shooing various domestic animals away from the food, which was neatly stacked on the age-blackened floor. Lunch over, we made a boudoir for ourselves by stretching a cord from one corner to another and hanging a couple of sheets over it. As the silhouette of the lady who was undressing behind the sheet was only too clear, we made our wall less transparent by draping the flags of Holland, America and the National Geographic Society over the cord, and had a most patriotic corner of the house.

Bill did some more entomology in the afternoon, and the small boys, anxious to be helpful, and to get a copper coin, started bringing in insects to him. It was a little difficult to know just how to reward their efforts, as they would come in with one grasshopper, or part of an ant nest, at a time, and the number of small coins that were being disbursed, in order to keep up their interest, was rapidly building up into quite a lot of money.

Mrs. Coenraad and I decided to bathe, and the Crown Prince accompanied us to the river. He ordered the natives out of the bathing pool, and we stepped gingerly in among the stones. The water was delightful, cool, clear spring water running over mossy stones, and we felt much refreshed. The Crown Prince stood back out of sight himself, but keeping everyone else from interrupting our ablutions.

In the evening the Rajah staged a dance for us. He himself plays the flute, and he played us a tune on a little bamboo instrument before the celebration started. Out in front of his house a pole had been stuck in the ground, and from this hung a gasoline lamp - a new one, evidently acquired in our honor. It lighted up the whole square in front of the house. On one side the orchestra sat on the ground, eight men, two playing small gongs, two playing large gongs, two drums, and two flutes. The show was late in starting, but presently out of the dark figures began to gather, and when the Rajah descended from his house and sat on the bench that had just been put up for the occasion, two men appeared and did a most skillful dance, with vivid pantomime of fighting, and graceful gestures. Then a group of little girls, students of the dance, performed. They were not more than five or six years old, absolutely solemn, with downcast eyes and long black hair falling over their faces, and their little hands and feet moved in slow and careful rhythm. They were followed by a group of older girls, young women, some of them quite pretty, who did the same dance the children had done, but with more assurance. The dance is a religious one, and seemed to express modesty as well as reverence.

This is a remote and primitive kampong. I think we were the first European women who had ever been there. It did indeed seem far out of the world, with the monotonous thumping of the drums, and minor piping of the flutes, the strange, dark faces gathered all about us. ~~Thexxxxxxxxxx~~ Every now and then a newcomer would arrive, carrying a blazing torch of palm leaves that

flamed and showered sparks in the heavy jungle night.

~~After the dancing was over~~ Williams and Mrs. Coenraad tried to photograph the scene by flashlight, but were so uncertain of what success they would have, that they asked to have the dancing repeated to-morrow by daylight, when they could take both moving- and colored pictures of it.

We had a sketchy supper of fried-egg sandwiches and tea, and went early to bed. Whether it was the dust and smokiness of the old house(said to be about three hundred years old), or the fuzziness of our new blankets, I do not know, but Mrs. Coenraad and I started to sneeze as soon as we were in bed, and kept it up most of the night. The men, on their side, began to snore. Apparently no one else in the kampong tried to sleep, as voices could be heard all night long, and occasionally someone tiptoed into our quarters from the other part of the house, and tiptoed out again, and no matter how carefully he stepped the whole floor shook when even a dog went through the room. Dogs howled and barked throughout the night, and far in the distance we could hear strange sounds of unidentifiable animals.

March 17 - Dolok Silau

It was a relief to hear the heavy doors of the house swung open, and to see that it was beginning to be daylight at last. Although we were dressed and outdoors before ~~xxxxxxx~~ sunrise, the women of the kampong were earlier risers than we, and were already at their interminable task of pounding rice. A stone's throw from the Rajah's house stood an open building where the women, and even the small girls, spent the day husking rice. The rice was poured into long troughs made of hollowed-out logs, and pounded with long wooden poles. Afterwards it was sifted in a large flat woven basket, and the chaff allowed to blow away. The muscular endurance of the women was amazing. The steady, monotonous pounding, always in a certain rhythm, and with tremendous long poles that must have been very heavy, would have tired anyone not accustomed to the work in five minutes. But there was never a moment from before sunrise to long after dark when a group of women were not working there.

The dance of last night was repeated for the benefit of the pictures this morning. The Rajah put on his uniform, a military coat and dark trousers, and white shirt, and added all his gold ornaments. Over one eye ~~xxxxx~~, fastened to his batik turban, was a large gold flower. Projecting from the other side was a curiously shaped decoration - a ringed stick ^{garnet} about ten inches long, ~~all of solid gold~~. He had a massive ~~gold~~ bracelet, gold rings, and gold buttons in his coat. Two of his wives joined him, and they had ear-rings and rings of gold. A procession was formed, headed by the medicine man, an old man who carried a pole with a tuft of feathers on the end; then came the Rajah, his wives, and the soldiers. ~~Some~~ They carried knives and guns, and the guns were ~~old~~ blunderbuses with old coins set in the wood. Some of the coins were British, some Portuguese, some Austrian, some Dutch. One gun had a modern touch - an American silver dollar of 1870. The other decorations were all at least a hundred years older than that.

Wanting to do our share in making the occasion a festive one, we decorated the outside of the house with our flags, and tried to explain to the Rajah what the American and N. G. S. flags stood for.

When-

When the photographs were finished - movies and color pictures were also taken - Bill, Dr. Coenraad and I went for a long walk. Bill found many insects to interest him, and the two boys who went with us tried to help by picking up occasional spiders and caterpillars, or really did help by climbing trees to bring down termite nests. We saw two gorgeous green birds in a palm tree - neither Bill nor Dr. C. knew what they were. One curious thing we found was a little pile of undigested ant heads in the middle of the path - evidently a pangolin *(scaly ant eater)* had passed that way the night before.

During the afternoon Dr. Coenraad tried again to work up the Rajah's interest in animal catching. Some boys brought in two cages of birds, and Dr. Williams protested when the cages were hung on poles directly over his cot. Another boy brought in a big lizard, and he was encased in a length of bamboo and I protested when he was put under the head of my bed.

In the evening Mrs. Coenraad brought out a notebook, and by asking numerous questions of the Rajah, through the interpreter, added to her store of knowledge concerning Batak customs. On the wall over the Rajah's head were a number of photographs, mostly of himself and his soldiers, but one was of his father, the old Rajah, who still lies in state in the women's quarters of the house. He has been dead for fourteen years, but the kampong has not yet enough money to bury him in state.

We rolled up in our blankets and went early to sleep.

March 18 -

We were up before daylight, made coffee, and packed our belongings. When the house had been cleared of all our camping gear, we were asked to sit on the Rajah's bench for a farewell ceremony. Three of his wives came in and sat on the floor in front of us. First we were presented with betel nut wrapped in sirih leaves, and on this we made ~~of~~ pretense to nibble. Then the head wife gave Mrs. Coenraad and me a piece of handwoven cloth, which we folded and placed on our heads Batak style. Rice was thrown over us, and cries of Horas were shouted enthusiastically. Two bowls of eggs were then given to us as food for the journey, but this was symbolical, and after taking them we politely handed them back. It was a kindly and interesting ceremony, and I felt that although we had undoubtedly been great nuisances the Rajah did not feel too unfriendly toward us. He must have been glad to see us go, and to have his own house free for himself again.

Bulbuls sang to us all the way back through the woods. We made the way back, which was mostly up-hill, in two and a half hours, and were glad to see that the motor bus, waiting for us, had come nearly a mile down the trail to meet us. ~~When~~ We got back to the hotel about one o'clock, and were glad to have a bath, a change of clothes and a good dinner.

March 19 - Siantar

Early in the morning Bill got a cable from Jennier and Davis that they would land to-morrow in Belawan, and that all the animals they were bringing were still alive. He hastily commandeered a car and went to Medan to meet them. Mrs. Coenraad and I spent the day together, and I had lunch, tea and dinner at their house. We looked over the hospital that we expect to move into next week, and went shopping for sheets, towels, mattresses, etc.

Xylocopa

March 20 - Siantar

I walked over to the hospital in the morning to see how the cleaning process was coming along, and then had a hair-cut - rather a severe "Dutch cut", due to my inability to explain in either Malay or Dutch just how I wanted it trimmed.

Mrs. Coenraad had lunch with me, and I typed notes and sorted papers virtuously. Dr. C. telephoned that the boat would not be in until to-morrow, so I had another day of solitude to put in. It was not too lonesome, thanks to Mrs. C. I had tea with her and with her friend Mrs. Mattison, who was highly entertained by our accounts of life in a Batak kampong.

March 21 - Siantar

Mrs. Mattison called for me a little before eight o'clock and took me to church. This being Palm Sunday, the ceremony was unusually lengthy, with the blessing of the palms first, distributing them to the congregation - and there were not quite enough to go around and some little Batak boys went without palms - a curious deprivation in the tropics. I was entranced with the ~~xxxxxx~~ Batak altar boys, their brown little faces looking just as cherubic in cassock and surplice as ~~the~~ any Anglo Saxon youth's - and with the children's choir, singing hymns in Malay. Benediction followed Mass, and it was curious to hear Tantum ergo sung by those soft young voices.

As I write now, the heat of noon is almost at its height. The horizon is black with the threat of our daily thunderstorm, and it seems strange to think that at home this is the first day of spring.

Bill and Davis arrived about one O'clock, and after waiting an hour and a half for Williams and Jennier, we decided to have lunch. It was nearly four when the two missing ones arrived. As usual, they had had motor trouble, and had lunched at Tebing Tingi. We all stayed at the hotel for the night, and packed so as to be ready to move tomorrow.

March 22 - Base Camp

We had lunch with the Coenraads, on snipe that were brought us as specimens. It is impossible to keep them alive in captivity, so we ordered them killed and broiled. This is snipe hunting season, and the little birds were delicious.

About four o'clock we got a truck and moved our gear from the hotel to the hospital "Rumeh sakit Pantoean", on the edge of town, not far from the Coenraads' house and opposite a rubber plantation. It is a tremendous building, and we have rented the wing that was originally built for Europeans - five rooms in a row, each with bath, klambo, and verandah. One room has a sink and some shelves, and will do for a kitchen. Meals are to come over to us from the hotel.

The place has been abandoned for some time, but has just been all cleaned up for us. Electric light and water have been installed, and Mrs. Coenraad provided the final touch by putting white tablecloths and embroidered bureau scarfs in place.

Shortly before dinner an excited Malay appeared at the door and made a short but impassioned speech. I could get the words binatang and rumeh, and called Jennier and Davis, sensing that something was wrong with an animal at the neighbor's house. They went over on a dead run, and found that a huge monitor lizard which had been brought in that afternoon had escaped. It was an aggressive beast, about six and a half feet long, and they had quite a struggle getting it into a cage. The native who brought it had tied it to a pole, tied its feet together, and put the pole in a box, but it got out just the same. Luckily it had not hurt anybody, for there are children about the neighbor's house.

They brought it to the hospital, and decided to transfer it to another cage. The only thing that seemed strong enough was the box that had brought the American alligator from the States. The alligator has been presented to the Siantar Zoo, but no quarters are ready for it, so we are keeping it, as well as the bear, jaguar and opossums, for the present. The alligator is tame, and he was installed in one of the vacant bathrooms. Then Jennier and Davis and Gaddi worked for a strenuous quarter hour, while I held the flashlight on them, getting the irate monitor into the new cage. He lashed his tail and made a terrific blowing sound, but finally went where he was directed.

Dinner hour came, and passed, and no food. Finally the boys said they would walk up to the hotel and find out what was the matter. It was ten-thirty before they returned, with ~~dinner~~ ^{food} in a full dinner-pail - one that comes in five sections, with a different item in each one. The manager said he had not understood that we wanted to start eating to-night.

There were mosquitos in our newly scoured klambo; outside on the verandah the bear pawed and grunted in his cage; in the distance dogs and unidentifiable animals howled through the night, so that our first night was rather a wakeful one.

March 23 -

We were up early and scanned the highway for signs of an approaching breakfast. About eight-thirty a boy from the hotel brought us some mail, and we asked him about food. He said he had understood we never ate breakfast (this was because Bill and I always had fruit and coffee in our room and called that a meal). When he saw our horrified faces he scurried back as fast as he could go, and presently we had hot coffee, bananas, fried eggs, cold sausage and sliced Dutch cheese.

An elderly Chinaman came in from Atchi bringing a miscellaneous collection of animals - a wild dog, martin, otter, hog badger, loris, a cage of Loriculus and some other small birds. Davis and Jennier worked all day trying to house them, for the cages they had come in were small and dirty and inadequate, and all the boys' baggage is held up at Customs, and they feel completely lost without any carpenter tools. Making a cage out of packing boxes, ~~and~~ driving nails without a hammer, making locks out of scraps of bent wire, is unsatisfactory business.

Bill and I went shopping in the morning for camp supplies. Had a great time trying to buy a broom, for the word in my Malay dictionary seemed to mean nothing to the shop keeper, and we had

to go through the motions of sweeping before he understood.

At the nearby market, Tanah Djawah, Davis bought a sea eagle and a *Felis minuta* cat. The cat is a dumpling, about half grown and perfectly tame. It weighs nothing, feels like a bunch of feathers in one's hand, and dances about and plays like a house kitten. It is spotted like a tiny leopard, and has the sweetest little face with black and white markings on a tawny ground.

Shortly after lunch a Malay appeared with a baby tiger. It is only a few weeks old, just a milkling, and has to be fed on a bottle. It is a marvelous little cat, a perfect miniature tiger. Baby lions do not look particularly like lions. When they are first born they are spotted, and the shape of the head and face differ from a full-grown lion. But the tiger cub is striped and colored like a mature animal~~x~~, and as he staggers around on his clumsy paws, and yells through his bristly whiskers, he is too absurd for words. He is apparently half starved, and gulps his milk down greedily.

We had another escape today, this time a pig-tailed macaque that we did not particularly want. It was given us as a present, but vanished wildly over the horizon, with our whole crowd in ineffectual pursuit.

March 24 -

To-day was given over, for my part, to nursing the two little cats. *Felis minuta* eats meat, but the tiger does not even notice it. Both get milk from a bottle, and they take turns in screaming. The tiger woke the whole camp up at three in the morning, was sick to his tummy, and most disturbing.

Nothing of great interest happened, and the only new specimen was a hoopoe that cannot stand up.

March 25 -

The tiger still cries, but not so much. He gave us a bad night, and we finally had to put him in another room, farther away from us. A kingfisher died yesterday, and the hoopoe died today, and Bill feels discouraged.

Early in the afternoon a man arrived bringing one dove. We told him we wanted bigger and better animals, so a little later he rode up on a bicycle with a big siamang hanging on his shoulders. It had something the matter with its hind legs, so we did not buy it. It also had a passion for eating paper instead of biscuits, and we were a bit leery about buying anything that had been on such a diet for any length of time.

Escapes come in threes, I suppose. Two of the opossums that we gave Dr. Coenraad for the Siantar Zoo escaped last night. Rather annoying, after paying freight on them, and nursing them half-way round the world.

March 26 -

We sent Gaddi and Samsedin, a native buyer of animals,

to the market of Siberoe Dolok, near Dolok Silau, to pick up the animals that the natives in the Batak kampong had caught in the past week. They came back late in the evening, empty-handed (save for an expense account of seven guilders) and the excuse that the Rajah did not know what animals we wanted. That after two days of explaining to the old chap!

~~March 27~~ We had our first party in our new home - the Sidney Brownes were here for lunch. The hotel did very well by us, and we had a merry party. In the evening Dr. Coenraad gave us a full-grown *Felis minuta*.
March 27 -

Davis set out half a dozen traps last night. One of them was set off, but nothing was captured. He spent the afternoon stringing up an Italian bird net across the back of the hospital, in a good open space.

Our first actual capture took place today, however. A boy came running over just after lunch, to say that another of Dr. Coenraads animals had escaped. We all dashed over, and found a small civet cat cowering among a pile of boxes. Jennier picked it up, and popped it in a bag, but as the boys counted Dr. Coenraad's civet cats, and found them all properly in their cages, we realized that this was a new one that had come in from outside, and we brought it proudly home. It is a very young one, and quite a sweet little thing. The native name for it is musang.

Our baby tiger, whom we have named Harry, is getting bigger and stronger, and eats very well. In the late afternoon a mate for Harry arrived, a pathetic little tigress brought in a parrot cage by a Chinese. Of course we took her too, and I spent the evening trying to get her to nurse from a bottle. Harry and Harriet paid little attention to each other, but I hope they will both live and become great friends. Harry, by the way, now enjoys to go for a walk with me, and heels beautifully, walking slowly when I do, galloping clumsily and falling on his nose, if I hurry.

March 28 -

This being Easter, I went to church with Mrs. Matheson. We also had colored Easter eggs for breakfast, brought over with much pride by the Batak boy ~~that~~ ^{who} delivers our meals.

The first specimen to arrive was a handsome kingfisher, one of the kind that lives in the jungle instead of along streams, and feeds on insects instead of fish. The waterside kingfisher is hard to keep in captivity, but there is a chance that we can keep this one alive.

At noon we went to the Coenraads for "nasi goreng", a wonderful fried rice, with all sorts of things to pile on top of it, like peanuts, fried onions, cucumbers both boiled and raw, coconut balls, chutney, red pepper, curried chicken. With the nasi goreng we had sati, shrimps and chicken broiled on a skewer.

March 29

Took both the little tigers for a walk in the morning, and then put them into a big cage together. Harry chewed on Harriet's ear, but there was no great sign of friendliness between them.

About two o'clock the Brownes dropped in, and we took both the little cats out to play again. Harriet showed symptoms of weakness, and we separated the tigers again. Later in the afternoon ~~the~~ we began dosing the little female with bismuth and opium, but she was in such feeble condition that we realized there was little hope for her, and she died sometime during the night.

March 30 -

With all sorts of farewell advice for Davis and Jennier, and much mutual wishing ~~to~~ good luck, Bill and I left camp about ten o'clock, and started off in a car for Medan. Most of the way is through rubber plantations, and rather monotonous, but there were a few short stretches of forest, and three different times we saw monkeys, beside the road or running right across in front of our automobile. They were the common rhesus of Sumatra.

Back at the DeBoer Hotel, we were a little disappointed to find that our steamer was going to be a day late in sailing. Medan is terrifically hot, and we would rather have stayed in Siantar until the last possible moment.

In the evening we went out to the Brownes' for drinks, and had a pleasant visit with them.

March 31 -

Bill spent the morning buzzing around from the Consulate to the Bank to the K. P. M. office. They are giving us holiday rates to the Moluccas, which is really very decent of them. The Coenraads arrived during the morning, and we all had lunch together. Late in the afternoon we did a little last-minute shopping, and at eight we all went to the Brownes' for dinner. Mrs. Browne is a Baltimore girl, and has taught her Javanese cook to make chicken a la Maryland, and we all enjoyed having a real American meal, from cream of tomato soup to apple dumpling.

April 1 -

We were up before sunrise, and left Medan at seven bound for Belawan. We had a bad ten minutes when the car broke down, but it was just the cable to the battery, and after that had been nailed together (literally) we went merrily on, and reached the pier in plenty of time. It was like meeting an old friend to be on the Plancius again, and we headed for Singapore shortly after eight o'clock.

Bill picked up a very nice American couple named Sheriff, who are going around the world, stopping whenever and wherever they like. At the moment they are headed for Java, but have no plans beyond that.

April 2 - Singapore

We landed about eight in the morning. Raymond Creekmore of Baltimore, a young artist working his way around the world, was on the dock to meet us. We had written him we were coming, and invited him to lunch with us. We had also written A. St. Alban Smith of Johore, and received a note from him saying that he was ill, but hoped we would come out and see him. He had sent his car and chauffeur for us, and we went out to see him. He lives now near the Sea View Hotel, having sold his Johore estate. He is badly crippled with a form of arthritis, but still interested in snake collecting, and told us all sorts of harrowing tales. Twice he has been bitten, once by a cobra and once by a krait, and recovered both times to his great surprise. He sent to London the record king cobra of all time, 18 feet 7 inches long. It was one that he had caught himself - simply grabbed it with his bare hand when he saw it was about to bite one of his boys. He has a Chinese boy who has absolutely no fear of snakes, Ah Cheong, and all morning Ah Cheong was kept busy bringing various specimens up to the verandah for us to see. There was a mother-of-pearl cave snake, a brown and gold cobra, a Gray's viper that was so fat and good natured they called it Sophie Tucker. As we left Mr. St. Alban Smith gave me a compact, made of Siamese silver, with lovely figures of Siamese dancers. He said he always gave them to ladies who came to see him, as a souvenir.

We had lunch at the Adelphi, and Bill was thrilled to find that Dr. Osorio had succeeded in getting him a Rolleiflex camera on the German boat, and had left it for him at the Consulate.

After lunch Basapa joined us, with the sad news that the jaguar we had brought for Japan, had died in Singapore before he could send it on to Kobe.

We sailed at 4.30, and spent all afternoon and evening on deck. We saw a school of small porpoises. We stayed up until 11.30, so that I would be conscious when we crossed the Equator - my first crossing, and the ship gave me a certificate signed by the purser and by Father Neptune. Then to bed, and happy to find that a breeze had come up, so that our cabin was much cooler to-night, right on the Equator, than it was last night, when we were in the Straits of Malacca.

April 3 - At sea

Could see flying fish from the dining-room porthole all the time I was eating breakfast.

At ten o'clock we anchored off Muntok, Bangka Island, and took quite a few passengers aboard, and let off one Dutch family, with a large number of small blond children. The island looked typically tropical with a sandy beach, a line of coconut palms, a yellow hotel, a row of thatched houses, and high forested hills beyond. A lighthouse and a beached steamer marked the entrance to the harbor, which is evidently very shallow. From time to time as we were approaching we could see waves breaking on the reefs.

One old Malay woman came aboard with four large bird cages, and Dr. Coenraad promptly went to investigate. As they were yellow-headed bulbuls (of which we already have ten) she was allowed to keep her pets.

April 4 - Batavia

Landed early in the morning, and went to the Hotel des Indes. The city proper is about seven miles from Tanjong Priok, the port, and the road followed a canal all the way. In the old days river steamers used the canal, coming up to Batavia, but now an occasional canal boat, covered over, on which a native family lives, is all the traffic there is by water. Brahminy kites, bright brown with white, aquiline heads, flew over the water in great flocks.

We spent an hour and a half with Walter Foote, the American Consul General, discussing possibilities of having our permit extended a little. He promised to do everything he could for us.

Then we went out to see the Zoo, which is a combination zoological garden and childrens' playground. In Java there has been a great deal of intermarrying between the Dutch and the natives, and we saw many dark mothers with blond children, or Nordic fathers with dusky youngsters. Merry-go-rounds, pushed by a Malay boy, were popular, as were sand piles, swings, and ~~teeter totters~~. *See Dams.* As for the animals, there were some beautiful silver gibbons, a nice male orang-utan, tree kangaroos, a fossa cat from Madagascar, four anoas, two uncomfortable polar bears, a baby Sumatran elephant with long hair, hornbills, fairy bluebirds, and others.

We were astonished to find Batavia had almost as many animal collectors in town as animals. On the boat in the morning we had met Danesch, collecting for Amazonica in New York. In the Zoo we learned that Meems, of Ward and Meems, and Kreth, of Ruhe, were here, too. We got in touch with Meems and Kreth, and they spent the rest of the day with us.

At the Hotel des Indes we had our first reistafel, that famous dish of the Dutch East Indies. Twenty boys served us, passing various victuals in what appeared for some moments to be an endless chain. A big soup bowl was placed in front of us, with an extra side plate for the overflow. The first offering was boiled rice, served from a big silver bowl. Onto the rice went curried chicken, steak, baked fish, spaghetti, fried coconut, cucumbers (boiled, pickled, and fresh), peanuts, red peppers, fried bananas, chutney, onions, fried nut cakes, shrimps, fried egg, salted hard-boiled duck egg, and various complicated gravies and sauces. I had heard so much about the reistafel that I probably expected too much in the way of gastronomic delight: the general effect was slightly messy, and by the time one was served with all the dishes, the original rice, and most of the things that went on it, were cold.

In the afternoon we went to the bird market, an interesting crowded street market, where many of the East Indian birds were to be had. Fairy bluebirds, lovely little finches, parrots of all colors, mynahs, and quantities of doves, as well as a baby musang and a baby *Felis minuta*, were on sale. We looked the supply over, but did not buy anything. We shall stop here again

on the return voyage.

We sailed at six in the evening. Williams complained of a cold, and having had reistafel at noon, decided against dinner at night. We were none of us very hungry, and supped delicately on consomme and a spot of salad.

April 5 - Samarang

Awoke in the morning to see the coast of Java slipping by. It looked satisfyingly like the picture books, with cloud-wreathed mountains along the sea, and occasional volcanoes to be seen.

We went ashore in a launch about ten. Saw for the first time an outrigger sailing boat, and praus from Madura, with gaily colored masts, painted pink and blue, and carved and painted bows. As we drove along the road to the town, we saw zebu carts, built like the Sumatran ones, but painted in bright colors.

Our first stop was at the bird market, where Bill wanted to get a racket-tailed drongo, but decided that shipping it out to the Islands and back would be taking too much risk. Dr. Coenraad bought six jungle fowl, the wild ancestor of our domestic chicken, rather a gaudy bird with heavy brilliant wattles.

We looked up a M. Jansen, who had written us that he was a friend of Stanley Dawson's; from his name we had assumed he was a Swede, but he was largely Malay with a dash of Chinese. He promised to keep an eye on the bird market for us until our return.

~~At the Hotel de Pavillon, where~~ We had heard there was a small Zoo in Samarang, but it turned out to be very small indeed, a private collection belonging to a rich Chinese sugar planter. He has a most remarkable garden, curiously landscaped with mounds of tufa rock, coral steps and paths, whitewashed urns filled with flowering shrubs, statues, fountains, a long screened pergola filled with orchids (one lovely white one had a purple center), and a paddock with one deer, a hornbill and a peacock. Java sparrow were wild in the garden.

At the Hotel de Pavillon, where we stopped for a drink, we met the Sheriffs from the ship, and went with them to a Chinese restaurant for lunch. The food was simply delicious - asparagus soup with crab eggs, tiny fried shrimps in batter, chicken cooked with leeks, nasi goreng, and tea. The tea was served in pretty little cups, each one containing its individual tea-strainer, and Mr. Sheriff insisted on buying me six of them. I hope I can get them home unbroken!

Back to the ship, and sailed at four o'clock. Williams has a very bad cold, and has spent the day in bed.

In the evening we sat talking with the purser, Mr. Mulder, who is a friend of the captain of the Kampar. The Kampar has been chartered by a gold-prospecting expedition to New Guinea, and Mulder thought the captain might pick us up a collection of birds and animals while he was there. The evening was spent trying to get in touch with the Kampar by wireless, but we finally learned that the short-wave set on the Kampar is intended merely to keep the ship in touch with the expedition camp in the interior, and as they have not yet landed, the wireless man was not at his post. Still we were trying to relay a message to him, by various ships, most of the night.

About midnight Bill went in to see how Williams was feeling, and then took his temperature with our thermometer. To our horror the thermometer went right up to the top, registering 106 and points north. We woke up the ship's doctor, who took his temperature with his own thermometer, and found that ours has gone flooey, either due to tropical hardships or too much bouncing around. Williams is sick, but his fever was one and a half degrees Celsius, whatever that is - less than 106, anyway.

April 6 - Soerabaia

We arrived at Soerabaia early in the morning, and came ashore after a leisurely breakfast on deck. The Governor-General is in town today, and all the flags are flying in his honor. Even the bullock carts have bright-colored yokes and decorations - the city is very gay. All these Javan cities are neat and clean; well-painted, white and yellow, and tidy as only a Dutch town can be. The buildings look very attractive in their setting of palm trees, hibiscus, casuarina, crotons, and other typical foliage.

The Hotel Oranje gave us a room, built on the same spacious plan as the Sumatran hotels, but with mosquito nets over the beds instead of the screened mosquito room that liked so much in Medan and Siantar.

About ten-thirty we set out for the Zoo, and were joined by the Sheriffs. We had a very nice morning, and found lots of interesting things in the Zoo. The bird collection was especially fine, including enormous woodpeckers, white starlings from Bali, "leatherheads" a sort of pigmy hornbill from New Guinea, and fairy bluebirds. A pair of anoa's had produced a young one, which was brown and white and quite unlike its parents in appearance. The first banteng we had ever seen munched like a great black bull in his paddock. Mynahs crawled over the tapirs, looking for ticks or something. The deer were getting their new horns - sure enough, this is fall, not spring, in this part of the world.

We had lunch at the Oranje Hotel, and in the middle of lunch Bill was called to the telephone. The American Consul was on the wire, saying there was a cable from the Consul in Calcutta. The cable was the best news we had had so far, namely, the Assam Government is willing to capture a rhinoceros for us, and deliver it to Calcutta. After being turned down by the Dutch on a permit for rhino, this was thrilling news indeed, and Bill almost had hysterics of joy. We all had several drinks on the strength of it, and suddenly decided to go to Bali instead of staying in Soerabaia for two days. Why we had not thought of it before I don't know, but we hastily repacked, abandoned our laundry, films, and any possible mail, and sailed at five o'clock on the Van der Lijn.

The coast of Java, seen from the ship at sunset, was very lovely, with the sky pearly pink behind the purple masses of the mountains.

April 7 - Bali

We landed at six in the morning, and after some delay in getting ashore, found ourselves in the hot little town of Boeleling on the northern coast of the island. Many American tourists from our boat were going across to Den Pasar, on the other side, but we

Small girls collecting dragon-fly larvae
for food in bamboo nets -
Also collect grasshoppers & other insects
in bamboo make lined with spider webs
as food for pet birds -

had so little time we asked about some place on the north side. Gitgit was recommended, and we set off for Gitgit accordingly.

The drive was all up-hill, into the mountains, and very lovely. There were hairpin turns - one so narrow that we bumped one car coming down the mountain, but no harm was done. We passed lovely little villages - groups of thatched houses with mud walls, surrounded by a mud wall. There are more flowers in the villages than in Batak kampongs, and the whole effect was much more picturesque. Little Buddhist temples were everywhere along the road, and in each village were shrines of various sizes - some of them nothing more than a tiny platform with an offering or two.

Gitgit turned out to be a village with a government rest-house. There were four rooms, but no one else was staying there. From our room we had the most gorgeous view looking out towards the sea, which was eight miles away and fifteen hundred feet below us. Back of the rest house were rice terraces, which for beauty beat any sort of cultivated field I have ever seen. Up the mountain side they rose, their water reflecting nearby coconut palms, the ridges divided by paths of emerald green.

Bill has such a bad cold, with a pain in the ribs, that we did little all day except admire the view. Dr. C. and I walked through the village, and saw the local temple, which consists of a nice old gate, carved and painted stone, and several small shrines, some of them spoiled by corrugated iron roofs, some of them thatched. Two of them had old paintings of Hindu gods on the walls.

All the local color of the island walks past our front gate so it is really not so much deprivation just to sit still in a place like this. Men and women go by carrying baskets on their heads, walking with that straight free movement that comes from generations of doing just this. The women, many of them, wear the sarong with nothing above the waist. Most of them have mouths stained red by betel nut. They are not as beautiful as the tourist posters lead one to expect, but they are brown and comely. The children smile at one with the most charming friendliness. In the late afternoon we took a short drive up the road and came upon a large troop of macaques, who scuttled across in front of us and spent sometime crashing about in the nearby trees.

There are many small horses here, and pack trains passed our door continually, carrying cabbages for the most part, in big panniers slung on each side of the saddle. With a chain of bells around their necks, and a basket of food under their noses so that they could eat as they walked, they climbed up and down the steep roads all day. Even more interesting were the cattle that were led past in small herds. These are the banteng, found wild in Java, but here domesticated for hundreds of years. They are pure blooded banteng - one of the rarest Zoo animals! - but only in this island have they been tamed. We had banteng meat for dinner and liked it very much.

Bill feeling so miserable we went to bed at 8.30, having rubbed him with the local remedy for pains (it smelled strongly of eucalyptus) and given him a hot-water bottle that was a stone gin bottle wrapped in a towel.

April 8 - Bali

In the morning we took a drive up to Bedoegoel on Lake Brakan. The road was very steep, but well built. It is a new road, in fact still being worked on, partly with convict labor. We passed a prisoners' camp, and also a monument to the roadbuilders - a stone statue of a Balinese man, carved by a convict artist. In preparation for the ~~im~~ visit of the Governor General to Bali, next week, the roads are being put into as good condition as possible, and fresh gravel was being spread where it would do the most good. All road work is done by hand, naturally, but it seemed strange to see men patting out the sides of the road with their bare feet, or busily sweeping away any roughnesses with little brooms.

The rest house at Bedoegoel was being decorated for the G. G. ~~xxxxxxx~~ The approach to it was lined with bent sapling arches, and these were covered with palms. A large entrance gate was one mass of ferns, and the posts that supported the temporary pavilion were covered with croton leaves.

The Lake itself is very pretty, and exasperatingly full of small fish, when we did not bring a seine or net with us. They were just the right size for aquarium fishes, and "probably," says Bill, "new species".

The lake is 4500 feet high, and the air was cool and damp. Clouds trailed across the mountainside across from the resthouse. Huge pandanus trees, tree ferns, epiphytic plants of all sorts, made the surroundings all that one dreams of in a tropical island.

In the evening we saw our first, and probably only, Balinese dance. It was very thrilling to see it in a small village, rather simply done, instead of in a tourist hotel. Two or three hundred natives came, and enjoyed it as much, and more intelligently, than we did. Many of the dancers were small girls, not more than twelve years old, in sarongs, tight little jackets, and flaring head-dresses. The latter were made of gilded buffalo hide, with strips of bamboo, cut to about the size of a match stick, stuck into them all the way around. Each stick was tipped with a fragrant white flower, and there were more flowers in the girls' long black hair. There were sixteen girls, and about twenty men, who took turns dancing for us. At the close of the dancing two men put on what was evidently an uproarious comedy act, but as most of it was dialogue, and not even in Malay, we were unable to grasp its meaning. The orchestra consisted of eight xylophone-like instruments, a drum, and a cymbal-like thing that crashed like many bells.

diameter
like
freesia

The performance lasted from 6-30 to 9.30, after which we had dinner and went to bed.

April 9 -

We arose at five, and drove down the mountain in the early sunrise, to board the Melchior Treub bound for Macassar.

"Call of the East" - always "Boy!"

American girl learns Dutch word
for bananas - "Vruchten"

Hotel - name plates on table -
try to get blanket at 10.30

monkey permit - Dances & fids -

bird & par.
rain bow -

Apr - 11 - Java sparrow flew into our verandah

Williams met us, practically recovered from his flu. Being on the Treub was like getting back to the Plancius again. Here also was H. Danisch, the scout for Amazonica, coming out to Macassar to pick up his animals. Bill, Coenraad, and Danisch spent the whole day discussing the possibilities of getting animals in the Celebes and the Moluccas.

April 10 - Macassar

We landed about seven in the morning, Bill very wobbly and still suffering from a pain in his rib. He and I went on ahead to the Grand Hotel, while Coenraad buzzed about the docks, looking up various captain friends of his who could give him information about New Guinea, whither he is thinking of going. When he joined us at the hotel he was sputtering about his permits, for a change. Permits that he thought had been granted him last December had not yet arrived, and anoas and babirusas, which he thought were ready for the Zoo, had not yet been caught. Moreover, Nicobar pigeons belonging to him were traveling back and forth on a ship between Macassar and New Guinea - couldn't be landed for lack of permits. Bill meanwhile is biting his fingernails in anxiety over his request for permits for birds of Paradise and crowned pigeons.

~~XXXXXXXX~~

We made a brief and formal call on the Dutch Resident, who was very pleasant, although he had few suggestions as to how to gather a collection of animals in his district.

Next door to the Residency is the police station, and here were three anoas, consigned to the Soerabaya Zoo, but permit-less! Originally there were five; two have died, and one looks pretty feeble now. This business of the government protecting the animals is a complicated one. At first we were indignant over their slowness in giving us permission to cart away whatever we could corral; now we begin to see their point of view. There are about three collectors to every animal out here, and the government must be dizzy trying to keep all these requests straight. The anoas are about half-grown, pretty brown calves, two of them with well-developed horns, and quite frisky.

We had heard vaguely about a Chinaman who kept some birds for sale, and down a side street in the Chinese quarter we went, looking for him. He was well-known in his own district, and we had no difficulty in finding his shop. Out in front were several cages of white cockatoos, and after looking at them we were led through his shop, with its living quarters in the rear, back to the little cobble-stoned alley that was the backyard. The first thing we saw was two young cassowaries, not yet in color, but strolling calmly about and pecking up any bits of rice or greenery that came their way. Bill promptly bought them, and advanced five guilders for their board until our return. The man also had some black-capped lorries, and some racket-tailed parakeets, and we asked him to have six pairs of each for us on our return.

From this man we heard of another one, and went to see him. He also had two young cassowaries, and more lorries and parrots. This seems to be a good place for the world's most brilliant birds.

We came back to the hotel, and Danisch arrived with Constantin Gerds. Gerds is an old German who has been out here nearly forty years, and never gone back to his own country. He is an old

3 ways of spelling Macassar
all in Hotel Sable at mee -
Macassar in China
Macassar in India
Macassar in Silver.

II. I. K. M. I. K. M. I. K. M. I.

soldier, living on a small pension (Fl.70) from the German Government. With a long sandy beard, and hair with no grey in it, only the lines of his face and the stoop to his shoulders, betray his age. He took us out to his place, a small stucco house on the outskirts of town, hidden by crotons and with a row of orchids just inside the wooden gate. Over the gate is picture of a long-necked dog (rather giraffe-like) and the Malay warning "Awat - andging". Beware of the dog! Inside was a plentitude of animals, and one very friendly canine, chained. Forty Celebes macaques showed their excellent teeth, and put their hands through the bars of their cages, begging for attention or food. Crates of Java sparrows, lories, parrots, parrakeets of all colors - brilliant green, red, purple, orange, yellow, - even one lory that was all black, and a great pet of the old man's. He had one large cassowary, several deer, a tame brush-tailed porcupine that was great friends with the dog, crocodiles, lizards, geckos, one big snake and several smaller ones. Most of the stuff is being got ready for the long voyage home, as Danesch has bought it from him. Danisch has a permit for ~~fortyxxone~~ twenty monkeys, and has just wired for permission for twenty more.

The old man brought out various treasures to show us, one at a time. He had two babirusa skulls, with the backward-curving ~~skulls~~ almost touching the forehead; the skin of ~~the~~ a huge tusks

python; two guide books to European Zoos; a picture of a Komodo dragon cut from an article by Ditmars. On the walls were pictures of Hitler, and a large Swastika. *We gave him a set of 20 post cards to bore the next callers with -*

We had reistafel at the hotel - not particularly good, and then a nap. When we awakened it was raining, and we spent the rest of the afternoon and evening around the hotel. It is much like other Dutch East Indian hotels, but the food is nothing to brag about - everything labeled with fancy French names, but a disappointment to the palate. One curious custom is having a heavy metal plate with the number of your room placed on the table as a sort of name-card. Our table, with the three plates, looks particularly reserved and no outsider would dare sit at it I am sure.

At ten-thirty, as we were about to retire, I called for a boy to bring us blankets. Nights out here are apt to be cool, and some sort of coverlet is usually desired about four in the morning. Apparently not in Macassar, for the boy looked amazed at the idea, and out of the Malay speech he made, I gathered that the blankets were locked up, the man who had the key had gone to bed, and we could not have blankets before tomorrow. So with a rain coat and a kimono as precautions against a cold spell, we went comfortably to sleep in our klammbo.

April 11 - Macassar

I spent the early morning doing some letter-writing for Bill, who is doing his best to catch a rhinoceros by correspondence having been forbidden by the Dutch government to catch one personally. Later on we went out to see Lie Tjiong Yong, a Chinese florist, who has a marvelous orchid garden, many beautiful tropical fish, including two Celebes species that were new to us, and a few birds. One lory was very gorgeous, red, green yellow - Bill said he thought its mother had been frightened by an orchid.

All collectors wanted
an advance - which we
gave as guarantee & good faith.
Old feeds got Fl. 1.00 & proceeded to
get drunk & buy me flowers. Came down
to steamer to see us. W. had been with many
friends, called W. the boat & stood waving
& waving on the pier until we were out of
sight. Beam blue eyes. long red

This Chinese seems to be the head of the animal collectors here. They all haunt the shipyards and pick up what they can from sailors coming in from Ternate and New Guinea and other distant islands. Gerds gets what he can from all of them, but Yong is the most prosperous, respectable and respected of the Chinese clan. From him we hope to get a good collection on the way back.

From his orchid collection Yong gave me several sprays of Papuan orchids, pale lavender with purple centers, smallish blossoms, but six or seven to a spray. He told me if I would keep them in water they would last for several days.

On our way to the hotel we went out through the native quarter, the fishing village on the sea. Here were little houses built out over the water, woven of palm, and thatched of course. The harbor, and canals were full of native praus, built with a high bow, with multicolored sails, and sometimes one, sometimes two outriggers. The ones with two outriggers looked like enormous water boatmen skidding over the water. Men were mending their nets, women doing the washing, children ran after us laughing and shouting "Tabe, Tuan" but not begging. Here and there along the coast were lookout towers for the fishermen - where the watchman spends hours waiting for a school of fish to appear and then shouts the good word ~~that~~.

Beyond the village was the tomb of "Captain China" - not a sea-faring man as I had supposed, but the head man of the village. His tomb, and the nearby temple, were ornate with carved and colored stucco. There were some nice bits of porcelain, small and complicated rock gardens, and some grotesque figures of the Captain, of Malay soldiers, and two Dutch soldiers on guard.

The famous prau harbor is near here, but the boats are anchored so close together, their sails furled, that one really gets little idea of what they look like. Housekeeping goes on busily aboard; people are born, grow up into fishermen, spend their whole lives on these praus and never know any other home.

Back at the hotel our various Chinese agents, and also rather embarrassingly Herr Gerds, kept appearing and reappearing. Rather than have them think we were playing one against the other we told them we were going to buy from all of them, and wanted Yong to supervise the lot. They all managed to extract considerable guilders as guaranty of good faith, but we are assured that they are honest, and we will not lose by financing them in advance.

In the evening we went to a Chinese restaurant, seeking a change from the pseudo-French of the hotel, but the Chinese food was not as good as we had had in Semarang. In fact, the tummy-ache that woke me in the night was probably due to the fried shrimps, or the crab eggs, that had been a bit heavy with grease.

Coenraad and Bill are still worrying about permits. No word has come from Batavia. Coenraad tried to telephone to Batavia, and learned that the telephone can be used on Sunday only in case of a volcanic eruption - just what good it would be then seems uncertain. At any rate he was able to get a cable

~~Note on seeds -~~
~~old~~

through saying that he would telephone to-morrow.

Danisch is having trouble, too. Having telegraphed for permission to bring out twenty extra monkys, he gets word that as there has recently been a case of rabies in Macassar, he will be lucky if he gets out with one. Now he wishes he had never mentioned it.

April 12 -Macassar

Coenraad gets his telephone call through to Batavia and learns that he has his permit for anoas and babirusas and Bill has a permit for sixteen birds of Paradise and twelve crowned pigeons. That is good news indeed, and we all have a drink on it.

In great good humor we go shopping, as I want to see some of the Kendari gold and silver work for which Macassar has been famous through centuries. Hendrick Sinjo is the leading ~~merch~~ dealer in this art, and in his little shop I hang over glass cases ~~filled~~ filled with intricate gold and silver filigree work trying to make up my mind which piece I like best. I finally chose a wide silver bracelet and a big round brooch. When I wasn't looking Bill bought a lovely little gold lizard with pin green eyes, and presented it to me later. ~~(Brown)~~

At four o'clock we started for the steamer, stopping at the K. P. M. for mail. We had a letter from Davis and Jennier, saying collecting was poor, but the tiger is still alive, and that was good news. They have acquired a 12-foot king cobra, and a few new birds.

We boarded the Van Imhoff, a ship about the size of the Van der Lijn. So much freight was on its way to the outer islands that we were nearly two hours late in sailing. Danisch and Gerds were down to see us off, and the old gentleman brought me a big basket of roses and carnations.

The ship is well-populated with copra bugs, and Bill says that is a sign that we are really in the South Seas. (Story of Latreille and Necrobia). At dinner Solenopsis, the fire ant, had a mating flight on the table, but no one seemed to get bitten. Passengers aboard are various shades of white and brown and mixed. One charming young couple, just out from Holland and rosy-cheeked, are on their way to Amboina. An aviator is going to New Guinea to make maps of the island. One middle-aged couple are returning to their island off the coast of N. G., where they have a coconut plantation, and are the only Europeans in the whole place.

A ten-day sea voyage takes them to the dentist!

April 13- At Sea

We have seen more of the passengers on board. The forward deck is full of natives and half-castes going out to colonize New Guinea. With them they have to take their own chickens, turkeys, guinea fowl, tapioca sticks already beginning to sprout, and anything else they want to raise. The after deck is full of Chinese storekeepers, and all their trade goods. After the Van Imhoff leaves Ambon it becomes a series of shops for residents in the remote islands, and they come swarming aboard to buy anything from a new topi to a new frying pan. There are bales and bales of cloth, shoes, phonograph records, kettles and household utensils, clothing, and so forth. Cattle (caribau and banteng) are also on their way to be slaughtered out there.

Apr. 14 - At sea - Lights of M and Butan, islands,
fishing boat lanterns looked like lights of a city -
much for conversation w. coconut planters -

Apr. 15 - Harbor at daylight - beautiful. Landed about
8 - Funny little town w. 10 bar. shops in a row -
Hotel Esplanade - no manager - no telephone - Hot. Called on
Resident B.Y. Hoga - cr. pigeons, deer - Library w. works
of Rumphius & Valentine (1724 & 1750). R. buried here - Club casual.
Buitendijk. Slept all afternoon - rain - Tailspin Tommy - Installment 12 -
shoes.

Apr. 16 - Crossed bay in B's prau - wading - 1/2 hour. House - aged parents
welcomed us. Walk in woods polyrachus & nest - Coconut milk, mixed
passion fruit, Pandanus, nutmeg, clove, durian, mangosteen, gondoria,
3 kinds bananas, rambutan, sago bread - ^{Banana nuts} Hunter Papalayo - Tap of
Engl - Eat more fruit. Yes we have no bananas - Reistafel. Sleep -
more rice - Early to bed - Sent boy for cuscus.

Apr. 17 - Walk on beach - hermit crabs in all kinds of shells - Fairy crabs.
Polyrachus 2 kinds & nests - Willem good lunch boy - Rain in forest.
Boil palm sugar - make pin - saw steel - Dry mt ^{come w. 2nd rigger} canoes very narrow.
Odontomachus of the imperator group - Roparia(?) Boy bring 2
cuscus after spending night rousing inhabitants of strange village.
Father in law former controller on Dubo. Shot natives. Now 78 -
Babu a Papuan. Ambonese lazy - workmen & from Timor
or other islands. No need to work - plantation, fish.
Good medal ²⁰⁰ ^{gold} natives go to church & steal. Ambon means dew -
Limbo ina means father mother - Bonita jumped - Fox sent
over - orchid ~~teeth~~ weevils & lunch - Leaves steamed in coconut
milk - pickled bamboo shoots - ants in mangosteen - Snails
w. spines - Coral - nice dogs - Pearly nautilus - chambered nautilus -
big jelly fish. Child cries - mother runs as we approach. Big fish traps.

April 14 - At sea

All day long loafing along on the Van Imhoff, cool and pleasant. Have made friends with two German couples, the Stillers and the Ahrs, both of whom have their own islands off the New Guinea coast, and raise coconuts. They are miles and miles from any other Europeans, and lead what must be a lonely life. Everything they have comes off the plantation, and they have been living this way for nearly thirty years.

In the evening we passed miles of lighted shore-line, and thought there must be so e big city there that we had never heard of. But it was not an electric-lighted main street: it was an almost endless line of fishing boats, each one with a kerosene lantern hung on the mast. The shore line of Moena and of Butan took three hours to pass, and was illuminated the whole way.

April 15 - Amboina

We came into the beautiful bay of Ambon at daybreak. The harbor runs deep into the mainland, almost cutting the island in half, and the forested mountain sides rise steeply on both sides. About eight o'clock we went ashore, and walked through the town to the Esplanade Hotel. It is a funny little town, with a big market, and any number of barber shops. The natives must live by cutting each others' hair. ~~XX~~ Next to the market there were ten barber shops in a row, each advertising a different kind of hair-cut - Ambonese, Celebes, Japanese, etc.

The Hotel is built on the same plan as all these Dutch East Indian Hotels, but is run in what seems like a very casual manner. There is no manager in sight, and everything is left to the boys. The head boy is a young Javanese, and there is an elderly Ambonese hovering about. No telephone and no bar give an added distinction. However, the Club next door is apparently always open to strangers, and we get drinks there and sign chits (only they are Bons here) just as though we were members in good standing. And why have a telephone, when one can always "send a boy?"

Our first duty was to call on the Resident, Dr. B. J. Haga, who was very pleasant and anxious to be helpful, although he did not know just how he could be of service to us. He did tell us about a rest house up in the mountains where we could stay, and Bill quoted Wallace to the effect that "the Resident secured for me a house not far from the city". He had three crowned pigeons in his garden, and a paddock containing a number of Molucca deer.

From the Residency we went to the the little library, where the works of Rumphius and Valentine are preserved in the original editions - 1724 and 1750 respectively. Rumphius is buried in Ambon, and we visited his grave, in a private garden.

We had sent out a request for an Ambonese who spoke English and would like to join the expedition for the next week or two, as Coenraad, who has been a tower of strength, is leaving us here, while he goes on to New Guinea to collect birds of Paradise. In answer to our broadcast, a young Dutch-Ambonese, Fritz Buitenbos, came scurrying up to the hotel, and we engaged him. He seems like a bright young chap and speaks excellent English in addition to Malay and Dutch. He is of dark complexion, with freckles and blue eyes that were inherited from his Dutch ancestor.

F.S.B.

A heavy rain began at one'clock and lasted all afternoon.

We slept until the clouds had done their worst, and then strolled out to do a little shopping. I ordered a pair of white kid sandals, made by hand and to order, for three guilders.

Our hotel room looks out on the local movie theatre, where a special childrens' performance was given at 6.15, the 12th installment of "Tailspin Tommy", and all through the evening roars of excited laughter rolled into our room.

April 16 -

Buitenbos invited us to spend a couple of days at his father-in-law's plantation across the bay, and we started early in the morning. After a brief walk around town, we came to his house, where his wife teaches tennis and runs a florist business. In front of the house was his prau, a good-sized row boat, but because of the shallow beach we had to wade out to the boat. Williams lost heart when he saw what we were doing, but Bill and I took off our shoes and picked our way gingerly out to the prau, Buitenbos explaining that "it is the fashion in Ambon." Four men rowed us across the bay, which took about half an hour, and we came into the beach there on the crest of a wave, and waded ashore.

Mrs. Ernsten, B's mother-in-law, came down to the beach to welcome us, a neat little old Malay woman in a pretty blue sarong and long white jacket. Papa Ernsten greeted us on the verandah, a fat, light-brown Swede of 78 years, unable to do much any more except shuffle in bedroom slippers from the dining-room to the porch rocking-chair and back again. In his youth he was Controller at Dobo, during the days of native insurrections. The gun, with which he killed many natives, is now used by his son-in-law to shoot cuscus. In 1909 he started this coconut plantation on the beach, and divides his time between the plantation and his spacious town house across the water. B. told us that his father had been given a medal by the Dutch government, and that it was not an ordinary decoration but a good medal: he gets Fl. 200 a year on it, and when he dies his wife will get Fl. 100 a year.

We went for a walk in the forest in back of the plantation, and Bill found Polyrachus, and the nest it makes on the under side of leaves. Parrots flew over our heads, screaming, but too high to get a good glimpse of them. Fruits of all kinds, both wild and cultivated, were all over the place. We drank coconut water, ate wild passion fruit, and saw nutmeg and clove trees. There are a lot of durian trees here, and in several places we saw the small thatched shelters where the natives watch for the fruit to fall. We saw one fruit come crashing down to the ground, and realized how dangerous it is to stop for long under a tree that drops such heavy spiked fruit.

Back at the house for lunch, we found that Mrs. Buitenbos had sent over by prau an interesting reistafel, accompanied by a delicious small fried fish, chicken, and saiyo - a local dish consisting of green leaves of trees, stewed in coconut milk. Everything is fried in coconut oil, B. explaining that "this is a good system; it is not a good system to fry in butter". We had on the table three kinds of bananas, small fruits called lansop (something like passion fruit) and gondoria (something like a small mango), the most delicious mangosteens, kanari nuts, rambutan, sago bread. The mangosteens are deep brownish red on the outside, and a beautiful

deep crimson on the inside. The edible portion is pure white, and consists of from five to seven segments of juicy, delicate, slightly acidic fruit. Kanari nuts are tender, white, rather like almonds in flavor. Each nut unfolds into closely packed segments, and in fact consists of tiny new leaves, ready to unfold and sprout. Sago bread is heavy and tasteless, and is baked in a mold which turns out five little loaves all joined together across the bottom.

After lunch we tasted our first durian. The odor when the fruit is cut is of sourness and decay. Inside are large white segments of fruit, and you take one in your fingers and get a violent smell of limburger cheese. Summoning up your courage you bite into it, and find a rich, custardy fruit, that tastes like strawberries and chocolate and coffee with cream. We thought that the flavor had been slightly overestimated, the smell, however, is not quite as bad as we had been led to believe, though it is far from pleasant. In fact, as the day wore on, and the odor of durian pervaded the house and the beach and the forest, it was a little sickening.

Rain threatened all afternoon. We slept, and sat on the verandah and watched the bay through the coconut palms, and at six o'clock the lights of Ambon showed on the opposite shore. B. heard that a man in the next village had two cuscus, and we sent out a runner to see if we could buy them. He started off with a flashlight along the beach, for a five-hour walk each way. B. explained that the nearby village was Christian, and that Christians shot the cuscus, so they were very shy and hard to catch. The village farther away was Mohammedan, and as they did not hunt the cuscus it was much easier to catch them there.

Dinner was a similar reistafel to the one we had at noon. Bill and I gorged ourselves on mangosteens, which are now at the height of the season, and fresh off the tree. As I reached for my sixteenth a voice out of a dark corner said in English "Eat more fruit." Startled I turned to find Tais Papalayo, ~~our~~ a hunting companion of B's, grinning at me. He is Ambonese, with a strange collection of tags of English which I think he has picked up at the movies. He whistles fairly recent jazz, and is always coming out with some remark such as "O.K.", "Yes we Have No Bananas" The movies are a great help to students of English! B. tells us that he learned his English in school in Java and in Holland, but keeps in practise by listening carefully to the dialogue in the films.

April 17 -

Up early and went for a walk along the beach. Hundreds of hermit crabs in the gaudiest shells imaginable scurried about. Most of them were tiny things, but each shell was different - some striped, some pearly, some with long tails on them, and of every color of the rainbow. Fairy crabs flitted about. Coral is on the beach in quantities. Also huge jellyfish, sea urchins, and the shells of both the pearly nautilus and the chambered nautilus. We walked through a neighbor's plantation, and picked up Willem, a youngster but a good bush boy, with keen eyes. Bill found Polyrachus, making two different kinds of nests of silk and chewed-up bark, and Odontomachus of the Emperor group, as well as something that he thinks is Rogeria and possibly a new species. Willem located several Polyrachus nests for

Another explanation is that
the Portuguese called it when they first saw it
"Noesa aponno" (Island of mist.)

Bill, and showed sublime indifference to being bitten by anything - ants, wasps or scorpions. We had a long walk in the forest, strolling along through a gentle rain. When we approached the coast again we came through native back yards, where they were boiling palm syrup, and even making "gin" out of palm wine with a perfectly good little moonshine still.

Along the beach we stopped to investigate the water in various little streams that empty into the sea. The water was brackish, of course, but many of the small fish we were unable to identify. In one stream there were coral fish and *Periophthalmus* in another small fish that looked like fresh-water darters but were probably the young of a salt-water fish; in another some of the spiny snails of this part of the world - small, but dangerous to step on with bare feet.

Small fishing villages line the shore. The sago palm is the most useful single product, being put to even more uses than the coconut palm. An Ambonese can live for a year on the bread made from one plant. The leaves are used for thatch, the center nerve of the leaf - as thick as a strip of bamboo - is used for the walls of the houses. Thus they get both board and room from one source. The canoes are dug-outs, and very narrow. I doubt if I could fit myself into one. Most of the villagers were either curious or friendly toward us, but one small child began to scream at the sight of us, and his mother picked him up hastily and ran for the house as we approached.

Shortly after our return to the house, the runner we had sent out the night before came walking briskly up the beach, carrying a large cage on his back. Sure enough, here were our two cuscus, young animals, but apparently healthy and with good appetites. They are a sort of Australian opossum, with brown fur like a kinkajou's, pointed noses, big hazel eyes, and a long, bare, prehensile tail.

We learn a great deal about Ambonese manners and customs from B. Life here is too easy, he says, and the Ambonese are the laziest people on earth. Each one has a small plantation, and sago & coconut support them with a minimum of effort. Fruits are always available in the jungle, and fish are plentiful in the sea. Anyone who wants to run a large plantation, or a vegetable garden, must import his workmen - here at "Nipa", the Ernstens' place, the laborers come from Timor, Butan, Papua, and other regions, never from Ambon itself. Many of them are Christians, but, says B., they go to church nearly every Sunday and yet they steal. "Not a good system." It rains almost constantly. Ambon is the Malay word for dew, but Amboina, the name we know for the island, is a combination of two words meaning father and mother, and which is the real source of the island's name nobody knows. The place is rich in history, with the successive regimes of Portuguese and Dutch, the long wars over the spices of the islands. We are reminded that these are the islands Columbus was looking for when he stumbled upon America.

In the late afternoon I saw one of the most amazing fish displays that I have ever seen. A big school of bonita or some similar fish, jumped at the approach of an invisible enemy.

The fish were lined up like so many soldiers, and jumped in unison at perfectly regular intervals. The sound of their bodies all hitting the water at the same time, and repeated six or eight times, sounded like gunfire across the water.

April 18 - Ambon

Early in the morning we loaded our gear, heavier now by the cuscus cage, into the rowboat, and started back for Ambon. It was cloudy and threatening when we left, and raining hard by the time we got across the bay. I huddled in my raincoat, and Bill proudly held a paper umbrella over his head as the boys rowed as hard as they could.

In the morning we supervised the making of a cage for our new animals, and did a few errands in town. Passing a church we heard what sounded like a country organ - this is Sunday morning - but B. told us it was an orchestra of bamboo flutes. About ten men play on flutes of different sizes, and of course the simple reeds, played in unison, sound exactly like an old-fashioned organ. It was very pretty, and the soft Malay voices joined in in translations of Dutch hymns.

In the evening we went for a drive with Mr. Smits, whom we met on the Van Imhoff and who is staying here until the next boat. He is an amateur orchid collector, and drove us out to Passo, a village about twelve kilometers away, where the principal industry seems to be selling orchids. They are hung on small posts along the side of the road, and sell for fifty Dutch cents a plant.

April 19 - Ambon

In the morning we went for a walk up the mountain side in back of the town. We had intended going only a short way, but the path was good, though very steep, and Bill found collecting interesting. In a kayo putih (eucalyptus) grove he found a huge display of Myrmecodia, and had one of the plants cut down, and then dissected so that we could all see how the ants utilize the chambers in the parasitic plant as a nest. *Iridomyrmex myrmecodiae* was the ant in this particular case; the plant is named after the ant and the ant after the plant. When we had climbed for an hour or more we came to a nice little village, where we bought some coconuts to drink, and here we learned that the government rest house was only a little farther on. So we climbed up to the top of the mountain, some 450 meters altogether, and sat on the verandah and admired the view of the jungle below us, Ambon in the distance, and the sea beyond that. We had been there only a few moments when a heavy rain began. It seemed doubtful that we could get back before lunch, and in scouting around the neighborhood B. found for us three kinds of bananas, delicious ripe mangosteens, a can of California sardines, some sweet biscuits, and native cigarettes. We could have spent the day quite comfortably, but about twelve o'clock the rain stopped and we came down the path, which was much more slippery than the ascent had been when it was fairly dry. The little village near the rest house is inhabited by soldiers who have retired on a pension, and is most attractive - solid little houses of bamboo covered with plaster (an earthquake-proof construction), and surrounded with gardens - roses and orchids both were plentiful.

Bill discovers

"latest map of the Pacific"
is old map of the world.

Geo's mistake.

Bill found some interesting Polyrachus nests on the way down - the nest made of chewed-up bark fastened together with silk, and hung on a thorn bush, looking so ething like a small-sized oriole nest. B., chasing after a beetle, got stung by a wasp, but as he explained, sucking his finger, "that was a good wasp; that big black one there is a bad wasp. Even a cow will die if that one stings her."

April~~2x~~ 20 - 21

We did little for two days, except supervise carpenters working on cages for us, shop occasionally, having so e shoes made for me, picking up various food supplies that we thought we might need in Ceram. The Toko Makassar is our favorite store. One day I saw in a glass jar some packages of chewing gum, looking pathetically American in their pink wrapping, and I helped myself to a piece. It had been sent out before the invention of cellophane, had lost all its elasticity, and alarmingly dissolved down my throat before I realized what had happened.

April 22 -

Our steamer, which was supposed to sail yesterday, did not leave until today. We pasked up once more, leaving behind the Esplanade Hotel with all its minor comforts - a little brush to kill mosquitoes is carefully placed in the bed each night, our clothes are hung on a rack that has a klambo draped over it - a good idea, for mosquitoes love to rest in one's clothes during the daytime.

We had to take a launch out to the Makian, the little freighter that goes to Ceram. It is a motor ship, with two cabins for passengers, and we felt as though we were on a private yacht. The saloon is on the forward deck, and here we spent the evening, watching Ambon disappear into the distance. We came out of the deep bay and around the island, so that ~~the~~ although the town lights soon vanished, the bulk of the island remained visible as long as there was light to see it.

April 23 -

Still sailing around Ambon (incidentally the island is Ambon, the twon is Amboina). We stopped at Sapoeroea for a couple of hours in the orning, but as we did not dock, and as it was raining hard there seemed little reason for going ashore.

Shortly after noon we came in sight of Ceram, and took three hours to sail up the deep bay that leads to the little town of Piroe. From the sea there is little to indicate that the island is inhabited. An occasional wisp of smoke curls up from the mountains, which are heavily forested, with occasional wide patches of grassland. Piroe itself is indicated by a small dock, a few little thatched houses, and the large roof of the resthouse.

We got ashore about 4.30, and found that the main street of the town runs directly away from the sea, and that there is more of a village here than we had thought. On our way to call on the Controller we stopped first at the Assistant Controller's house to ask the way, and saw some animals in an outdoor cage. There were four cuscus, a big white cockatoo, a fruit pigeon, and a purple

lory. We paused long enough to hope that these specimens might be for us, and then went on ~~the~~ to Herr Los' house. We had tea with him and his wife, and were delighted to find that he had already notified the natives that we were coming, that the little collection in his assistant's yard was for us, and that he would continue to spread news of the expedition to the outlying villages. This is the most help we have had to date from any government official, and it was indeed heart-warming. We had tea with this friendly Dutch couple, and looked at some very good photographs that he had made in the interior of the island.

Proceeding on foot we arrived shortly at the Pasanggrahan, and were pleased to find that here a resthouse is called Roemah Sobat - the Friendly House. It is a large, ~~light~~ airy structure, with tile floors, cement walls, roof thatched with sago palm, and the ceilings and partitions made of the central vein of the sago - a sturdy rib that looks like bamboo. A police inspector was the only other guest here, and we moved into comfortable rooms, each one furnished with a bed (made, like so many out here, with slats or boards instead of springs), a klambo, a washstand, and a table and two chairs.

We had dinner of nasi goreng, and went early to bed.

April 24 - Ceram

Early in the morning we went for a walk along the beach to the next village, Eti, about five kilometers away. We were not walking on the beach, but taking a path that paralleled it all the way. We crossed dozens of little streams, that are brackish when the tide comes in, and fresh water between tides. We could plainly see Hemiramphus, Periophthalmus, Tetradon, Scatophagus, and other fish in the clear water. The path led through a dense thicket of sago palms and second growth, with an occasional forest tree towering above the others. One great tall one spread its branches all on one high level, looking like an enormous umbrella.

Eti proved to be a nice little native village, with tidy small houses made of sago palm. The Rajah's house was plastered, with a wide verandah, where we stopped to pay our respects to him and to his wife. After smoking a cigarette with the bespectacled old gentleman, we went on a tour of the village, and found one black-capped lory, which we bought, popped into a palm leaf basket, and brought home with us.

We were scarcely inside the Roemah Sobat when a troop of small boys began bringing in one animal after another. Purple lorries, red lorries, a tame green lory with a brown head, a white cockatoo, two small boas, one burrowing snake, turtles, white fruit pigeons (very young: have to be fed by hand), a big cuscus, a medium sized cuscus (also tame) - a most heartening collection for our first day. B. would start out to make the rounds of the village. Every time he found that a native had a pet he would have him bring it to us, and all the small boys in the village would follow them in. All they needed was a brass band for the triumphal procession.

The cages that we brought with us from Ambon are already full. The turtles are turned loose upon the floor of an empty room. Pigeons are sitting on top of cages. The cockatoo and the green

M. L. Los
Contrôleurs B. B. Pise
← Ceram

Nessa Ina - mother island = Ceram
Children { Ambon
Da paroea
Haroe koe
Nessa Laet

Ceram big - 4 islands little
Other meaning that
little islands get
sago from Ceram.

~~Sago center to eat~~

lory swing from home-made perches over the doorway. The snakes are in bags that are hung on our clothes rack (no klambo here for clothes and every time you pick a dress off the hook mosquitoes fly out). A lovely little gecko (tjitjak) with a yellow stripe down his back escaped from a bamboo cage during the night. And Bill and I beam at each other and say "This is like the good old days; now we are getting somewhere." A hornbill was brought in to us, but the owner wanted Fl. 3, which seemed too much to pay in this part of the world, as we can get them for Fl. 2.50 in Macassar. We bargained and failed to get it, but will later. Satu - stengah has been established as the regular price for birds - one guilder and a half.

Williams was feeling rotten this morning, and we sent for the doctor. He is a native from ~~for~~ Sapoeroea, but trained in Ambon, and the government doctor here. He seemed a bright young chap, and prescribed various remedies for Williams' persistent cough - he has been ill ever since we were in Batavia. W. got up in the afternoon, and although he has declared himself violently un-zoological on the whole trip he at last capitulated, and made friends with the green lory and with the young cuscus. He even didn't mind much when one of the Mandoer's hens laid an egg on top of his wardrobe. (Make a note to send Dr. Poetiray a sample of Urea to try on tropical sores; both frambosis and malaria are bad here.)

April 25 - Ceram.

We had planned to go for a collecting walk this morning, but were so harassed by our shortage of cages, and by the increase in specimens - more turtles, a tame baby cuscus, another green lory - that we stuck around camp all morning. About nine a weary young Catholic priest came up the path. He had walked for four hours out of the jungle this morning, and was badly in need of refreshment. He ordered coffee, but seemed to enjoy the whisky and cigar that Bill gave him. He was accompanied by his boy, carrying his worldly goods in tin boxes loaded on a carrying pole. He has been here 13 years, and before that in New Guinea for ten years, without ever a vacation in Europe.

One gecko got lost last night, escaped out of the sago palm cage that a native had made for it. The young pigeons, after being force-fed, are perking up considerably. Some of the lorries are fighting, and some of the cuscus making friends. Buitenbos bicycles to a village ten kilometers away to tell them to collect for us. We fear that we have exhausted the resources of Piroe but say hopefully that there are still the outlying districts to be heard from.

Piroe has no automobile, electric light, ^{movie house,} telephone or cable. A swell place to camp - the nearest approach to being really in the wilds that we have had yet.

Williams is feeling better, and planning to take color photographs of some of the parrots.

only radio
or occasional mail -

26-27-28. B. catches bruyfisher & but. net - Bello lets it go next morning - Also lose corey "Amkins" - mandoe gets it back - 10¢ - Maleo come in - 1.25 each - market price - cut mus. won't eat - Collect up stream - Walk along new road - Int. swamp - Small girls w. beethus - boys w. sea shells - old people w. millipedes - Lories - cuscus - maleo - Controller ✓ ✓ 2. ar + controller at night w. three - white, brown, spotted. brown - yellow ears & feet, red around eyes like mercurochrome - white - pink ears & feet - beautiful fur - Babies scratch & bite. Snakes tied to poles. Big snake near camp - all go look for it. Multiaes, Henry - 'Amkins' camp pets - Carpenters in frenzy Pigeon for 2 g. then 1 - offer 25¢ "Left nest - not a single guest!" Polyrachus - new types, new nests, new habits - (Lairy ant) - Frag on floor - (Echinopla) Pot under Henry -

White orchids - casual as dog wood - ^{1st} discovered in Ambon by Rumphias - *Phaenopsis amabilis* - *Anggrek boelan* (moon) ~~Indi~~ *Vlindertjes* (butterfly)

(29) Maleos still won't eat. Men from Saewen (10 km) bring cuscus, big snakes, orchids - good natured - Bare from waist up & knees down. Moonlight at night - beautiful behind palms - Bright at 3 A.M. - Wind over bay - waves boom - praus rock - Woman goes by balancing 2 petrol tins, holding green leaf under chin. White cockatoo, fruit pigeons, green lories, pig traps (arrows). Sago filter - baskets of flour go to market.

Dampness & mildew -

Children's gamelan - bamboo flute every evening -

Got Jacob (mh. cockatoo) + one -

Offered prawns - Psychid caterpillars in 6" case of grass -

Roast pork day - 1 day a week kill a pig & orders are given for C. We get heart & liver for maleo.

April 26-27-28 P iroe

Our days are running pretty much on schedule now. We get up at six, or shortly after, have coffee, look over the menagerie, feed and water the animals, and buy any new ones that come in. Every morning there is a line of natives offering us all sorts of things. Bill has been anxious to get some Maleos, a curious megapode that looks like an undernourished, long-legged black chicken. Several of the natives said they could trap them in the jungle, and sure, enough, Maleos begin coming in. At first we paid Fl. 1.25 for them; when we had several cages full, and the annoying birds wouldn't eat, we sent out word that we had enough, and wanted no more. Still they come in, and we dropped the price to Fl. 1.00, 50 cents, finally 25 cents. The local policeman told us that the market price on Maleos, which are considered good eating, was ten to 20 cents, so we are still paying too fair a price to discourage the hunters. We offer them rice, cooked and raw, brown and white; maize, banana, grasshoppers, chopped pig's liver, chopped chicken, sago pith, papaya, but the birds are shy, easily frightened, and afraid to eat. One or two have died - either from self starvation or from injuries received when they were captured. Bill dissected one, to find out what was in the crop. It appeared to be vegetables, with a great deal of gravel, so we start sanding the cages liberally.

Every morning we take a walk out into the country. One day we spent up a small mountain stream, an idyllic spot, and we followed the stream by walking up the middle of it for a long way. Bill found new specimens of Polyrachus, new types of nests, new habits. One ant, Echinopla, a hairy ant, was nesting in a hollow twig. This is a genus he has never caught before, himself, and he is delighted with it. Buitenbos is getting very good at finding Polyrachus, though occasionally he dashes into the bushes and comes back reporting on a "left nest - not a single guest." He found one enormous Polyrachus nest high in a tree and brought it down. It was made of hard carton, instead of bark and silk, and Bill spent half an hour standing in the middle of the stream so the ants couldn't climb up his legs while he took the nest apart and collected vials full of the occupants.

Another morning we walked along a new road that is being built into the interior. Collecting was not much good, but we saw several interesting things. In one place a man and a woman were clearing the jungle preparatory to planting cassava. Bending to the back-breaking work, cutting trees, and thorny scrub with inadequate-looking knives, they reminded us that life here is not so easy after all. Once a plantation is started, it will support its owners with a minimum of effort on their part, but the beginning is very hard work indeed.

Farther along on this same road we passed what looked like a cypress swamp, with cypress knees sticking up everywhere through the stagnant water. Crabs, prawns, hermit crabs, small fish were to be seen all through it.

Another day we followed a road that paralleled the beach road we took the first day, but we did not go all the way to Eti. On one place Bill turned off into a garden, and found two new species of Polyrachus, before he was informed that the place was baited for wild pigs, and there was danger of getting an arrow through one's leg if one walked into the trap. We left hastily, but not before we had a good look at two wild white cockatoos eating durian in the top of a tree.

Chakalélé - Apr. 30

13 dancers - 8 men - 5 women -

men bare to waist - Bark loin cloth, apron in front -
suspenders of colored beads - turban topped with high
feathers - cockatoo, bird of paradise - parrot - shell pattern
arm bands with long fringe of palm leaf strips - yellow &
green. Head dresses of fringe & ferns. Bunches of croton
leaves on arms. Small shields & wooden swords -
coral arm bands -
Women wear hand woven sarongs - Printed jackets (red
& white) silver bracelets, head necklaces, belt of
nickel & brass rings -

Arr. w. Rajah of Sajoewen at a o'd bringing cockatoo & cuscus -
Chakalélé - women in front - danced quietly - men behind
more violently. Orchestra of 4 bamboo flutes & 2 conch shells
Man to count keep time - Fight - cut off man's head
Maroe-maroe - dance in circle - origin head - Bill's helmet -

Butterflies here are numerous and colorful. Great blue and black ones that look like the Morpho of South America, big black and white ones that look like lace, yellow, orange and brown, they drift exquisitely through the sunny atmosphere. Under foot little lizards skitter out of the path, shining like jewelry, coppery, or metallic blue steel, or brown and green. Buitenbos stops occasionally to collect orchids from some big tree; his best find was a species he had never seen before - a cluster of small yellow flowers, about the color of goldenrod.

~~Natives from Kajeneh and Brijuni~~

At noon, or even later, we come back to the Roemah Sobat. The crowd on the street corner, watching for us, trails us back to the house, all watching to see what we will do about the one man among them who has a lory, or a cuscus, for sale. As we approach the house we find still others squatting patiently in front of the verandah. Small girls hold out beetles on strings, small boys offer us sea shells, one old gentleman has a bamboo pole full of millipedes. One man has made such a lovely little woven basket for a couple of small and useless geckos that Bill buys them anyway. Usually he gives presents to natives for animals he cannot justifiably buy.

Sunday afternoon the Controller, Mr. M. L. Los, comes to call, followed by two natives carrying on a pole an enormous cage containing two full grown cuscus. The next evening, after dark, the Assistant Controller, J. W. F. Meijlink, brings three cuscus - one pure white, one gray, and one mottled. They are curious animals and will make a grand show if we can get them home alive. The fur is thick and soft, and on the white ones is especially beautiful. The white ones are not albinos, their eyes are brown, but their ears and feet are pink. The brown cuscus have yellow ears and feet, and around their eyes is a circle of red, that gives them a peculiarly malevolent expression. The young ones are very pretty, with their sharp little noses, big eyes, and soft fur, but they are all ready to bite and scratch at the drop of a hat. Bill spent an hour and a half one afternoon transferring 3 cuscus from the inadequate bamboo cages in which they had been delivered to us into wooden, wire-fronted cages which we had had made for them. We have two carpenters working like mad trying to keep up with the specimens coming in. We have bought up all the wire in the village, and cages have to be devised with wooden bars in front. Two cuscus nearly eat their way out one night. Buitenbos hears them, and gets up and nails fresh boards over them by flashlight.

B. catches a kingfisher in the resthouse one night by swinging a butterfly net over it. The next day Bill lets it escape, and mourns. He also lets a beautiful lory, whom Maynard has named 'Awkins, slip out of his hands. He had brought it out of its cage in order to clip its wings so we could play with it - 'Awkins was a pet before we got him - and the little bird suddenly spread both wings and zipped out of sight. We thought it was gone for good, but the Mandoer saw it come back, and caught it again for us.

Snakes are brought in usually in bamboo poles. Larger specimens are tied to the outside of the poles. We got two fairly good-sized ones, a yellow ~~python~~ and a Python amethystinus, a dark snake with a beautiful purple sheen.

One afternoon while Bill was having a busy time transferring snakes and frilled lizards to something more substantial than a wicker basket, the cry went up that a big snake had been seen right in back of the Roemah Sobat. Everybody dashed wildly out, there was much screaming for a time, but nobody could capture the reptile, which quietly vanished.

Camp pets up to now consist of Miltiades, a sweet little green lory with a brown head, who sits on your finger and says Ka-Ka in the gentlest little voice; Henry the hornbill, who spends the day on the back of a chair in the corner of the verandah. His ~~food~~ daily supply of bananas is cut up and the pieces put in a row on a nearby ledge. He can reach over, pick up a piece in the tip of his enormous beak, and toss it down his throat without ever appearing to swallow. Henry is a dirty bird, and practical Bill convulsed the camp by setting a pot directly under his tail - the plan worked, too, - almost perfectly.

April 29 - Piroe

Word of our expedition has spread to Lajoewen, the next village beyond Eti. Men come stridely briskly up the path, with bundles and baskets slung over their shoulders, as fresh as though they had just started on their ten-kilometer walk. They bring us snakes, cuscus, maleos, and quantities of orchids.

The orchids are the long sprays of white blossoms, first discovered by Rumphius in Ambon, and known as Phalaenopsis amabile. The native name is Anggrek boelan (moon orchid) and the Dutch name Vlindertjes (butterflies). We have a great bunch of them on the table, as casual as dogwood at home this time of year.

The men from Lajoewen are a good natured lot. Bare from the waist up and the knees down, they grin as they offer us the animals they have caught, and are always cheerful about the price they receive - which the local town people sometimes are not. One woman brought us a small, moth-eaten fruit pigeon, for which she asked two guilders. It was worth about ten cents, if that, and Bill refused it. Later she sent a small girl with it, asking one guilder. Bill offered 25 cents, but she held out for fifty. The same pigeon kept coming back to us, until there was practically nothing left of the poor little thing.

We bought to-day a beautiful big white cockatoo, very tame, and with an amazing vocabulary. He mutters very fast what are probably Malay swear words; he barks like a dog, howls like a whipped puppy, whistles snatches of song; sits and ruffles up his white feathers until he seems about to explode, and all in all provides a large percentage of the amusement around camp. His name is Jacob, and Bill threatens to present him to the N. G. S. when we get home. He would certainly enliven that dignified lobby on Sixteenth Street.

This is a pretty place. The rest house is close to the sea shore, and all day the native praus rock gently in our front yard. Occasionally we hear the weird notes of natives blowing on conch shells to call the wind so that they can sail home again. We are having full moon, and the nights are almost as bright as day. When the moon comes up over the coconut palms we all walk down the road to watch it. Williams says: "It's just one

series of ten-cent postcards, except that this is real."

A well-traveled highway goes past our door, and the procession of natives is never lacking in interest. Small children, sometimes naked, sometimes half-dressed, sometimes wearing a careless length of checked gingham slung over one shoulder. An old man from the mountains, with curly hair and a curly beard, goes by wearing nothing but a bark loincloth, showing tattoo marks on his withered chest. A woman carrying the indispensable petrol tins on a pole, has a large green leaf under her chin for no apparent reason. Goats, dogs, cattle that are a peculiar mixture of banteng and zebu, join the human procession. All the produce of the countryside is brought in on human shoulders and offered to the market - bunches of bananas and plantains, ears of dried maize, coconuts, rice, taro, tapioca root, and always and always sago - bundles of the leaves for thatch, bundles of poles for a thousand uses, palm-leaf baskets of the flour for bread.

To-day is roast pork day in camp. Once a week a pig is slaughtered in Piroe, provided that the owner can get enough orders for the meat for that day. Beef is unknown. We get chicken and rice ~~xxxx~~ a day in one form or another: nasi goreng for breakfast, reist~~el~~^{el} for lunch and dinner, curried chicken, plain stewed chicken and rice (which the Mandoer calls ragout and Bill calls lousy), chicken soup, and other variations for which there is no name. We supplement the Mandoer's cuisine with various tinned delicacies - chutney, pickles and jam; split pea soup, baked beans, sausage - and do very well, until the evening when Bill decides to have a maleo. It was tough beyond description.

Every afternoon the rain begins - sometimes a steady downpour for hours, sometimes an occasional shower, lifting in time for a gorgeous sunset over the mountains that rise from both sides of the Bay. Rainclouds march past the mountains then in an array of colors, and the sky turns even the water pink with reflections.

Children in the back yard make a gamelang of three empty tin cans, and solemnly plunk out an imitation of native music.

A man tries to sell us a basket of fresh prawns for breakfast, and another brings in a pyschid caterpillar in a six-inch case of grass. Case and all walks along the road, looking like nothing on earth.

We try the maleos on chopped pig-'s liver and heart, but they still do not eat.

April 30 -

Princess Juliana's birthday.

About eight o'clock the Rajah of Lajoewen arrives; he blinks near sightedly, but is very spruce in an immaculate white suit and sun helmet. Thirteen of his people have come down from the village to dance the Chakalele for us, - the national dance of Ceram.

Three women and six men were dancers, four men made up the orchestra. The men were bare to the waist, and around the waist was wrapped a bark-cloth, painted loincloth, which hung

down like an apron in front. Strings of colored beads reached from the shoulders to the waist, crossed like suspenders. On their heads were turbans of turkey red cloth, trimmed with small shells, and into the turban were stuck the feather head-dresses of the national costume. The feathers, mostly from cockatoos and parrots but with occasional delicate sprays of bird of Paradise feathers, stand up, adding ten inches to the men's height, and small bits of red and green flutter in the breeze. They wear arm bands of shell, into which are stuck long bunches of palm-leaf strips, yellow and green, and bunches of bright croton leaves. The men in the orchestra, instead of the feather head-dress, wear a top knot of fresh green ferns, with a short palm fringe falling down over their eyes. They dancers carried s all wodden shields and swords.

The women wore hand-woven sarongs, jackets of printed red and white cotton, silver and sea shell bracelets, bead necklaces, belts and head dresses of strung rings of brass and nickel.

man and woman

Williams photographed each ~~member of the group~~ singly and in groups, using color film. Certainly there was no lack of color in these outfits. Then everybody went across the road to an open meadow, and the dances were performed for the benefit of the movie camera.

The Chakalele dances are war dances. The women, lined up in front, dance quietly, with small movements of hands and feet, turning their downward glances first to one side and then to the other. The men in back of them, chanted a war song, and waved their swords and shields while they stamped about on the grass. Then two of the warriors put on a fighting dance, which ended with one of them killing the other, cutting off his head, and dancing away with the feather head-dress. The orchestra, of bamboo flutes and conch shells, played weird music, while one man counted the rhythm aloud in a chant.

The Maroe-maroe dance was the last one in the group. It was originally the dance done around the cut-off head of a vanquished enemy. In these days the dance is done at night around a lantern, and is accompanied by impromptu songs retelling all the events of the day. Bill tossed his helmet into the center of the ring to represent a head, and men and women joined hands and moved in a slow circle around it, singing an endless song.

Afterwards we adjourned to the resthouse verandah and served refreshments to the Controller and Mr. Meijlink and the doctor, who had come to see the show.

~~April~~ May 1 -

Memorable as the first day on which we could observe the maleos eating anything. We now have nearly twenty of them, and they are shy, wild birds. Some of them were distinctly seen to eat brown rice and papaya, and our spirits rose considerably.

In the afternoon the school children came and sang songs and danced for us. Little girls wore pink jackets, and sarongs of various colors; little boys wore long trousers and pink or red jackets. Each child clutched a Dutch flag in one hand and a large handkerchief in the other. Some of the songs were very pretty, one was "Noesa Ina", and another was "Kole-kole."

The children danced a long, rather slow-moving dance called the Menarie, imported from the Kei Islands (off the New Guinea coast.)

Noesa Ina means "Mother Island", and is used for Ceram. There are two explanations of the origin of the name. One is that Ceram is the big island, and Ambon, Saparoea, Haroekoe, and Noesalaoet, small nearby islands are her children. Another is that the sago grown in Ceram feeds the peoples of all these islands, and hence Ceram is mother to them all.

Kole-kole is a small native canoe, and the song was a long one, accompanied by a gentle rocking back and forth of the children's bodies. Many of the verses were rather naughty, judging from the roars of laughter that went up from the audience. Some of them were of farewell to the one setting out to sea, some of them were love songs, some of them were appeals to us not to forget them when we were far away. Many of the verses were impromptu, made up by the school teacher as they went along, and hence not so effective in chorus ~~and~~ as the children in the front row could not hear just what was being suggested in the back row.

The school teacher, a spare, solemn native, stood most of the time in front, directing both song and dance with a Dutch flag for a baton, or keeping time on a native drum. Drums and bamboo flutes furnished the accompaniment.

We did not get many pictures of the performance, which fell a little flat after the exuberance of yesterday's Chakalele, because the afternoon rain made an early start impossible, and the sun was setting before they were half through. Rain fell occasionally even while the dance was actually going on.

After the dance we all went over to the Controller's for cold drinks and ice cream. What a wonderful thing a kerosene-run Frigidaire is in this country!

The Makian was anchored off shore all evening. We went down on the pier to meet the boat, found two of the officers whom we had known before, and had a pleasant visit with them. The lights of the steamer, blazing away all night out in the harbor, gave a sophisticated touch to the otherwise primitive landscape.

May 2 - Piroe

This is our last day in Ceram, and we are preparing to pack up with not a little regret. We have 24 cages of birds and animals, and how they are all going to be stowed away on the little government steamer Noesa Ina, nobody knows, although the native captain says it can be done easily.

to
At breakfast Williams got/discussing the clever manner in which the women change sarongs, and asked if it would be proper to request permission to photograph it. Accordingly a very pretty picture was arranged for him - six or eight young women bathing in a small nearby pool. They wear their sarongs into the water, splash water over themselves and each other, with a good deal of merriment. Then they step out onto the bank, pick up the dry sarong, slip it over their head, and as it is rolled about their

bodies, just about under the arm-pits, the wet one drops off underneath. A perfectly modest performance, and how much simpler than our undressing in the bushes, and struggling into clothes again if we want to go bathing without benefit of bath-houses!

We ask a boy who has been working for us as "commission agent" all week if he can get a pestle and mortar to grind some corn for the maleos. He thinks that he can rent one for five cents.

Itchee, the comely young daughter of the Mandoer, spends the morning picking lice out of her young brother's head. The Mandoer's youngest sits all morning in a basin of water in the sun. The Mandoer's wife, who is soon to present him with more offspring, watches all our movements with a tired interest and occasional red-toothed grin (betel).

The daily rains make life a constant battle against damp and mildew. To-day we are airing everything before packing it. The inside of the typewriter case is positively mossy, shoes, helmets, towels, cameras, books all have to be sunned whenever there is a ray of warmth and light.

Between rains in the late afternoon we loaded our menagerie aboard the Noesa Ina, the little government launch that is to take us back to Ambon. The Pasanggrahan seemed very quiet after all our cages had gone, although the odor of cuscus is still pungent. We sent the Mandoer out for some disinfectant to scrub the floor, but here, in the Tropics, where disinfectant is needed badly, there is none to be had. Oh well, sun and air will doubtless do wonders before the next guests stop here. The Raiah's room, which has been occupied by Henry the hornbill, needs a good deal of sun and air, too.

May 3 - Piroe - Amboina

We left instructions to be called at five o'clock, but the Mandoer, going perhaps by the sun which was not yet up, called us at 4.15, so we had an extremely early breakfast. By six all our baggage, and the few birds that had to be carried down by hand at the last moment, were all on board, and just as the sun came up, we hoisted the anchor and sailed away from Ceram.

The Noesa Ina is small but comfortable. About eight o'clock we began to feel hungry, and two of the sailors warmed up a couple of tins of pea soup for us - a good nourishing breakfast. ~~One~~ ^{One} ~~Neither~~ of our white cockatoos has ~~never~~ been in a cage. One we left on its perch, and hung the perch near the rail of the boat, to Cocky's great amazement. ^{Now} The big one we put in a bamboo cage, and he promptly ate his way out, and had to be transferred to a cage that had been originally built for cuscus and was not the right size or shape for him at all. Otherwise the journey was uneventful. We passed close to land, and through a narrow passage instead of the main entrance to the harbor, and saw big white cockatoos flying over a little fishing village.

About one o'clock we reached Toeleeoe on the coast of Ambon, as close as we can go on this government launch to Amboina. Native praus came out to meet us, and we clambered over the side of the launch and were rowed almost to shore. The water was

Capt. Willem Janssen & Van Imhoff
poker piano -
sucking pig -

66 96 born
1740
1840

crystal clear, very shallow, and simply black with small fish. When we scraped bottom, it was evident that we would have to wade ashore, and I began to take off my shoes. However, the two boatmen leaped overboard and made a chair of their four hands, in which they gallantly carried me ashore.

A truck was waiting for our animal cargo, and with much delay, and much handling, and much effort to keep the curious and excited natives away from our still-wild Maleos, we finally got away. Animals and baggage went on the truck, we had a five passenger car which was pretty crowded, as Mrs. Buitenbos had come to meet her husband, Dr. Poetiray was going to Ambon to see a patient, the cockatoo on a perch hung from the roof of the car, and cameras and typewriter were on the floor.

We reached the Esplanade Hotel about four o'clock, after parking our enagerie at Buitenbos' house. Just as we got in the heavens simply opened, and rain came down so violently that we couldn't even speak to each other and be heard. The Van Imhoff with Dr. Coenraad aboard was due in at five and we had intended to go down and meet him, but it was out of the question. About six-thirty he managed to get up to the hotel, and stayed to have dinner with us.

He has been to northern New Guinea and back, and brought, to our amazement and delight, thirty birds of Paradise of six species, twelve crowned pigeons, two vulturine parrots, a number of cockatoos and lorries, two wild pigs and two kangaroos - a magnificent collection considering the short time that he had.

May 4- On board S. S. Van Imhoff

We were up early, and down to the dock to see our cargo loaded. All the animals had to be listed for the customs office and the K. P. M. freight office, - even a bamboo basket of turtles had to be untied and each specimen counted. Our animals were put with Coenraad's collection between decks, and the cages make quite a display when they are all lined up.

We sailed at ten o'clock - quite a gay sailing, for a bamboo-flute orchestra and a church choir were on the pier to give a departing missionary a good send-off. The two musical organizations were rivals, and tried to drown each other out, one singing and the other blowing at the same time. I made a special request for the orchestra to play Kole Kole, which they did. We were sorry to say good-bye to Buitenbos, who has been as entertaining as he has been helpful.

May 5 - At sea

Bill and Coenraad spend most of their time below decks with the animals. At table it is a joke to see how many bananas and papayas we can cadge for our birds and for the cuscus. One maleo died, but everything else seems to be doing nicely.

May 6- 9- Macassar

We arrived at Macassar late in the afternoon, and Williams and I went up to the Grand Hotel. Bill and Coenraad stayed on board for some time to see what arrangements they could make about storing the animals until our steamer goes. Through the kindness of the K. P. M. we were allowed to leave them on the Van Imhoff, and Coenraad was allowed to stay on board the entire time it was in port - a most unusual privilege, but one that greatly facilitates taking care of our stock.

The Grand Hotel is much as it was, except that the food does not seem so bad, after our days in Piroe, and there is a Mode Expositie or fashion show going on. I talked to the two girls who run it. They have come over from Soerabaia hoping to sell some clothes to the women here, but say that business has been bad. The Macassar women are so used to making their own clothes that it seems extravagant to them to buy ready-mades. Bill was amused to have one of them hail him, ask him if he was the "Zoo man", and say that her husband, a tailor, had made clothes for Brown of the Sidney Zoo when he was here.

May 7 -

Bill was very thrilled this morning to meet Capt. Diederich of the K. P. M. S. S. Van Cloon, who is something of a naturalist and has picked up a few animals, which he was glad to turn over to Bill at cost. Among other acquisitions of the day were three anoas and a babirusa, from Capt. Diederich, *and a nice pigeon & a monkey*

Gerds has quantities of birds - parrots and lories in every color of the rainbow, and has also made some good cages for us.

May 8 -

There seem to be complications about taking the anoas out of Macassar. The Resident says Diederich had no right to sell them to us, as they had been confiscated by the police. Coenraad is buzzing about wildly trying to get matters straightened out.

In the evening we dined with Mr. F. A. Smits at the Harmonie Club - very pleasant to sit outdoors, have a fairly decent meal, and even a dance.

May 9 -

We left the Hotel at nine o'clock, and drove to Bantimoerong, 27 miles inland. There is a very pretty water fall here, and we climbed up an iron stairway that runs along the edge of it. Above the falls the rocky walls of the gorge ~~rise~~ rise straight up, with interesting-looking caves here and there. We walked through the stream over very sharp rocks for a couple of hundred yards, and then struck a nice little path that led through cool da p forest. Bill had a happy morning collecting ants; he found eight more Polyrachus, and one new type of nest - a leaf doubled over and sewed together with silk. In the stream he caught several specimens of a small fish that resembles Hemiramphis. I found a tiny boa on a bush, and we left it there. Smits collected some plants, and pointed out various types of orchids, including a white ground orchid that was very fragrant. Bill caught a remarkable butterfly - the upper wings clear, the lower ones long and scissor-like. It is blue, black

and white, and was sitting on the bank crossing the tips of its wings in a rapid, scissor-like motion. Bill said "Oh - oh, there is something Wallace discovered!" and promptly netted it.

~~Wxxxxxx bxxx~~ The path ran for about a mile through the woods, and then came out at the river's edge again, where another and smaller water fall roared out of the forest.

We had a picnic lunch on the edge of ~~the~~ a most unusual swimming pool. The water in the pool was simply boiling with the volume of spring water gushing into it. As we finished our sandwiches rain began to fall, and we moved into one of the dressing rooms of the bath house. We waited an hour or more for the rain to let up, but finally started off for home in a downpour. I was especially sorry the weather was unkind because there were so many opportunities for pictures. Even on the way home I wanted Bill to photograph so many things, including a small and naked urchin riding on a pink caribou through a rice field. He had on nothing but an enormous hat and a wide grin, and was simply entrancing.

All in all, it was a grand day, and a happy change from sitting around the hotel, waiting for animal dealers to show up. One can always watch the procession going by, the amazing varieties of costume and headgear and modes of transportation. There are plenty of the ancient open touring cars that we see everywhere throughout the D. F. I. and thousands of bicycles. There are many little pony carts, with plump small horses that are always going at a quick trot, - perhaps because they can see out of the corner of their eye the enormous whip that furnishes each carriage (I have never seen the whip used - it is twice as long as the horse). But Macassar's specialty is the push-bike: a wooden chair wide enough for two, sometimes upholstered in leather or filled with cushions, attached to the front of a bicycle. Sometimes whole families pile into these bicycles, and are pushed by the man riding the bicycle. We are told that there are a large number of heart cases in the hospital here, due to the strain of this heavy work.

The Hindenburg has crashed at Lakehurst, and I try to glean some details of the disaster from the Dutch newspaper. Buitenbos has already had published in the Actuel WereldNews the pictures he took of us in Ambon - and they are not at all bad.

May 10 -

We went down to the dock early in the morning, and Bill and Coenraad supervised the moving of our animals from the Van Imhoff to the godown where they must stay until tomorrow. We have about 50 crates now, and the K. P. M. warehouse looks like a small Zoo.


One of the Chinese dealers in town has collected a lot of animals for us - more lorries and parrakeets, and two more cassowaries and two big pythons. These are to be delivered to us on board ship tomorrow.

Mr. Smits had dinner with us at the hotel -

The police have released two of the three crocodiles & we shall be able to take them with us after all -

May 11 - Down to the S.S. Pakud early in the morning to see our animals loaded. The two anoa, a fine young pair, were led down through the street. We had had two crates made, & they were put into it. Some of the lorries from the Chinese arrived on perches which were hung from the ship's beams. With our new stuff we have about 80 cages. Pigs & ~~baa~~ caribou are also on board, going to Rorabaia. We sailed at noon. In the afternoon I went down to inspect the menagerie & nearly stepped on our smallest wild pig, from New Guinea, which was running around on deck. Coluraad had just given it a bath. It is a funny little creature & very tame -

May 12 - At noon we stopped at Ampenan, Lombok, to load cattle, & went ashore for an hour. It is not an attractive town, & of course was very hot at that time of day. We went to the market to buy food for animals. There were many baskets of flowers - just the flower itself, no leaves or stems - sold for the purpose of hair ornaments. We saw one man with a red blossom behind each ear, the mark of a chief or head man. Pigs were brought aboard rolled up in rattan baskets, literally a pig in a poke. The cattle came out on a lighter & were led up a gang plank to their stalls on board.

The Lombok praus are different from others we have seen, with crude outriggers on each side, made of big poles lashed together. The paddles have circular blades,  like that. There is a war memorial outside of town, but we did not see it, commemorating the Lombok War of 1894.

In the evening, after dinner, we stopped at Boeloling. Colwood went ashore, & returned with fine lilies, similar to the black capped ones but a different species, & some more bananas. We are feeding 200 bananas a day to our Gv-Bill. I stayed on board & admired the skillful way in which the Balinese handle their boats. A launch or a row boat would come up to the steamer at full speed, reverse up to the gang plank, pause on top of the swell, someone would scramble off, & away the boatmen would go again. We took on two lighters full of Bali hunting -

May 12.

Arrived in Soerabaya at 11, & about noon went up to see the Consul, get our mail, have a bite of lunch at the Orange Hotel, & then down to the S.S. Open hoort, to see

our animals transferred - This handling of mild & nervous birds is a trial, but the Malays are very gentle & careful - not like stoned ones in other parts of the world -

The Op Ien Koot is a fine ship, the largest K.P.M. in this service -

May 14.

Bill has malaria, & we did not go ashore in Rembang. I offered to help Coenraad feed the stock, but he prefers to do things himself - We took on 2000 coolies, going to Sumatra to work on the plantations -

and they are all over the place, men, women and children, packed in between decks. They have straw mats to lie on, and fresh air is pumped in to them through ventilators, but the atmosphere is dark and thick. They form a procession to go to the kitchen to get their food in conical baskets, and have to pass by our animals en route, so if it is mealtime below decks we can't get near our stock. The coolies don't annoy the animals, but they are living so close to them, hanging their laundry over bird cages, lifting the cloth curtains that we put in front of the timid birds, etc., that it is worrisome. However, we were lucky to get on this boat at all. The agent in Macassar was supposed to cable about our coming, which he did not do, and when we arrived in Soerabaya yesterday there was theoretically no space for our Zoo. Passage had been reserved for eighteen ponies, and Coenraad persuaded the agent to leave the ponies there for another eight days, and take us instead.

May 15 - Batavia

Bill is feeling better, and we went ashore in the morning. We were met by Niemans, Ter Tiethoff, and others of the Bureau of Economic Affairs, and they inspected our menagerie with much interest and praise. Several of our lories were new to them, not being represented in either the Batavia Zoo or the Buitenzorg Museum. We went up town and to the bank, then to the Zoo, where Niemans kindly presented us with a pair of Loetong monkeys, a pair of big binturongs, ten Borneo gavials, two Tantillus storks, and two Brahminy kites. These were to be crated and sent down to the boat.

We had lunch at the Hotel des Indes, and I could not resist having reistafel again. I am learning now to pick and choose,

instead of taking every ingredient that comes along, and I make a better mixture than I did the first time.

After lunch we stopped at a Batik market, and I got five lovely pieces of old batik. It is as soft as silk, and dyed in ~~lovely~~ rich colors, most of the pieces having a good deal of blue.

We sailed at four. Four minutes later our animals from the Zoo arrived. We saw the truck drive onto the dock, and then turn and go back to the Zoo again. Dr. Coenraad sent a cable to ship them on the next boat, but that is not as satisfactory as taking them home with us.

May 17 - Singapore

We docked at seven, and sailed at ten-thirty, which did not give us much time ashore. We found an invitation waiting for us from Consul General Davis, so we went to his house for breakfast. Walter Foote was there, and Mrs. MacEnally, wife of the Consul, so we had a nice American get-together over fried eggs, sausage and pancakes, and real American coffee.

Harold Coolidge sent down two little Himalayan bear cubs, which the Consul has been keeping for us. We took these with us, as we dashed for the steamer at the last moment.

May 18 - Siantar

It was like coming home to see the hills of Sumatra on our left when we got up this morning. Even the unattractive port of Belawan looked very good to us, and Davis on the wharf even better. To our surprise Gaddi was with him. Coolidge wanted to take Gaddi with him to Borneo, and we had written the boys to send him along if he wanted to go, but Gaddi beamed through his tortoise-shell spectacles at us, and said "I want to stay with the Doctor."

About ten Davis was allowed on board ship, but it was after eleven when all the coolies were off, and we could start taking off our stock. We had cabled for two trucks with trailers to meet us, and we needed every bit of the space. At 12.30 everything was loaded except the wild pigs, which the Mohammedan coolies refused to move. Bill remembered some of his Arabic, and blessed one of the men, whereupon the pigs were loaded, and we subsided with sighs on the deck of the Op ten Noort, as the two trucks started off for Siantar.

The officers had asked us to remain and have reistafel with them, which we did, and it was the best we have had so far.

Then we got into a car, and drove up to Medan, stopping at the Consulate for mail. In the mail was sad news from home - the death of Dr. Wheeler, which occurred on April 20, and the death of Dr. Fenyes.

It was 5.30 when we reached Siantar, and we were anxious to see what the boys had acquired during our absence. They have lots of birds - more than we are entitled to, of some species, -

and several nice animals. Two tame young siamangs are tethered on the back verandah, and a timid baby rhesus that they call Mr. Milquetoast. Harry has grown into a sturdy youngster, has plenty of teeth now, and doesn't mind using them on one's ankle or arm. He gets a big plate of raw meat now as well as over a quart of milk a day. He was such a puny tiger when we left that we were thrilled to see how well the boys had done with him. They have also several of the common macaques, a golden cat, some big snakes including a 12-foot king cobra that has plenty of pep, and a beautiful flying squirrel, a big, auburn haired creature with brown eyes and a wicked growl.

May 19 - Siantar

Up early, and anxious to be of any help in the care of the menagerie. Harry was turned back to me, and I was allowed to feed the little bears and the gibbons from time to time. Our cassowaries, wild pigs and anoa's have all been put into outdoor yards, where they are much happier than they were on the ship.

The day's new acquisitions were one hornbill and one porcupine.

May 20 -

At lunch time we got to talking about dates. Nobody ever knows what day of the week or month it is when we are in camp. Suddenly Jennier realized that it was his birthday. In the afternoon we went over to the hotel and asked Mr. Goud if we could have a birthday cake. Then we stopped at the Japanese store and the grocery store and bought him a few joke presents, and at Henneman's and bought him a pair of Macassar gold cuff-links.

Dinner was very gay, and a great surprise to all of us, as the hotel sent over paper streamers, Japanese lanterns, crackers with paper hats, as well as the birthday cake and champagne which we had ordered. There was one moment, when Roy opened the cuff links, that was a little pathetic; we all suddenly felt that we were very far from home and that our behavior, in paper caps and blowing whistles, was a little incongruous in our surroundings. However, it was the finest birthday party I have ever been to, and one I shall never forget.

Even Harry was allowed in for supper, and tied to my chair, where he could chew ankles and rustle around in the tissue paper and have a swell time.

May 21 -

The little bears fight like fiends when they are together, and have to be separated. We thought they might play together if they were tied outdoors under a tree, but they put on a regular battle and it took the whole force to separate them. While Jennier was cutting the ropes which they had tangled hopelessly together, one bear got loose and he told Gaddi to hold it. It bit Gaddi in the leg, and chased him all over the place before Jennier got it again. When night-time came they were put in separate cages, and began to cry like babies. So they were put to sleep together, and Jennier made a note to separate them in the morning before they began tearing each other to pieces again.

When I make afternoon tea I make an extra portion for the gibbons. People here say that the tannin in tea supplies some element that leaf-eating monkeys ordinarily get in their food supplies in the wild, but not in captivity. However, they will only drink it if there is plenty of sugar in it. Gibbons have a curious habit of drinking: instead of putting their noses into the pan, they lift what liquid they can in one cupped hand and drink out of that. Our two are very fond of Davis and Jennier, love to hang around their necks, but are still suspicious of Bill and me and won't come to us.

Harry and the larger gibbon are great pals, rolling over and over together in play. Harry also likes little Mr. Milquetoast, but I don't think the feeling is really reciprocated. Mr. M. endures the tiger's caresses, but is pretty much afraid of him. Mrs. Coenraad got some remarkable photographs of the gibbon and tiger together: they should win a prize in any Picture-of-your-Pet show.

Mxyx22 There was a heavy rainstorm in the evening, and both the boys insisted on going out in all the rain and making sure that none of their charges were getting wet. They were worried about all the specimens that we had put in outdoor paddocks, who perhaps would not be familiar enough with their new homes to get under the shelters provided.

May 22 -

Everything seemed to get through the night well, and be none the worse for the storm.

Yesterday one of the gardeners working around the place brought in a very small snake in a bottle, and wanted to exchange it for a cigarette. Bill thought that a very modest price to set on his specimen, and gave him four cigarettes, which delighted him. This morning he turned up with a black cobra which he had captured in back of our house. I suggested that probably he would want a cigar, but Bill paid him in money, and listened entranced to the lurid account he gave of the capture. The story was told in Malay, but accompanied with unmistakable pantomime. Anybody who catches a cobra alive has plenty of courage, and I am glad that this one is no longer wandering about in our back yard.

May 23 -

No exciting acquisitions today, but there is always plenty of amusement watching the babies perform in the back yard. The friendly gibbon (named by Davis Roemah Sakit!) spent the morning trying to pick fleas off Harry, and in afternoon played with the Himalayan bear cubs. The bears are ready to fight anyone else, but they were a little awed by Roemah Sakit, who could of course leap out of their way if they got too rough.

To-day is visitors' day, somewhat to our annoyance. The natives think that this is a free zoo, and hence so ewhat better than the Siantar Zoo, where the admission charge is 5 cents. They wander in and out of the back yard, often going through our bedrooms to get there. Somebody picked up a tin of cigarettes and 20 cents on his way in or out. We must get more locks on the doors, and more signs "Dilarang Masoek" (No entrance).

We were all out in the back yard in working clothes this morning, busy feeding animals, when a very dressy crowd of half-educated Bataks came through, immaculate in white duck, and holding handkerchiefs over their noses. If we went through a Batak kampong in the same disdainful way, there would be some sense to it, for the kampongs are filthy; but Jennier and Davis accomplish marvels in keeping our place clean and odorless, considering the number of animals we have, and how their cages vary from day to day.

It was a great pleasure to have among our visitors, two Americans - the Banghams from Dolok Merangir. They were on their way to Wingfoot. One curious incident of the morning was that a Dutchman turned up, with some story about his coffee plantation in Atjeh. He spoke no English, we spoke no Dutch. Both the Banghams and the Dutchman speak fluent Malay, but it wouldn't have done to address him in the language one uses to converse with servants. Occasionally Mrs. Bangham would put in a Malay word, but always with an apology for using Malay to him.

We lunched at the Coenraads' - split pea soup with all the Dutch trimmings.

At four-thirty Bill left for Belawan, to meet the Brues' who are coming in to-morrow. I spent the evening and the night with the Coenraads, as the small town gossips around here might think it funny if I stayed in camp while my husband is away.

May 24 -

Back to camp early, to supervise the cleaning and furnishing of the room intended for Tommie and Beirne. I bought two sarongs for window curtains; they don't match, and they are not the right length, but they lend "atmosphere" to an otherwise rather plain little room. Two cots, a table, a wardrobe, their own bathroom, a verandah with two chairs - after all, what more does anyone want in camp?

Williams spent the morning here photographing. Baby bears, tigers, gibbons, anoa - all good subjects.

Bill and Tommie and Beirne showed up about five-thirty, and it certainly was grand to see them. Bill had told them all sorts of wild tales about our primitive little hut in the jungle, and when they saw the arcaded magnificence of our Roemah Sakit, they were both impressed and disappointed. This is not their idea of roughing it.

May 27 -

The Brueses and ourselves started out in the morning, by car, for the nearest patch of jungle we have heard of. We drove three kilometers along the Medan road, turned off on a dirt road which we followed for five kms., and drew up at the house of a Mr. Mathew, a half-caste who has bringing us some animals. ~~in~~ Back of his house the jungle begins, and we walked along the edge of it for a mile or more, everybody busy collecting insects. Then the road turned and went straight through the jungle, bringing us eventually to a rushing little stream. Ants collected by

Bill included Diacamma - nests in hollows of trees but build of a fibrous protection at the entrance; red and black Dolichoderus or Polyrhynchus living in cornucopia made of leaf with edges sewn together; entrance at one end, the other larger end covered by ~~xxxx~~ webbing of silk. Crematogaster with yellow thorax, first taken for staphylinid; when picked up exudes white globules from epinotum, nesting in hollow tree but with soft carton covering part of tree, enormous colony (known as Semut blonde). Mating flight of minute Camponotines, each female with white object in mouth, evidently hemipterous nymph; are they taking their own cows to the new nest?

We saw a troop of Rhesus monkeys ~~in~~ or macaques in the trees, and heard hornbills and siamangs. I saw a Draeco actually in flight. Something glided across the path, eight or ten feet over my head, flying from one tree to another twelve or fifteen feet distant. My first reaction was "I never saw such a small bird with such a long tail" and on going over to look at it, found that it was the flying lizard. He sat on the ~~edge of the~~ tree trunk for some time, blowing out his gular pouch, which was sharply triangular in shape, orange in color with a black tip.

Tracks of wild pigs were plentiful. In one place we saw a shelter where the natives sit at night, keeping a fire burning, to frighten monkeys away from the plantation.

To-day was the first time we have really seen the celebrated leeches in action. We kept picking them off each others' clothes, and in places would see clusters of three or four standing up and waving at us. When we got to the stream, the native who had attached himself to us, took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers, and found three or four leeches busily sucking blood. He took his hunting knife, scraped them off, and then asked us for some tobacco to stop the bleeding. One got on my arm, but I got it off before it had dug in. When we got home, Bill found blood trickling from three places on his ankles. He was the only one of us who had not worn high boots; apparently they are a good protection.

May 28 -

Today we insisted on Jennier and Davis taking a day off, and sent them up to Prapat in the morning for a swim, a walk and a lunch. We had the responsibility for the animals and birds while they were gone, and found that we had a busy day. I took charge of what Bill calls the "led stock" - the various pets picketed around the back yard, and found that as soon as I had finished giving the tiger his bottle, it was time for the bears to have their bread and milk, and when that was over the gibbons needed their tea, or Mr. Milquetoast wanted a piece of banana. Mr. Milquetoast gave us all a bad turn by escaping, but was soon found, looking unusually timid, high up on a rafter over the verandah, and scrambled down when I showed him a banana.

M At five o'clock we got word that there were animals waiting for us at the station. The first thing we thought of was the precious serows - the goat-antelopes that Bill has been so anxious to get. Dr. Coenraad heard of a pair on the West Coast and sent a man after them last Sunday. However it was the

May 30 - Started at 9 in red Buick - drive to Prapat w. o. rain. Called on
Calmeads - new home - furniture, view (pictures -). Hotel -
Van Ede says not take new road to Sipriat. Road runs to southeast tip of
Tuba - mountains, view, Batak houses, ramparts w. walls of 2 arches & bamboo fencing.
Lunch at rest house at Buligi - hard going, cupboard of supplies. Bill picks
hot dogs. On across high plateau, plains country, scrub, to Tarsateng - 3rd before
hot sulphur springs, green, yellow, white 136° F. no collecting for T. or B. all
Tarsateng debate over springs on level road. Old town, rest house w. other guests,
decide to go on to Beluga 67 km. Road winding - corkerew turns - plenty of
jungle, ferns, big trees. Darker - almost slip of road passing truck -
hind wheels do go in ditch. Down, down into Bel - passing little native
houses. Adirone lamps on floor. Hotel - early to bed - flit & blanket
"worst hotel in Borneo" - "too hot"

May 31 - Left at 8 - drive follows bay - Ind. Ocean - curious
conical island in harbor - canal - waterbuff - coconut palms - not
canal long canal pit. Crossing road up into hills, 100 feet -
plants of native & introduced - rice - ^{coffee} ~~rubber~~, coconut ^{rubber} ~~second stage~~ -
clearing, making mud dykes, seed beds, transpl. - harvesting, in
rice sheltered platform threshing w. feet - (women did not want
pick up rice) Lunch at Palang Sikempoan - Controller -
hard going again. Late afternoon across high plateau w.
pasture lands on mountain sides. Parliam draw batak-roofed
bars - Just before Sance pass, at Mending Babau house. Reached
rest house at Kaba Kapan at 5.30. Rested - Pigtail mac. climbs coconut tree.

June 1 - Breakfast at "Makan Wang" by a camp Lake Tuan -
Collect Polynadus - Mesanoplus - Beautiful country - Poison
spring in Forest Reserve - sign pointing to it - failed to go near -
Three troops of monkeys, squirrels, big monitor walks across road -
On late afternoon saw big pig tail macaque (origin of unknown
spe story?) Lunch at Saebak Sikepung - restful. Rubbish over ramp
to mt. - Waterfalls, deep gorges, rocky streams, palms, lianes - etc.
Sunset over Singallang & Merapi as we came into F. d. K.
Crossed Equator 60 km before F. d. K. B's baptism - B. & S with backlogs
June 2 - Saw - albino, baby elephants, orange Market, Caribou bark,
littered mt, pineapp. & bread fruit. Baked apples - (Therap - sugar cane - many other)
Mesanoplus Museum - Mending Babau house - canals, gelba, ramp 5, many other
3 bear pit near water bar, sand but it

shipment from Batavia that missed the boat when we were there. Two fine monkeys, two binturongs, ten gaviels, two hornbills, two Brahminy kites, two Tantalus storks, and two lovely squirrels. Great excitement stowing them away, getting them fed and watered before dark.

May 29 -

Our collector turned up from Pispis this morning with several specimens. He drives up in a regular passenger bus, and off the top brings down boxes of snakes, and out of the back seat gets his birds and animals. There is also much shouting of "Ular", somebody drops a rope on the bus driver and he jumps and everybody laughs. Among the specimens received this morning were some fine snakes - mangrove, tree vipers, blood pythons - and a most curious flying lemur - Gallepithecus. It was hanging on the wire front of its cage and looked like a great furry bat, with claws protruding from its wings. The folds of skin that it spreads in order to glide from tree to tree are enormous. The poor little thing was half dead, from fright or neglect, and at first we thought it was completely gone. After a while we noticed that there was a sign of life, and fed it some milk and whiskey with a medicine dropper. Later on it perked up and drank quite a lot of milk. This sort of thing is terribly difficult to keep alive anyway in captivity, and when it arrives in a state bordering death there is really little hope for it. However, I am glad to have seen one alive at all.

Just as we were examining the lemur, Coenraad sent a note over. "Dear Dr. Mann," he said. "It went wrong with the serows. Three were caught, but the people did not hear from us. So they were slaughtered. Today I sent a cable to catch more. Sorry, but nothing to do. Kindest regards."

So the pen that we were planning for them will not be built, nor will the fresh green grass be ordered, but maybe Bill's heart will break.

May 30 - After much bickering with various motor-car owners, we selected a good ripe old red Buick, and loaded our gear into it early this morning. Besides the personal gear of the Brues' and ourselves, there are five cameras, two butterfly nets, equipment for studying hot springs (thermometers, acidity testers, etc.), entomological vials, raincoats and sweaters, and a food box, containing coffee, sardines, crackers and jam, toilet paper, flit, chloramine for purifying water, and extra blankets. With Remy for driver, the four of us draped ourselves over the luggage, and left camp about nine o'clock.

For once we had good weather up to Prapat, Over the pass, and winding down again until we caught that first breathtaking view of Toba Lake, sapphire blue in its setting of green and rugged mountains. We stopped to see the Coenraads, who are pleased and proud of their new house, which opens right on the lake, with a little fisherman's hut out over the water practically in the front yard. Mrs. C. has had all the furniture made to order by a Chinese carpenter, and it is charming - the simpli-

Holland Clinic,
" A. Alie

" Malay

Cupl & typewriting

Volksbank

Negeri school

June 2 - ~~to~~ Drive to Menenggar
Lake in afternoon. Buying hats

& meny. wearing from peddler

around hotel - Notes on wearing -
Washable even if again studied.

Hotel ads - "Enjoy the nature & use an automobile".

Old Hindu moments - no public opportunity to
swim into the lake - Temperature 33 hats
best bet. 12 & 4.

June 3 - Called on Res at 8-11-12-1. Finally found a
nice fellow. Zoo in morning. Again in afternoon w. C. Grootes,
Sec. Zoo notes - self supporting - 800 spec. Admission
10 &, 5 & for children. Concession no profit, refreshments
- a. Menengkaban village for monkeys that run wild
in trees. Grootes gave most of Zoo to Biss - serows, tapir, wild cat,
hog badger, martin, otter, squirrels, binturning -
Bought pea soup, chutney, sausages - going camping to-morrow -

June 4 - Left at 9 - Road out of F. de Kock - Galvanized
iron roofs of menengkabaus - Ayer Puteh Canyon - waterfalls.
Lunch in Kota Base - Drove on to Moserah Mahat
for years jungle along way. Berth. perched up on hill,
inland in road. Sights of village below - River -
Good reinstapel - Stone - Cement shelf, room for 3
kettles - Dutch planter - Saw tiger 20 km. down road
Crossed Equator just before Kota Base - Sheep or goat
blatched bl & wh. - no horns - long ears - bloodhound, blama
fight by rabbit - long legs - coconuts, string & nut neck.

city of the modern style without any of its affectations.

The road beyond Prapat was new to us, and we enjoyed it tremendously. It runs to the southeast tip of the Lake, with a superb view all the way, over the mountains, with occasionally a glimpse of the Lake below. The country is mostly open, a clump of trees in the distance denoting a Batak kampong. The houses have that exaggerated pitch to the thatched roofs characteristic of Batak architecture, and the kampongs are surrounded with an almost fortress-like wall, three feet of earth and the rest thickly planted palm and bamboo, a most efficient screen, providing plenty of shade around the houses and I should think pretty good protection from enemies in the old days. Balige, a little town on the southern tip of the lake, has a neat though small resthouse, and there we stopped for lunch, which was nasi goreng. We could have chosen any number of canned foods from the cupboard - Bill did pick a tin of hot dogs - but the rice with trimmings was tasty and filling.

On we went across the high plateau, almost a plains country, with scrub trees and wide fields of rice and grass, to Tarotoeng. Here we held a debate as to which road to take. The old road goes from here down to Sibolga, on the coast. A new road goes by way of Sipirok to Padang Sidempoean, and we had been told that Sipirok was a pleasanter place to stay, but that the road was very dangerous. The Brues were anxious to take the new road because there were hot springs along it, but we finally learned that it was absolutely impassable, and decided about five o'clock to go on to Sibolga.

Just before we got to Tarotoeng, about 7 kilometers out, we stopped to see a spectacular sulphur spring. It is a big one, very hot (136 F.) and very colorful, green water, yellow sulphur deposits, and white lime. It was too hot for Tommie to do any collecting, to his great disappointment, but there was no use expecting anything to live in water of that temperature.

It was only 67 kms. to Sibolga, and we thought it preferable to go on, rather than stay in the rest house, which was a bit crowded anyway, and had an uninteresting view of the corrugated iron roofs of the village. We would never start out again over mountain roads at that time of the evening. At first it was beautiful, going down the winding road that led through heavy jungle, full of ferns, big trees, and canyons through which the mountain torrents roared. But as darkness fell, the road became more and more of a corkscrew. Remy twisted the wheel first one way and then the other, until we were weary from being thrown from side to side, and had strained our eyes trying to see ahead of us around the next bend. Occasionally we had to pass a truck coming up hill, and then we held our breaths. Once a hind wheel did go in a ditch. At another place we turned out to let a truck go by, and found that we were poised right on the edge of a cliff, with the tops of trees practically under our elbow. It is a drop of about 4,000 feet in 40 miles, and it took us two hours and a half, going steadily down, down, down into Sibolga, passing little native huts by the road, that looked extraordinarily serene, with their little families gathered about the one kerosene lamp set on the middle of the floor.

None of us had nervous prostration, and we reached the hotel in time to have a shower before dinner. We had been told that this was the worst hotel in Sumatra, and that the town was unbearably hot, but we had big rooms, a good dinner, and pulled blankets over us toward morning.

June 5 - I creep lost & found - House flies *D. obscura* -
Beetle - but not *Staphylinidae* - pitcher plants - quite insect free -
I crossed - perhaps - the river current - Sun at Bangkianang -
Tiger above & Controller - 13 houses killed in 3 miles - Skin 9
tiger that killed 3 men - Room, clearing abandoned rubber
plantation - rubber is inc. in price - Kampong rubber
Forest (?) beyond Bangk. Nests of neglected rubber estates - "Hut"
Swamps = rice fields - *Entellus monachus* - wild O pigs,
hornbills, drongos - many fishes - Man even always
meets us butting up coast - Offers rice, C. serves
eg. dinner - Dinner late to night - Query at 8 PM - Did we want food?

Small no. nest in duck room -
June 6 - Collected no. Mosara market - good forest. *Echinops* - Termite nests - *Camponotus*
workers major - not 3 forms. Swamp w. purple blossoms like *Centrosema* - fruit
like pale green grapes - Drive to Botany Market jungle reserve, trail into woods.
Termite nest w. steps - raised by long legged ant *Pheidole* (?). Another trail into
same jungle. Nest - Sun by roadside, coconut water - sardines - papaya
Storm over into - Made Kata Barae before rain began. No *Ayerminum*,
etc. - Caught rain water to drink - Good chicken & rice - 3 Dutchmen arrived
in room - One of them F. Bonte, former dir. of Bot. Zoo - went on to Bangkianang
a rain over trucky roads - Shape of termite nest - 30" long - 4" diameter

June 7 - Still no drink water. Offered some warm, not liked - Stopped to see
view of mts - Found lovely path; collected horn flies, new *Polyschus* - *Corred*
Equator, met Wms crossing in opp. direction - stopped to photo 2 old abas.
Caught click beetle on monument - Ric. Mosara market to Wms. Did collecting
Ayer Putih Canyon, before we got to Pajacombos - Beiers got *Vermilio* -
Walked down 9 bends in road - I got new *Polyschus* + many bright blue *Cheysomelids*
Bill got *Stigmatopoma* (?). Tried for *Oreithartes*, black w. bright green bands &
red heads - 20 km fr. Pajacombos (higher locality) met Wms told about *Camponotus*
Sun at 4 o'clock at Pajacombos rest house - B. raid cabinet with vms 3 trees
plea camp. Hotel Centrum ahead of town. All day cool & breezy - Canyons
air conditioned - washed air - horn flies sitting on 2 yellow leaves -
Catcher 1, wait 5 min. catch on stick - mt. *V. C. 2* road -
Shade eye in net - Ayer Putih - waterfall - high cliffs - dense jungle
ferns, *Verbena*, *Calan palms*, *Agave*, ground orchids.

May 31 -

We left at eight o'clock, and took the road that parallels the bay for some miles. Here was my first view of the Indian Ocean, and of Sibolga's famous harbor, with the big conical island rising in the middle of it. Anyone who has the good sense to come down that road in daylight that we took last night, has a wonderful outlook over the harbor, but the ride along the coast was peaceful and pleasant, with coconut palms bending over the water, and caribou grazing along the wayside.

The road wound gradually up into higher country. At a thousand feet above sea level there were plenty of little native villages, with their industrious life being carried on in close proximity to the highway. We saw rice in all its stages - men and women preparing the fields and making the walls around each sawah out of wet mud, patting it into shape with their hands; the bright green seed beds, the transplanting, the harvesting, which was done in little sheltered platforms six feet or more off the ground, the winnowing being done by tramping on the paddi with their feet. Rice was spread out on grass mats along the roadside to dry, as was also coffee. Here, too, we saw for the first time the kampong rubber, wrung out in what looks like an ordinary clothes wringer, and hung on poles to dry. The road is used for all purposes - as a club for both men and women, as a drying field for all native products, a place for dogs to sleep and chickens to roost and children to play. An automobile driver in this country must have infinite patience, which is perhaps why all the drivers are Malays, and one seldom sees a European at the wheel of his own car.

*Saw the covered
sides -
buff
wear
clothes*
As we approached Padang Sidempoean we saw a new type of buffalo-drawn cart, with a sway-backed roof like those on Batak houses. All afternoon we passed these carts on the road, returning from the Monday market in P. Sid., taking the high road up over the plateau that was a new type of country to us - great folded mountain sides, covered thickly with buffalo grass, and few trees.

We had lunch in the Pasanggrahan in Pad. Sid. Bill telephoned the Controller while we were waiting for the nasi goreng to be ready, and he came dashing over on his bicycle. He is terribly anxious to get us a rhino, and distressed to know that we are unable to get a permit. There are rhinos near here, and two were shot not long ago. It seems a pity we cannot have one live one.

The people around here are mixed Malay and Batak. As we approached Kota Nopan we began seeing the Meningkabau influence - just before Laroe we saw the first Men'k'bau house, with its curious high-pointed roof ends.

Along this road, too, we saw for the first time a pig-tailed macaque climbing a coconut tree to throw down the nuts to his owner. So the old story of the only known instance where a monkey has been trained to do anything useful for man, is really true. Later on we were to see many instances of it.

Kota Nopan has a fine big rest house, and we had a good reistafel for dinner.

June 8 - Sarai-photos, old home's market. Bought cucumbers & Malay apples. Pink, crisp, flavorful. Ft. v.d. Papellen. Shops - green candy in Ch. store - cut so string held in mouth, small boy rolled in basket till round - Lake Singkarak - green river, high rocks, mountains. Lunch in Pasanggahan - T. bought python skin - macaque climbed coconut tree - vilvets - hall tent - bought three - drank - monkey got coconut - Stop in Padang Pandang to photo - carved painted house w. tin roof, 9 gold fish ponds. Good view of Merapi, climbers & smoking 2800 m. High wind - Clouds building on Singgalang - heavy rain which we missed - Lots of hotel peddlers. Sick among - Inengentab, weaving - Groceries for dinner - news of Rafflesia

June 9 - Good morning. Picked out birds we wanted - Debated all morning about weather - Packed for lunch then stayed for hotel lunch - Bought white weaving (Pajacombos) - 1:30 am same mt, dashed for Batang Palaepeah - Trip down road "Stop! Rafflesia" - Natural monument - Trail through kampong, rice fields, into forest - Come, suddenly upon it down slippery path - Rust red with raised orange blotches. 5 petals, huge calyx like bowl w. spikes - est. 36" across - Carnivorous, laying eggs on back - 1/4" thick - felt like dry fungus - monstrously, un-natural - Gourami ponds, granaries, tin roofs - Stopped flies near entrance to woods - Always low in leaves near stream - B.T. & Wms photographed for 2 hrs - Saw two birds & one passer - buds dark hard balls - one finished as usual w. dark mud - Prob. 1st's blowing tonight, only one that anybody knows of - Tried boy help but called: how flies in their fingers, snapping traps, pointing, not intelligible, hanging, panting, screaming as in Admetus on bridge who was ideal for catching.

June 10 - Saw panorama - got pictures, Rafflesia. Collected along way - Lunch in Soebek Hilcaring. Hot spring - extra sleeping - Devils' mt. - folded hills like green velvet, buffalo grass, trees in canyons between folds. Came into Kota Napan after dark - Aroma of wood smoke & frying coconut. Children cheer - Reflection ^{new} moon in rice fields - Sawahs like stained glass windows - Pass. buff. carts in dark - Pasanggahan w. radio & fugitives

June 1 - Whenever a native brings us in a specimen in camp, he is sure to explain that the animal, no matter what it is, eats either rice or banana "makan nasi" or "makan pisang". This applies to tiger cubs, otters, birds - anything at all. What was my delight this morning to have the mandoer of the pasanggrahan show me a crocodile this morning which he wanted to sell to us, and have him explain "makan orang" ("it eats men").

It is beautiful country between Kota Nopan and Fort de Kock. We stopped frequently for collecting, and found more *Polyrachus* and *Meranoplus*. We saw three troops of monkeys, squirrels, a big monitor lizard that marched slowly across the road in front of us, and in the late afternoon one enormous pig-tailed macaque. Bill said it was the biggest one he had ever seen, and we wondered if it could be the origin of the story that there is still an unknown ape in the forests of Sumatra. Just before we reached Loeboek Sikaping, while we were in a forest reserve, we saw big sign pointing to a trail into the woods. We hopped out of the car, and went in to see what was there. Here was another sign, near a warm spring that steamed up through the thick jungle, warning us that the fumes of the water were poisonous and it was forbidden to approach them. Near the road were some dead butterflies, mute evidence of the lethal quality of the air. A huge banyan tree nearby added to the weird effect of this deadly jungle spot.

We had lunch at Loeboek Sikaping, where the Pasanggrahan has a fine outlook over the river to the mountains beyond. The afternoon's drive was through a great many miles of jungle, with tall trees, pandanus palms, tree ferns, deep gorges where rocky streams roared below us. Sixty kilometers before Fort de Kock the road crosses the Equator, and of course we had to stop and take pictures of the monument, and of each other posed in front of it. It was Beirne's first crossing, and we tried to give her a shower, sparing some of our precious ayer minum from the canteens, but she dodged both the water and the picture I was trying to get of her. Bill and I walked back and forth in the road, so that now if anyone asks me if I have crossed the Equator /I shall have to say "Oh, yes, so many times I've lost count."

Fort de Kock has two great mountain guardians, Singgallang and Merapi, and they were beautiful in the sunset as we came into town. Merapi is an active volcano, but is almost always capped with clouds, so that the crater is not visible. Stayed at Hotel Centrum - excellent food.

June 2 -

Up early, and out to the Zoo, which is a small one, but very fine. They have a good collection of Sustran animals, and a number of exotic species, such as South American and African monkeys, zebras, camels, European bear, polar bear, and lions. Of East Indian species they had serows, anoas, five orangs, and two baby elephants, as well as an excellent bird collection.

In the Zoo grounds is a fine example of a Meningkabau house, with every inch of the walls carved and painted, and a high-pitched, six-gabled thatched roof, with the ridges and the high points bound with silver. The building is used as a Museum of ethnographic material - costumes, tools, baskets, jewelry

June 11 - Left K. Napan 8 o'clock - Men shaping walls in sawahs w. their hands. Buff. wallowing - Small malague climbed tree. Small girl pounding rice - everyone ran when Bill app. to get picture. Sundr in P. Adampsean - Saw Controller ^{J.P.} Leckman & Mr. Surbeck - white gibbon - Beautiful drive to Sipirok over high plateau - Sip. 922 M. Cool - lovely view - P.M. nasi goreng -

June 12 - Back-country road - hot trip - Propet
in Tarutung -
home at 8.30 - June 13 Boys have tips to 15 km from here -
w. P. shipment here -

June 14 - Spend day drying out moccasins, washing clothes, unpacking, typing letters & notes -

weaving, and musical instruments of this old and cultured tribe of western Sumatra.

After the Zoo we visited the market, which is in operation two days a week, and thronged with thousands of people. Many of the tradesmen come in with buffalo carts, and there was one large area where the caribou and their lumbering, high-roofed carts were parked for the day. We wandered through the produce market, where lumber, cabbages, betel nut, pineapple, bananas, rice and coffee were being pawed over by hundreds of prospective customers. Here and there were little open air restaurants, where small groups gathered to eat good-looking reistafel out of banana leaves, dipping into the rice with their fingers, and laughing and gossiping as they ate.

We went back to the hotel for lunch, and enjoyed reading the printed sheet of description of nearby spots of interest which the Hotel furnishes its guests. We were advised to see the "Holly Fisches", and the "old Hindu moments", and to go to Meningjau although there is "no public opportunity to swim into the Lake." One placard in the room urged us to "Enjoy the Nature and take an auto obile", and another one (this in a hotel that advertises hot and cold running water) informed us that the temperature of the bath was best between 12 and 4. I tried it early in the morning and it was like ice, so gathered that the water was cold in the morning and evening and hot only at noon.

In the afternoon we drove to Matoer, about 80 kms. from here, where there are supposed to be some fine old houses, but to our great disgust most of them now have galvanized iron roofs instead of the far more picturesque thatch. Curiously enough the original shape of the roof is retained, and the effect of the sweeping high gables wrought in galvanized iron is weird beyond belief.

From Matoer, which is high in the mountains, we drove down a steep and narrow road to Lake Meningjau, a gem of vivid blue set deep in the hills. The afternoon was late, and rain was threatening, so we did not get out to explore the country as we should have liked to do.

Back at the hotel we engaged in our favorite game of bargaining with the peddlers, who bring batik, native jewelry, and interesting examples of Meningkabau weaving to sell to us. The weaving is varied, and in many instances beautiful. The Menkb's weave a great deal of silk, and make cloths of rich rose and blue color, into which is put quantities of gold thread imported from China. They also do some weaving in wool, and stud their garments with bits of mica from British India. The effect is often garish, but some of it is quite lovely. We got some of the silk weaving, a soft old piece that looked more like Italian silk than Indian, and a huge white cloak from Pajacombo, with red silk woven into the border. A silk sarong and a couple of kain kepala were done in good Batik patterns. Beirne and I had lots of fun seeing who could drive the best bargain, but she finally paid what the man wanted for one of the mica-decorated pieces, and I never did get one. I couldn't really imagine what I would do with it at home unless I gave it to the circus for elephant trappings.

June 3 -

We wasted the entire morning trying to find the Resident in

his office. At one o'clock he finally appeared, and turned out to be a fine chap, very enthusiastic about animals in general and the Fort de Kock Zoo in particular. He arranged for the Secretary of the Zoo, Mr. C. Grootes, to meet us that afternoon in the Zoo and do anything he could for us. It was interesting, when we went to the Zoo and let Mr. Grootes to learn that this little garden is self-supporting on a charge of 10 cents for adults and 5 cents (Dutch) for children. It is visited both by the natives and by tourists. The concession is no profit, as refreshments are sold at cost. The little Meningskabau village with doll-sized houses is intended for shelter for the monkeys that during the day run loose in the trees. On an exchange basis Bill succeeded in getting most of the Zoo away from Mr. Grootes - a big tapir, a pair of serow, wild cats, hog badger, martin, otter, squirrels, bintoerong, and hornbills. It was a most encouraging day!

June 4 -

We left Fort de Kock at 9 o'clock, heading northeast. We stopped in the beautiful Ayer Putih Canyon, where we did some collecting and admired the slender waterfall ~~xxxxxxthe river~~ which comes out of the rocks on the opposite side of the canyon from the road.

crossed the Equator again, and
We/lunched in Kota Baroe, and drove on in the afternoon to Moeara Mahat, passing gorgeous dense jungle along the way. The little resthouse at Moeara Mahat is perched high in the hills, right on the edge of the jungle, but the corkscrew mountain road comes up on one side of the house and goes down on the other, leaving us practically in an island of traffic (mostly freight vans roaring past us through the night.). Below us were the lights of the small village, and beyond the the river. The Mandoer was a young chap, only four months in his job, and anxious to please. The reistafel, which was cooked on a stove that was really just a cement shelf with five little wood fires built on it, was the last word. Tiny little chickens, broiled over the open fire, simply melted in our mouths.

Just as we were finishing dinner a Dutchman arrived, intending to spend the night, and a little disappointed to find that we were occupying the only two rooms in the rest house. However, Bill insisted on his having food and drink with us, and he told us that just 20 km. up the road he had seen a tiger, and were we not afraid to go wandering about in the forest? We assured him that tigers were nocturnal, and we only went in the woods by day, but he told us that at Bangkinang, a little further down the road, a tiger had come into the village at nine in the morning, and grabbed a native standing in front of the post office. Our open windows, and fly-screened klambos, looked a little inviting to tigers, but we heard not even a distant roar in the night.

June 5 -

The morning was delayed, partly by the Mandoer's slowness in getting breakfast, but chiefly by Bill's fussing over losing his forceps - his favorite pair, made after a now extinct pattern, and the pride of his entomological life. Fortunately we stopped

at the place where we had last collected yesterday, and found them on the ground. They had fallen out of his pocket when he leaned over to look for a *Polyrachus* nest. So with much rejoicing we drove on, heading for Bangkinang, but stopping to collect wherever the country looked inviting. Bill found a large number of horned flies, the first time he has ever taken them (except for the two he got at Dolok Silau), and also got a leech in his butterfly net. We found enormous pitcher plants growing along the cliff that lined the road, and near them stalactites formed by the constant dripping of limestone over the bank. What looked like the work of an industrious spittle insect, turned out to be a mass of frog eggs when we opened it. It is not always easy to do roadside collecting here. Only rarely is there a trail into the woods. In many places the road has been cut through the mountains, and the roadside is a steep bank that nobody could climb. It is kept well cleared, and here and there one sees ladders propped against the bank, for the use of the men that cut back the vegetation that otherwise would hang over and block the highway.

A curious ferry took us across the river before we got to Bangkinang. Pontoons were built on three small boats. ~~xxxxxx~~ A heavy rope fastened the boats to a cable that crossed the river. The current was exceedingly strong, and the boats were pointed upstream against the current. As we pushed off, after loading our car gingerly on the ferry which was just barely big enough to take it, the current swept us down, the boats pointed up, the rope kept us even, and we moved across on a smooth diagonal, that made one actually dizzy trying to figure out the mathematics of it - simple enough diagrammatically, but most confusing to watch.

At Bangkinang we lunched at the Pasanggahan, and Bill and Tommie went to call on the Controller, to ask him where we could get into the jungle to collect. He advised a spot some twenty kms. farther on, and told them some good tiger stories. They have been having a lot of trouble with tigers in these parts, partly due to the clearing that is being done in abandoned rubber plantations. Rubber is going up in price, old plantations are to be worked again, there is an increase in the amount of kampong rubber. So the tigers are driven out into the open. Thirteen caribou have been killed by tigers near here in the last three weeks. On the floor of the Controller's house was the skin of a tiger he had shot, after it had killed three men. We went on, hoping that we would see tiger, elephant, or rhinoceros, but the big game is pretty shy. We did see *Entellus* monkeys, wild pigs, a hornbill in flight with his grotesquely long neck stretched out like that of a goose, drongoes, and kingfishers. Collecting was bad. The forests we were looking for were miles of neglected rubber estates, the swamps were active rice fields.

It was late when we returned to Moeara Mahat, and we sat on the verandah waiting for a dinner equal to last night's. The young Mendoer did not understand, and about eight o'clock ventured out to ask if we wanted any food. We hastily picked out an ill assortment of cans, and dined in a tired and somewhat disappointed mood.

June 6 -

Nonetheless, we were sorry to leave this nice little pasanggrahan, with its swallow nest in the dining room, and its high view over the forest and river.

We collected nearby, and Bill found another Echinopla, and I got the three forms of the huge Camponotus worker - minor, major and media. Beirne found a gorgeous liana that has clusters of purple, wistaria-like flowers, and pale green grape-like fruit. We all got termite nests, and spent a long time by the road looking for termitophiles. In the jungle reserve known as Batang Mahat II we found another termite nest, which we cut it open, was promptly raided by an ant (Pheidole?). At noon we were near another trail into the same jungle, and stopped by the roadside to have a picnic lunch before we started working again. The only place where we could sit down, off the road and out of the swamp, was a gravel pit, so there we sat, in the broiling heat, only a few miles from the Equator and almost at sea level, and wondered why so many of our tinned supplies and cheeses had gone bad. Anything that rides on the back of our car must be simply cooked and re-cooked long before we get it. We had our canteens filled, fortunately, and divided the drinking water. Also we had two coconuts to drink, for we were all more thirsty than hungry.

Going into the jungle later the Brues found an amazing termite nest, a chimney of hard carton, about 30 inches long and perhaps 4 inches in diameter.

The afternoon clouded over, and we got to P. Kota Baroe just before the deluge began. There was no drinking water available, so we caught big pitchers full of rain water after we decided that the roof had been washed thoroughly. We had a good dinner of rice and chicken, and just as we were finishing it three Dutchmen arrived. I know they had planned to stay the night in Kota Baroe, but again we had the only rooms, so after a good deal of telephoning they moved on, still in the rain, headed for Bangkinang. They sat and talked with us for an hour, however, and one of them turned out to be the former director of the Zoo in Batavia, and of course he knew all about us, and about our exchanges with the Batavia Zoo. He is in this part of the world collecting animals now. It seemed a strange coincidence to have one Zoo director meet another in that remote little town. I hated to see them go, in the rain and the dark, over roads that are none too good, but they want to catch a plane to-morrow, and they hurried off through the tiger-infested land, to do so.

June 7 -

Still no drinking water in the resthouse, so we filled our canteens with what was left of the rain water, after being offered some water that had been warmed, but not boiled, by the Mandoer's wife.

The road goes straight up into the mountains again from here, and we stopped high up in the hills first to get the view, and then to collect. There was a lovely little trail that led alongside a forest stream, where Bill got a bottle full of his much-loved horn flies. The air was wonderful - so different from yesterday's stifling heat. All through the canyons the air was actually

washed by the water that comes gushing out between the rocks, and had an indescribable crystalline, coolness and purity about it. A new Polyrachus and a variety of other insects made the morning memorable, and all our discoveries were capped by Beirne's finding Vermilio in Ayer Putih Canyon. This little worm has habits like the ant lions of North America, but has never been found before in Sumatra. It was one of the things they were most anxious to get - if it occurred here; and it does. Beirne found it in some sand under an overhanging rock.

Before we reached Ayer Putih we crossed the high mountain pass of Pintoe Angin, from which the view is simply superb. On a clear day, such as this, one can look right across the island and see a faint blue line that marks the Straits of Malacca.

Crossing the Equator for the third time on this trip, we met Williams, headed in the opposite direction - going to Bangkinang and Paken Baroe - and of course both cars stopped and some more photographing was done by all. When we stopped to collect in Ayer Putih, where we spent a couple of hours, Williams caught up with us again, to our great astonishment. He told us that just beyond Kota Baroe, where we spent last night, there had been a big landslide, and the way was thoroughly blocked with debris. We were lucky to get out when we did, for nice as Moeara Mahat was we had no desire to spend several more days there, but we wondered what had become of our Dutch friends, including Mr. Bante of Batavai, and whether or not they got through to the coast after they left us.

Incidentally we were collecting on the exact spot where our Moeara Mahat friend saw his tiger night before last.

The road through this canyon is wonderfully and fearfully made. We got out of the car at one place, and walked down the "nine bends" in order to photograph them. You can get ~~nine~~ five of the nine bends in your camera at one time, they wind so close together. The country is beautiful, dense jungle, waterfalls, rushing torrents, palms and ferns, ground orchids and begonias, lianas and huge giants of untouched trees.

The collecting was good all day. I caught a new Polyrachus, a click beetle right on the Equator monument, and many metallic little blue beetles that were mating on roadside plants. Bill got in addition to his horn flies a Stigmatoma and other ants. The horn flies are always low down, sitting on leaves either on the ground or close to it, and always in little hollows where the stream comes out near the road. In one place he caught a dozen or more on the same leaf, one at a time, with perhaps five minutes wait between specimens. ~~The~~ The things are so delicate that they have to be handled very carefully, and once ~~xxxx~~ Bill found that he had broken off one of the long-stalked eyes in his butterfly net.

We had a very late lunch in Pajacombo. Bill raided the kitchen cabinet, and we ate up its entire contents - three tins of pea soup. Again we got home just before the storm - back to the Hotel Centrum in Fort de Kock.

June 8 -

We decided today to see some of the country south of Fort de Kock, and started out along the Padang road, although we had no intention of going all the way.

We went three kms. off the road to visit the little village of Lassi on its market day and to photograph some of the old houses there. We found one or two without tin roofs, and with beautifully decorated granaries standing in front of the house. In the market we bought small cucumbers, and some Malay apples, a pretty pink fruit that is crisp and juicy but almost completely ~~xxx~~ flavorless. Between purchases we were ducking flying pieces of corrugated iron that the high wind was blowing off the market roof.

We stopped next in Fort van der Capellen, and wandered in and out of the shops looking for pickles that Bill had decided we must have with the picnic lunch which the hotel had provided. In one Chinese store we saw a small boy rolling what looked like green marbles in a large flat basket. I thought at first it was a new game, but he kept at it in such a mechanical way that I realized it was work and not play. Behind him stood another Chinese with a long roll of green candy fresh from the stove. This he was cutting into cubes by means of a string, one end of which he held between his teeth. As each little cube fell to the counter a third man picked it up, rounded off the sharp corners with his hands, and passed it to the youngster who rolled it in the basket until it was a perfect sphere. The whole proceeding had somewhat of the precision of a cigarette-cutting machine in a big factory.

Shortly after noon we reached Lake Singgarak, beautiful and blue, but with many whitecaps due to the high wind. In places the waves were splashing over the road, and slowly washing it away. Men were working on it, banking the road up with stones, but I was afraid places in it would be quite washed out before we came back over it.

We ate our basket lunch in a little pavilion back of the rest house in Singarak, a delightfully cool spot right beside the lake. The Mandoer sold Tommie a python skin, and sold us all on the idea of getting pictures of a pig-tailed macaque climbing a coconut tree. His friend, the owner of the monkey, appeared promptly with an enormous brute on a long rope. The monkey went up the tree, which was an unusually high one and hence poor for pictures, and "caught" three coconuts for us. He broke them off by twisting the nuts between his hands, and then dropping them to the ground. His owner opened them for us, we drank the water, and gave the coconut meat to the monkey as his reward. Altogether a most amusing day.

In Padang Pandjang on the way home we stopped to photograph an elaborately carved house, which was spoiled however, by a tin roof, and also to admire some of the gold fish and gourami ponds which are so common here. The fish are raised and sold in the market. The giant gourami is very rare in aquaria at home, and we shuddered to think of this exotic specimen (to us) being eaten as ordinary food.

Between Padang Pandjang and Fort de Kock we got our best view of Merapi, for the first time entirely cloudless, so that we could see of

the lava-streaked sides of the huge bare crater, and the thin little wisp of smoke that showed there was still life in the mountain. Singgalang, on the other side of us, was simply boiling with clouds, stirred by the high wind, and emptying some of them in black fury on the land below. Again we were lucky and no rain fell on us.

In the evening Bill noticed a sign in the hotel office informing the world that *Rafflesia* was now in bloom, only fifteen kms. away, so we dedicated to-morrow to seeing the world's largest flower.

June 9 -

We had intended to start for home today, but the weather was bad all morning, and we did want to stop on the way and see *Rafflesia arnoldi*. After a trip to the Zoo and a visit to the market we decided to stay over another day in Fort de Kock.

After lunch the sun came out, and we dashed off to Batang Paloehpoe, the village near which the famous flower was blooming. A big sign across the road said "Stop! *Rafflesia*!" and a notice beside the village store explained that the "Natuurmonument" was at its height. We walked in through a Meningkabau village, past a rice field, and climbed a fairly steep hill. Nothing could have been in a more inconvenient place for our ardent photographers. After ascending the mountain part way through a dense thicket of second-growth, we came out in a little cleared place, and at the foot of the very slippery path was the *Rafflesia*. One was afraid to go down the path near enough to see it for fear of sliding right into it boots first and ruining it completely. Gingerly we crept down however, and had our first view of this remarkable plant. It is a monstrous red fungus-like growth, lying flat on the ground, with no leaves and no visible stem. The rust red surface is blotched with raised spots of orange. Each petal is about a foot in diameter, and the calyx, like a huge bowl, has spikes on the inside for pistils and stamens. The petals are about a quarter of an inch thick, and the diameter of the whole blossom is close to forty inches. It lasts only two days, and then collapses into a circular pile of carrion-like decay. Already carrion flies, deceived by the odor which we could not even detect, were laying their eggs on the petal. It is like nothing on earth, and it is hard to believe that it is a natural phenomenon, and not the product of some giant's distorted fancy.

Lower down we saw two buds that had not yet opened, hard round objects about the size of croquet balls, and a brown ring of decay that marked the spot where *Rafflesia* bloomed last. It is curious to think that probably many of them are blooming in Sumatra's jungles to-night, and yet they are usually so inaccessible that only the fortunate few, who travel near some spot like this on the very day the flower opens, ever see one.

While Williams and the Brues were photographing it, with movies, color plates, flash bulbs, miniature cameras, and all the equipment they could think of, Bill and I did some collecting. I found a curious spiny beetle, and Bill got some more horn flies. Small boys collected, and were a great nuisance, turning over stones before we could get to them, breaking up all the hollowtwigs that might have contained ant nests, and finally scaring away a fine column of *Aenictus* that Bill wanted - right near a bridge where he could have

collected them safely without being stung in the process.

June 10 -

Left Fort de Kock early in the morning, after stopping to admire the nearby Panorama (the Dutch always label any view that the tourist should stop and see "Panorama 0.45 kms"). It is astonishing to look out over the vast canyon below the city, and to realize that this town is built on the edge of so sheer a cliff.

We collected along the route, stopped in Loebok Sikaping for lunch, and paused once more at the poison spring. A little extra seepage came out near the road, but we found no dead butterflies today.

Through the gorgeous country of Devil's Mountain we came again, this time just before sunset, when the folded green of the grass-covered hills looked rich and soft as velvet, and the little clumps of trees in the hollows showed black against the mountains. Through little villages that were fragrant with wood smoke and frying coconut, where the children shouted greetings as our car went by, and through the peaceful rice fields, where the little pools of water with their ~~leached~~ mud dykes looked like stained glass windows in the sunset color's reflections. Later the new moon peered up at us from the sawahs. Past slow-moving, cumbersome buffalo carts we drove in the dark, coming into the Kota Nopan rest-house, ablaze with electric light, furnished with a noisy radio and a welcome frigidaire, and Williams waiting for us.

June 11 -

Off at eight o'clock, and interested in the native life all the way to Padang Sidempoean, where we had lunch, called again on the Controller and saw Mr. Surbeck, who took us to his house to see his tame white gibbon - a nice beast.

From Pad. Sidempoean we turned off on the new road that goes by way of Sipirok, and found ourselves climbing up into a gorgeous high plateau - grass lands, low shrubs, and then evermore on a while a deep jungle canyon lined with trees, where we could see Entellus monkeys peering at us with their inquisitive, high crested heads just showing over the bushes. The resthouse at Sipirok is high and cool, with a lovely view of the surrounding mountains, and we ate nasi goreng and slept under two blankets.

June 12 -

We were not far from home when we started this morning, but this is the country of hot springs, and we stopped many times for Tommie to look for the inhabitants of the war water - beetles, blood worms, and algae. It was the middle of the afternoon when we lunched at Tarotoeng, and the drive, although not as nerve-wracking as the Sibolga road, was tiresome, for the road was narrow and dusty. Towards sunset we approached Prapat, and as we looked once more upon the deep coloring of Toba's water, and the surrounding

hills, we found it as lovely as anything we had seen in the more remote and spectacular parts of the island.

We had planned to stay at Prapat over night, but the hotel was full, and we came briskly down the mountain, and into Siantar about 8.30, having traveled exactly 1943 kilometers.

June 13 -

Up early and about the camp to inspect the new members of the menagerie. Our West Coast shipment came through very well, and the tapir and the serows have good outdoor paddocks. The boys have added some more birds and monkeys, some more big snakes and monitor lizards (one came in today that was over eight feet long and looked like a Komodo dragon). But the prize item is a nearly full grown tiger, trapped within 15 kilometers of here while we were looking in all the wild places we could ~~fix~~ think of, hoping to see tiger.

Harry has grown, and is still tame. He is grand to play with, as he muffs his claws like a little gentleman.

Mr. Milquetoast has a companion. Milquetoast himself is quite brave now, but the new little monkey is still shy. He escaped today and went dashing across the yard, finally taking refuge under the tiger's cage.

June 14 -15

Spent most of the time typing notes, getting caught up on official correspondence, packing for our Atjeh trip, and trying to get the mildew out of trunks and suitcases. Everything is covered with creosote, camphor and naphthalene, but green mold pops up in every direction - chiefly on evening clothees which we are not needing in this infor al country, and hence have stored away for weeks at a time.

Word has come from Assam, where the government was trying to catch a rhinoceros for us, that one was captured but died "due to the intense heat". So that is another hope gone glimmering. The American Consul in Bangkok writes that there is a rumour of a rhino captured there on the northern border, but he "shudders to think of the price that will be asked for it if and when it arrives in Bangkok."

June 16 -

Once more we all pile into the old red Buick, stow our feet among the cameras and collecting gear, and leave camp in the early morning. We rode toward Siriboe Dolok, and the hills where we had our famous camping trip to Dolok Silau. It is a lovely morning, and a beautiful ride. At noon we came to the little town of Kabanjahe, high in the hills, and stopped in the nice little hotel for lunch. We had rather planned on stopping here, but the hotel was full, and we decided to go to Brastagi after all.

We had had a letter from Charles Neys, who lives here and describes himself as an old hunter, so to see Mr. Neys we

went. He is a man of fifty, heavily bearded, stout, and ~~xxbigx~~ living alone in a pretty house with a lovely garden. Although he had written to us in English, he spoke very little English, and we tried to tell him in German what we wanted. He was a bit vague. He said that when he had first come out here, thirty years ago, there was plenty of game, but now the European women had come and there was no more game. He got our hopes up by saying that he knew where there were four otters, but that also, it developed, had been thirty years ago. He explained that he himself lived "like a Yogi", and the dogs were his children. After admiring his pet loris - a pair with a baby - we drove on to Brastagi.

Here we found the Grand Hotel fortunately had rooms for us.

Brastagi was one of the places I was prepared to be disappointed in. I had heard so much about it at home, and pictured it as too much of a tourist place, with little beyond the climate, the opportunities for sports and swimming, to recommend it. But it really is glorious. Brastagi itself is 4800 feet high, situated on a high plateau, with a view of the mountains (2 2 volcanoes - count them) projecting from the plain ~~in~~. Close to the hotel is Sabayak, that curious volcano with the crater belching steam half way ~~xx~~ up from the foot. Farther away is a more conventional, cone-shaped volcano. The air is crisp and cool, even at mid-day, and the whole country, stretching illimitably to the horizon, is magnificent.

We started out to find the trail up Sabayak - not that we wanted to climb to the crater, but we thought that if there was a three-hour trail through the forest it might be good entomological collecting. We started up the wrong trail, and walked for some miles through cultivated land, finally finding a path that led through pine forest (introduced Japanese pine). However Beirne found a bamboo flower, something that she had been especially eager to get, and the men found one or two interesting insects, and I lapped up the view, so the afternoon was not entirely wasted.

Back at the hotel, we discovered that this was the only place in the East where one could get a hot bath. Then we had a delicious dinner, accompanied by wine in honor of its being the Brues wedding anniversary. Dancing followed, so it was really quite a gay evening.

Here again we found the hotel notices amusing. One noteworthy one was that "chits with unreadable signatures will not be accepted."

June 17 -

We spent the morning seeing some of the country around Brastagi. We went first to Lau Deboek, 11 kilometers by car, and then a fifteen-minute walk through the strangest forest I have ever seen. Gnarled old trees with rust-red bark, stunted and dwarfed, their misshapen roots sprawling over the ground covered with moss, gave the effect of an enchanted, or bewitched forest. The smell of sulphur was noticeable long before one reached the lake, which was pale blue, the color of skimmed milk, and bubbling wherever the sulphur springs

After Tommie had gathered some strange water bugs that inhabited the water, we went on to see the Petani Falls. Another short drive along the road brought us to the entrance to the Falls, and we walked through a most beautiful woods - everybody's ideal of tropical forest, with enormous trees, quantities of ferns, little streams cutting across the path, and because of the high altitude no humidity, and a few flowers that one does not look for in the tropics. Here were violets and bamboo growing side by side, and a curious parasitic flower with tiny yellow blossoms and a pale green fruit looped itself from the branches of a jungle giant. I saw a butterfly with brown wings edged with white, and said "Doesn't it look like a bit of fungus?" A few minutes later I saw fungus growing on another log, and said "Doesn't it look like a butterfly?" Bill found horned flies along the path, - the first time we have found them so far from water. The waterfall itself made a sheer drop of 200 feet, falling from the jungle above over a perpendicular wall of rock. The spray blew in our faces as we tried to photograph it, and rainbows danced in the mist a hundred feet below.

After lunch, we reluctantly turned our backs on Brastagi, and left the gorgeous wind-swept plateau for the lower coast lands. Not before, however, we had picked up a few pieces of Brastagi weaving. The speciality of the place is the white ceremonial scarf, woven by the Bataks, with a border design of bright colors.

The road to Medan winds down and down from the mountains, goes across a level plateau, and then down again, getting hotter with every minute.

June 18 -

We spent one of our characteristically hectic Medan mornings, going to the Bank, the Steamship Company, the K. P. M., the Consulate, Seng Hap the grocer's, and back to the Hotel for lunch. We had good news in the mail Mr. Browne was holding for us - namely that we can have four giraffe from the Port Sudan Zoo in Agusut.

Beirne and Tommie celebrated by buying a tiger skin for Fl.80. Ingle and Marsh of Dolok Merangir were at the Hotel, and very helpful in arranging for us to see the proper officials of the Kerr Steamship Co., which we hope ~~xxxxxx~~ will take us home. Anyone with a cargo of live animals is persona non grata at sea, and we are having great difficulty in getting reservations.

Finally we were off on the long trek to Atjeh. The road leading north from Medan is a beautiful one, wide, smooth, and shaded at first by avenues of teak trees (Which are raised as saplings to build tobacco warehouses), and later by oil palms. The oil palm plantations are very handsome, with their luxuriant leaves, well-kept grass between the trees, ferns growing on the trunks, and the general air of an expensive garden.

We stopped at Tandjang Poera to admire the mosque, which is one of the handsomest ones we have seen, ornamented in color, and accompanied by a stately muezzin tower.

In the evening we reached Kuala Simpang, and stopped at the Boulevard Hotel, which gave us good reistafel, though this is one of the few places we have been ~~in~~ in where the drinking water

was not safe - It is surprising how tired we get of trying to quench a tropical thirst with bubbling bottled water. Our halozyme tablets were again brought in play, but we missed the good water we have in camp -

June 19 - We had stopped in Kuala Simpang to see W.T. Ruppert, an old German animal hunter - Ingey showed that he lived some fifteen kilometers out of town, ^{Seaba Estate, adjoining} on the Aloek Djambou Estate ~~(or Seaba?)~~. ~~There~~

We drove out, ^{C.H.} and were met by Mr. Nijto, who showed us the way through the rubber plantation, ^{crossing a river by one of those ingenious cable bridges,} to Ruppert's house -

It was a frame building, high on a hill, and as we mounted the steps, innumerable dogs began to howl at us. To our disappointment, Mr. R. was not there, but we were greeted by his wife, a lively old native woman -

Behind the house were three orangs, one female, two of the big males with cheek callosities. Everyone here insists that these orangs are a different species, & they have an entirely different name, Manas Buda - Both had been recently captured, one a month ago, the other two weeks ago - They are wicked looking creatures. Their eyes are set too close together, considering the width of their face, and in spite of the general slowness of their movements one of those great long arms can shoot out at you with terrifying speed - On the veranda of the house was a baby orang in a box. Also a box of tupai tanch, the long-nosed ground squirrel, a species we want and so far do not have - A nearby enclosure had a beautiful blue pheasant (species unknown to us). In the house were trophies of Ruppert's years of hunting, including the heads of three solid-casque hornbills -

On our way back we passed plantations of arica palm (from which comes the betel nut), and also a tremendous durian tree, with natives waiting for the fruit to fall. A big pile of the odorous fruits was stacked on the ground ready to be taken to market. As the Benes had not yet

started durian we bought two and sat by the roadside to eat them. They were really delicious, and I enjoyed them much more than I did the first time I ate durian at Ambon. Even the odor was less offensive, and when we returned to Kwala Simpang we stopped in the market and got some more to eat in the evening.

Mr. Mijts invited us to come to his house, where we met his attractive wife and enjoyed a couple of gin and tonics. While we were sitting in the pretty, cool living room, with its view of the river and the jungle beyond, the boy brought a half-grown orang utan through the room, and sat her in a big chair on the terrace outside. A baby orang, about six months old, was also brought in, and the photographers in the crowd went wild, posing the two tame animals. Nellie was the large female; the baby, a male, is named KingKong - a ridiculously inappropriate name at his age. Mr. Mijts assured us that it would grow into one of the Mawa kuda type, however, and then King Kong will be a good name. He told us that both oranges (Nellie has been with them for seven years) had been abandoned by their jungle mothers, picked up by kind-hearted natives, and brought to them to rear. We hear the same story so often that we begin to scoff, as we are also told that natives are fond of orang meat. Anyway, it was a pleasant house, and the oranges are probably safer and happier here than in the jungle.

After lunching at the Boulevard Hotel in Kwala Simpang we drove on to Langsa, over rather rough and very dusty roads. Here we put up at the Hotel Emma, a bright little freshly painted inn with a cordial though very deaf Dutchman in charge. The air was heavy with the sweetness of white blossoms on a large tree. The hotel proprietor could only give us the native name (bunga puteh, meaning white flower) but someone later told us that it was, I think, a form of Eugenia.

June 20 -

We left Langsa at 7.30, and drove all morning through rather open country. Of course we still had rubber plantations and coconut palms, but there was a good deal of scrub country, and more different kinds of palms than we had seen before - arica, pandanus, nipa, and in certain arid stretches the fan palm. There was variety all day in the vegetation. Part of the road ran close to the coast, and mangrove swamps bordered the road closely. Nipa palm grew among the mangroves. We watched eagerly for crocodiles - there were many brackish inlets where porosus should have been plentiful - but there was never even a splash or ripple to betray the man-eater. We went through long stretches of pasture land, where yellow headed egrets by the hundreds paraded among the cows. A long stretch of casuarina trees, planted on both sides of the road, made a lovely shady avenue; these were succeeded by sweet-smelling acacia trees.

The natives, and their houses, also took on a slightly different character, as we got farther and farther in Atjeh. The houses are built high off the ground, and look very shallow in comparison with

the high-pitched roofs of either the Batak or Meningkabau people. A few of them had wood carving - one rather striking example showing an elephant silhouetted in the elaborate fretwork over the door - but most of them are very simple. Walls of the houses were sometimes of wooden planks, sometimes of saplings woven together, sometimes of palm thatched.

The people show a great love of bright colors. A villainous cerise silk was popular with both men and women for blouses, and clashed noisily with their purple or green sarongs. The women are comely, and the men slightly Mongolian in appearance, especially the ones with long drooping moustaches. They are shy, however, and if we stopped along the road to take pictures or to do some collecting they hurried silently past us, instead of gathering in curious groups the way people do in other parts of the country. No children shouted Tabe or Horas as we passed.

We lunched in Lho Semawe, which is right on the coast. A line of casuarina trees on the beach makes the shore very different from either the coconut palm beaches or the mangrove-swamps. We lunched at a funny little hotel called the Cousijns. It was hot, and we were in a hurry, so to save time we tried ordering a cold lunch instead of the customary nasi goreng. We asked for the various cold meats and cheeses that constitute a Dutch breakfast - and sure enough our bill read "4 ontbiets (breakfasts)". Beirne thought we saved a lot of time doing this, but I noticed that Williams, who ~~joined us~~ arrived an hour after we did, and ordered nasi goreng, was finished with his meal as soon as we were.

The open, arid country was between Lho Semawe and Bireuen, and it was here that we saw the fan palm growing.

We had hoped to make Takengon by night, as we are tired of the monotony of the coast country, but it was half past three when we reached Bireuen, and rather than start a hundred-km. drive up into the mountains at that late hour, we put up at the Pasanggrahan. It was a nice little place, run by two Chinese who were especially proud of their kerosene-run Electrolux. Instead of having one large screened section of the bedroom, big enough for two beds as is the custom, we had here two quite separate klambos. In spite of the heat the Mandoer insisted on closing the heavy wooden shutters as soon as it was dark. I opened them two or three times, and finally had the last word and was able to sleep with the dangerous night air coming right into the bedroom.

June 21 -

We started early in the morning, and took all day to get to Takengon. The road begins to climb almost as soon as it leaves Bireuen, and winds up into the mountains, over a ridge and down again, through ravines, over high open grass country, through jungle, eventually into the coffee country. I do not know how high the highest pass was, but ~~the~~ Lake Tawar itself, is something over 4,000 feet altitude.

Half way up we stopped at the little village of Blang Rakal to see Datoek Radja Soedan, one of the most famous hunters of the Atjeh country. He keeps a little ~~country~~ restaurant, and we went through it to get in the back yard, we noticed pictures of the old chief and his son as they appeared in Shoedsack's picture "Rango". We were sorry that the Datoek himself was not at home ~~that~~, but we were told

that he was out in the jungle. He had a big tiger caged in his back yard.

We picnicked beside the road, and stopped to collect in several little ravines. In one of them, where a small stream came out to the road, Bill and Tommie found the largest horned flies either of them had ever seen.

About four o'clock we descended the last mountain ridge, and saw the blue of Lake Tawar, hemmed in by forested hills. The little Pasanggrahan was unusually clean and neat, and although not on the shore of the Lake was near enough to have a view of it.

We wandered down to the market, and were interested in the different types of textiles shown here. In addition to the usual batik, we saw some lovely woven head cloths of fibre and silver thread. We bought several of these metallic pieces. One hideous type of work that is apparently very popular is a jacket or blouse made of stiff black calico, very shiny, and covered with embroidery in bright colors done on a sewing machine. We saw one shop where the machine was simply humming, turning out the modern version of what once must have been an interesting art. In a country where so much weaving is done by hand, these machine-stitched embroideries are most unattractive.

Behind the market flows the river that leads to the Lake. A row of thatched boat houses were built over the water, stretching from one shore to the opposite bank. These are shelters for the fishing boats. The river was humming with industry. Women were ~~batik~~ washing themselves, their vegetables, their children, and their clothes. Men and caribous went swimming ~~chummily~~ together. Canoes went up and down the stream, which incidentally was bordered with W. C.'s. Across the river was a cluster of thatched roofs ~~xxxxxx~~ - a good-sized native kampong.

We had one of the most delicious reistafels at the Pasanggrahan that any of us had ever eaten, and found a young Dutchman, Mr. DeJong, who is also staying here, very good company. He is spending his holidays up here hunting, and is much interested in the animals of the country.

June 22 -

We took a picnic lunch with us, and spent the day following a new road that crosses the high mountains to the south of Takengon. Only 47 kilometers are finished, but eventually the road will be 200 kms. and join the road that starts north from Kaban Jahe. It is a well-built road, but a terrific climb - steadily up and up for 20 kms. We had to do it all in second gear, with the result that the radiator of the car was soon boiling. We stopped to let it cool off, and heard gibbons hooting in the nearby woods. We looked up into the trees, and were delighted to find that we were right under a big troop of the cream-colored, white handed gibbons. It was the first good look we had had at gibbons in the wild, and it was a great thrill to see them running erect along the branches of trees, making their incredible leaps from one tree to another. They were so close we could see their features, and they were almost as interested in us as we were in them, crouching and peering at us with obvious curiosity.

Passengers going by train to Kota Radja
have to spend the night in the Demare,
as the train only runs in the day time.

Siamangs were booming in the forest across the road from the gibbons, and we walked part way up the road to see if we could get a glimpse of them. They, too, came close to get a look at us. Although they were in the tops of trees, they were on the lower side of the mountain, and the tree tops were beneath where we stood. We could see several of the big black fellows very plainly, and they swung from branch to branch, and made the mountains ring with their terrific voices.

Later we saw a big troop of Entellus monkeys in the same locality. A big wild boar dashed across the road and vanished into the forest. We saw several birds that we had not seen before, including two kinds of drongoes and a remarkable long-tailed jay. Much of the vegetation was new to us - lovely little wayside flowers, - and of course thick jungle on both sides of the road all day long. In fact it was too thick and there were few places where we could get into it at all to collect.

The pass, where the road begins to lead down again, is very high (Mr. DeJong says 10,000 feet but I don't think it is that much). Takengon, which is 4,000 is so far below that the country around it seems to be a low plain. From the pass one gets a magnificent view looking out over range after range of mountains.

We had lunch near a little stream. Although it was mid-day the air was crisp and cool. It is grand to collect in the tropics if one gets high enough, and to find rare tropical fauna without shedding a drop of perspiration.

On our return we went down to have a close look at the lake, and particularly at the swimming club, which I had thought of patronising. However, the shores of the lake are rather marshy; the water was full of algae; and with all the native bathing going on so close to the lake the water was really not very inviting.

Nasi goreng for dinner - an excellent one. We took a short walk after dinner. The moon was full and the night was luminous. The air was like ~~xx~~ that of an autumn evening at home - crisp and almost cold. Two blankets were welcome when we went to bed, and we slept like logs for about ten hours.

June 23 -

We left Takengon in the morning, and spent all the forenoon driving slowly down the mountain, stopping to collect wherever the country looked inviting. We had lunch by the side of the road, and Bill found some more big horned flies, and I found a species of Ponerine raiding a Pheidole nest. About two o'clock, when we had covered not more than forty kms. rain began, and it poured all the rest of the way. We stopped at Blang Rakal, making another effort to meet the old Datoek, but today he was in Bireuen. We had hoped that when we got to the lowlands the weather would be clear, but the storm continued until we reached Lho Semawe, about five o'clock.

We stayed this time at another little hotel, the Pension Emma, and ordered a reistafel. Across the road was a big grassy marsh, and the buffalo were coming slowly home, silhouetted against

Van Gundy ter
Besitang

a sky that had turned golden when the rain ceased. A wide rainbow stretched from horizon to horizon, and as dark fell the night was clear and cool.

Mr. J. H. Van Gauns, a former animal dealer, came in from his plantation and we talked with him until quite late. We had hoped he would offer to collect for us, but he said he was out of the animal business now. There is a curious jealousy among Dutchmen out here: he had read in the paper that Dr. Coenraad went with us to New Guinea, Coenraad had written him asking him for animals some months ago, but Van Gauns assumed the animals were for us, and would make no effort to get anything. Had we come to him first, things might have been different. But we had not heard his name until a few days ago - Coenraad had never mentioned him to us. A curious world. One would think that colonials, so far from home, would be more kindly to each other.

June 24 -

We had made an appointment with another animal dealer to have lunch with him in Kuala Simpang. Ordinarily it should have been an easy drive for a morning, over straight roads, but everything that could happen to delay us, did. We lost Beirne's collecting box off the back of the car and had to go back for it. Some of the machinery fell out of the bottom of the car, and Remy had to climb under the Buick and hammer it together again. As a last straw we ran out of gas - fortunately near a small village where Remy was able to buy four liters, enough to get to Langsa with. From the hotel at Langsa we telephoned that we had been delayed, and for the cook at the Boulevard Hotel to start nasi goreng for us. We arrived at 1.30 - our guests had been waiting since 12.

They were W.T. Ruppert and his son. The old man, a bearded, bespectacled German, has caught many of the big oranges now in captivity, and has a reputation as a great hunter. He knew no English, but his son knew a little, and we carried on a weird three-cornered conversation in English and our bad German, with Malay names for animals. Trying to do any business with old Ruppert was difficult, for he refused to put prices on his animals, saying that they were too difficult to catch, and quoting fabulous prices that had been paid in Europe for animals. The only deal we made was to pay him 20 guilders a pair for tupai - a fantastic price, but we haven't been able to get any so far. He is to bring the big orang to Siantar next month. It was captured for Fort de Kock, but the Zoo there, with the permission of the government, is letting us have it.

We paid another call later in the afternoon, on Mr. Van Greuter in Besitang. He is an old gentleman, living in obviously reduced circumstances, who has always been fond of animals and had a small collection of his own. In spite of the poverty of his establishment he still has a tame leopard, a dozen monkeys, several birds, a baby musang, and two beautiful tame otters. He let them out of their cage, and they ran about the place like dogs, squeaking with excitement, letting anyone pet them, begging for food under the dining room window, and completely winning our hearts. As we were leaving Bill said "You wouldn't sell your otters, would you?" and Van Greuter said "No." To which Bill could only say, "I don't blame you."

We spent the night at Pangkalan Branda, stopping at a queer Chinese hotel. I think Europeans are not frequent guests there, and we had difficulty in getting any food or service at all.

June 25 -

We reached Medan in the middle of the morning, and did our usual frantic rushing about, trying to do a month's business in an hour - the Consulate, the bank, the K. P. M. office, Sen Hap's, etc. Bill talked to the agent for the Silverash, and was informed the boat could not stop at Baltimore first, as we had hoped. Going to Halifax late in September is taking an awful chance on weather, and we don't want to do it.

Late in the afternoon we reached camp at Siantar, and as usual it was good to be home again. Here was word waiting for us that the Maharajah of Mysore has shipped two gaur for us to Bombay to be quarantined there, and picked up by us on the way home.

The boys have gathered in some more hornbills, a few new monkeys including a young Entellus that is very tame, and another Felis minuta. Harry, however, is not so well. His digestion is not working properly, and he is far too thin.

All night there were strange new noises in the back yard to keep me awake. Whenever we come back from a trip I have to get used to the pacing of the bear in his big metal lined cage, to the cries of the little wild cats and the roar of the big tiger, and to the conversation carried on by such nocturnal animals as the musang and the squirrels.

June 26 - 28

It has taken three days of hard work to get caught up on correspondence and accounts. The boys' turned over their accounts to me, and I got a statement from the Hotel covering all our expenses since the end of March. Bill wrote dozens of letters, and I began to feel that the office work of this expedition is pretty heavy.

The Brues left on the morning of the 28, headed for Palembang, then Bali, Macassar, and Java.

June 30 -

About six in the evening a pony cart drew up to our front door and a fresh young girlish voice asked if Dr. Mann was here. Out stepped Miss Barbara Lawrence, from the M.C.Z. at Harvard, just landed in Sumatra and in search of information about the animals of the Island. She is collecting dead specimens, birds and mammals, and has just been in the Philippines, where she apparently tramped all over the wilds, living in lumber camps and native villages, doing her own shooting and skinning. We invited her to stay to dinner, and after dinner we took her to the Pasar Malam, the "evening market" or carnival, that is now taking place on the nearest vacant lot.

It was not a particularly good show. But it seemed to be very popular with the natives. All the booths and games of chance were so crowded we could not get close enough to see what was going on. Two small theatres were producing Malay plays, and a man and a woman, on a platform, were doing a very slow and rather uninteresting Malay dance. We did get into the "Chinese-Malay Circus", and watched the one troupe of acrobats, that constituted the entire staff of artists, go slowly through some not very difficult gymnastics. The audience in the little tent was more interesting than the performance, with the flaring lights on their upturned faces, that showed the features of nearly every Oriental race. Two nice old Chinese, a man and his wife, neatly dressed, sat in the front row, and near them were some Chinese tradesmen of the town, plump and prosperous. Behind them were two bearded sikhs, their swarthy faces grinning with pleasure under their snowy turbans. Small boys, Javanese, Malay and Batak, and mixed, howled with merriment at the heavy antics of the clowns. We were the only Europeans there.

July 1 -

Bill's birthday, and a nice one. The Coenraads and Williams and Goud all came to call. We had reistafel, brought over nobly by Horas and his bicycle. I was able to find two presents for Bill in the local shop - a pair of Macassar filigree cuff links, and a Balinese carving of a dancing girl's head. In the evening we lit the Japanese lanterns, put on papaer caps, snapped crackers, and toasted the Tuan Besar in champagne. The T.B. got into a funk over a letter from the Zoo, which was not very clear about financial matters, but we calmed him finally with assurances that everything must be all right, and anyway he could cable tomorrow.

July 4 -

We had expected the Brownes to come up from Medan for a patriotic celebration, but at the last ~~xxxxxxx~~ minute they snet word they could not get away. We had the camp decorated with flags - Dutch, American, and Geographic - and had as close an imitation of an American dinner as we could get - fried chicken, baked beans and ice cream. After lunch the boys put off a few firecrackers, and as we sat on the verandah we decided that it was almost as hot as Fourth of July at home. The dry season is upon us, and even Siantar, which has been very comfortable, gets pretty warm about three in the afternoon. Nights are still chilly however, and that is a blessing.

We took Barbara Lawrence over to Mthew's jungle for a morning's entomological collecting. She is of course still waiting for gun and collecting permits.

Another morning Mr. Lynkamp took us over the Martoba tea estate, which was interesting. Ten thousand acres of tea is quite a lot, and we saw the various processes, from picking the young tea leaves to tasting the finished product in a cup. The factory is a big modern one, air conditioned in order to dry the tea in a specified number of hours, and all so clean-swept and spicy-smelling that a tour makes one a regular tea addict. The Javanese girls who work in the factory are small and amazingly strong. They carried baskets on their back that I could scarcely lift off the ground. Lynkamp told us they

Sun
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- George van Coulig - Davis
 Davis has for now gone - Goldi - Billie with
 to get rid of - Billie with
 new picture - 5 P. Phillips, Lina

Boy with stocking -

(the girls) weighed about eighty pounds, and could carry double their weight if necessary. In the fields a girl can pick about 480 bushes a day. Most of the Sumatra tea goes to London, where it is blended with Ceylon or other tea. By itself it is rather strong, and inclined to be bitter unless brewed very carefully, but it gives good body to lighter teas.

Camp life is full of amusement. Two little Chinese acrobats put on a show for us one morning, one of them being a good sleight-of-hand boy. The personnel of the Circus at the Pasar Malam visited us, and Bill had a grand time talking show business with them. Horas brought us a live centipede in a tin box, and had carefully put in a supply of rice for the critter to eat. We ordered toilet paper from the grocery store and got cayenne pepper. Barbara locks her door at night for fear of wandering pythons, and buys Cross and Blackwell Finest Refined British Table Salt to preserve her specimens. Miss Surbeck invited a boy friend to the hotel in honor of Bill's birthday, and the Coenraads feel hurt because they are not invited to the party, which we did not hear about until Mrs. C. asked us if we had a party at the hotel.

The Monday Night Club sent us a Ringling poster, with letters from all of them written on the back of it. Bill's birthday cake, instead of "Happy Birthday" said "Horas" in pink icing. Such little things as these keep us all happy, and give us something to talk about. We have not seen an American paper since January, and can't get much out of the occasional Dutch papers that come our way. Mrs. Marsh was here the other day, and when we asked her what was happening at home, the only news she could think of was that Jean Harlow was dead.

I discard a pair of silk stockings, and find that the house boy is using them for dish cloths.

July 7 -

Barbara, Bill and I started off fairly early in the morning for Brastagi, and reached there in time for lunch. We went up especially to see Harold Coolidge, and found him flat on his back in bed, having heart trouble as an aftermath of blood poisoning and fever, and very low in his mind having had to abandon his expedition in New Guinea.

The ride up to Brastagi was lovely, but shortly after lunch, which we ate with the Davises and Mrs. Coolidge, rain began to fall, and the afternoon was cold and dismal. Even Sabayk was hidden from view, and dense clouds closed over the view of the rolling sulphur mists that we had seen when we were here before.

We slept most of the afternoon, had tea with the Coolidges, and dinner with the Davises and Mrs. Coolidge. We heard tonight for the first time that Amelia Earhart was missing on her round-the-world flight.

July 8 -

Bill had a bad chill in the night, and felt rotten this morning. We started home about nine o'clock, having the Davis boy

Tom, ride with us, and he filled us with information concerning his school, his riding ponies, and his favorite poetry. Deeply regretted having left his volume of Burns at home, because he wanted me to read Scotch poetry to him.

Upon arrival at camp we learned that one native brought in five hornbills yesterday, thus completing our quota of these astonishing birds. Some of ours are beauties two - we have three tremendous rhinoceros hornbills. They are caught with lime, and come in with their feathers very sticky, but apparently none the worse for the experience.

The Davises were to join us here for lunch, which they did. We had nasi goreng, and enjoyed introducing them to this Malay dish. After lunch Tom vanished into the back yard, to watch the boys feed and care for their charges. As we were sitting on the verandah, peacefully having our glasses of beer, one native boy who speaks a trifle of English came running, breathless, to shout "Snake eats boy!"

Feeling almost too faint to run, we all dashed out in the back yard. Great writhing coils of python were visible on the ground, surrounded by an excited crowd. Davis, his face stiff with fear, came running toward the camp.

"Who is it?" I called.

"Gaddi", he shouted back.

Just then I saw Gaddi leave the group and walk across the yard, holding one hand. He squatted down on a corner of the porch, and wrapped one hand in a stray snake bag. Bill was trying to help Jennier get the python back in its cage. Jennier, his face simply purple, shouted "Somebody take Gaddi to the hospital and take him quick."

We borrowed the Davis' car, and Bill rushed Gaddi to the hospital. Fortunately the wounds were not severe - at, least, Gaddi still had five fingers left. The python had chewed on him for about five minutes before he could be made to let go, and there were a number of nasty cuts. The doctor took four stitches in the palm ~~of his hand~~, and four on the back of his hand. Gaddi came back, still smiling, and although we told him to rest up, he was next seen going down his animal line and feeding his charges with one hand. Later Jennier said that the python had been shifted from one crate to another, and just as the job was completed he told Gaddi to slam down the lid. Before Gaddi could do it, the python got his head out, and grabbed Gaddi's hand. Then the whole fifteen feet of snake got out on the grass, put a couple of coils around Gaddi's arm, and it took the whole staff to separate them.

Bill, still feeling shaky from last night's chill, was not improved by the excitement, or by going around the Zoo ~~twice~~ with three different sets of visitors. At dinner time he gave up and went to bed, and we had to send for the doctor.

July 9 -

Bill still not feeling well, and had to stand for a long lecture from Dr. Meyers on the harmful effects of smoking, and the probability of his actually having nicotine poisoning.

Bill has given our small siamang to Tom Davis, but it was quickly replaced by a lovely brown-furred, almost honey-colored gibbon, with a dark-brown face, almost black, surrounded by a halo of white fur. This is the first specimen we have had of this gibbon, although it is rather widely distributed throughout Sumatra.

July 20-

Bill had a good night and feels better. He had one shock when a message from the hotel was sent over, saying that Harold Coolidge had been taken to the hospital in Medan, and that Mrs. C. wanted us to phone her immediately. Bill dashed over to telephone, but the news was not so bad about Harold: It was simply a question of the altitude of Brastagi being bad for his heart, so he is trying the hospital in Medan instead. What he wanted was to know if we would take home the gibbons which his associate, Carpenter, had collected in Siam.

We bought another python today, - not a remarkable one, except for the way it was delivered. It came in an open, round shallow basket, on the back of a bicycle. Its body was neatly coiled round and round inside, and its head, tied with a piece of string to the edge of the basket, looked out over the edge. It seemed perfectly calm and contented with this method of transportation. One came in the other day tied with a dozen strands of rattan to a bamboo pole. Jennier started to untie it, to be sure it was a good specimen before he bought it, and of course assumed that the courageous captor of the reptile would give him a hand. Instead, the moment the snake was free, everyone ran a mile away, leaving Jennier with a ten-foot python, holding the ~~neck~~ ^{head} in his hand so he would not be bitten, but trying to keep the python from coiling around him. As he said, "We just rolled around the grass together until I got it into a bag. ~~Then~~ It had such bad sores on it that I didn't buy it after all."

July 11 - Sunday

A message came early this morning that a big tiger had been caught in a trap near Dolok Merangir, and would we come and get it. The last time Jennier and Davis went after a tiger it was one that had been caught in a steel trap, and its leg was broken. So Bill went dashing over to the Hotel to telephone. Unfortunately this one was also in a steel trap, so we turned it down. Someone will buy it for the skin. Later another message came, this time direct from Dolok Merangir, that there was a tiger - did we want it? We still did not. In the late afternoon, while the Ingles of Dolok Merangir were here, came a third message. This time it was a small tiger caught in a grogol. Upon investigation, a grogol seemed to be a box trap, and as we were sure that the big tiger had already been shot, we thought it better to send Jennier and Davis to look at ~~this~~ ^{the} one. Armed with a small cage, a gunny sack, and a couple of flashlights, they started out shortly before dusk. At eight-thirty they were back, having driven fifty kms, and walked about five, only to find that they were chasing the same old tiger. Rumors spread as fast in this country as anywhere else, only this was an unusual way to vary the tale, with the tiger growing smaller instead of bigger every time the tale was told.

We had a nice visit with the Ingles. He is doing his best to persuade the Silverash to go into Baltimore first, and the Goodyear people are offering extra freight as an inducement. Indeed, from his description of it, I can imagine tigers and pythons being well-cushioned on the homeward journey, with tons of rubber to soften any bumps in the ocean.

The usual Sunday afternoon crowd came, asking permission to see the animals. One Dutch crowd that we unwittingly let in had had a few too many drinks, and had us very nervous. One man picked up a djeruk bali that Barbara had proudly bought in the market this morning, and bowled it between the baby bears, and finally fed it to the American bear, holding it in his hand while he did so. Another one in the party thought it was funny to tease Harry while he was having his dinner. When I asked him to leave the tiger alone, he said "But he didn't bite me". I didn't care about that - but Harry has had tummy troubles again and I didn't want the tiger disturbed. A woman with them let the Himalayan bear cubs lick her face - both cubs bite any of us on no provocation. We were glad when our merry friends got out of our kampong whole.

July 12 -

We were having breakfast when a big truck drew up in front of the camp with a load of animals from Fort de Kock. Mr. Nutzman, the manager, had come with them, and it was like undoing Christmas presents to see the crates and boxes he had brought. A female tapir, & two kinds of porcupines were the only animals, but he brought the most gorgeous birds, including fairy bluebirds, silver-eared throats, barbets and bulbuls, argus pheasants, hornbills and frigate birds.

We had a good day, on the whole, adding one bamboo rat, one entellus monkey and three more hornbills to our menagerie. A squirrel escaped, but was caught again - our boys are pretty good when they can outrun a squirrel!

We had plenty of callers - first Nutzman, who had lunch with us and spent the day; Helen Coolidge, who also lunched with us, and had an Italian Consul in tow; DeJong, from Dolok Ilir came to say good-bye, and brought me a lovely old Meningkabau silver bracelet; also the Coenraads were both here in the evening.

The Dutchman who had us so worried yesterday by feeding the animals embarrassed us further by sending me a bunch of flowers and a djeruk bali to replace the one he fed to the bear.

Bill feels better, and has been assured that he will be able to take giraffe out of Port Sudan and still comply with the quarantine regulations. Jennier cheered us all up at dinner when the talk turned to "Where is our Pispis collector?" by remarking languidly "The little town they loved so much they named it twice."

July 13 -

Spent most of the day listing our animals for the customs

officials. We have 82 mammals, 157 reptiles, and 1557 birds - a total of 1790, of which 790 are not rice birds.

Another cable from Washington says that we will be able to take gaur out of Bombay after a 6-weeks quarantine, inasmuch as they have been in the Mysore Zoo before being shipped to Bombay.

July 15 -

Packing up after living in a place for nearly five months is a strenuous business, especially when the place is as lively and full of interest as our camp. We had a farewell luncheon with the Coenraads, nasi goreng for probably the last time, and we were allowed in the kitchen to see how it was prepared. We want to make it after we go home, and the secret seems to be that it is stirred in a cast-iron, round-bottomed pan.

In the evening we drove over to Dolok Merangir for dinner with the Ingles, who have certainly been nice to us out here. They have a charming house, with just enough touches of teak and brass and batik to give an effect of richness without cluttering the rooms. For dinner we had chocolate ice cream, and as I suppose we will never eat ice cream again without remembering how fond Davis and Jennier are of it, we said something of the sort aloud. Whereupon Mr. Ingle insisted that we take some home to them, and when we got in the car to go home, there was a big freezer, packed in ice. The boys had gone to bed, but not to sleep, and they sat up in bed, and simply demolished about a quart and a half.

July 16 -

It was hard to leave camp and the boys, but we hated saying good-bye to Siantar, and to Mr. Goud at the Hotel, too. Good old Goud's eyes filled with tears as we drove off.

Bill had invited Mr. Klein, the traffic manager of the railroad, to lunch with us at the DeBoer, and when Klein told us what the railroad was prepared to do for us, we could hardly believe in our good fortune. We can have their assistance in loading, have a special train at night if necessary, and the railroad and the shipping people are going to work together so that the animals can be spared as much handling and as many delays as possible.

We had an amusing conference with the Consul in the afternoon, going over all the formalities that have to be complied with in shipping animals - some of the regulations being compiled by the Dutch government and some by our own. The question of Consular invoices was a staggering one; our list varies so from day to day, the boys are busy enough feeding and cleaning stock without spending all their time on paper work, and Bill admitted that he had never had to invoice animals before. "What are the invoices for?" we asked. "For the Customs in the United States." "But," we chorused, "We don't have to pay any ~~money~~ duty. These animals are government property." Then followed a search through the rules and regulations to find out what

exactly is exempt from consular invoices. "Merchandise consigned to the United States Government" is one thing, and we decided - may the powers that be sustain us - that tapirs and gibbons and dicky birds are "merchandise".

In the evening we met Dr Picard, the government veterinarian who has to give us certificates that our hoofed stock is free from rinderpest, contagious pleuropneumonia, surrah and foot-and-mouth disease, and that our apes, cats and dogs are free from rabies.

Mr. Ven den Weerd, the shipping agent, had dinner with us. It seems now fairly definite that the Silverash will not go to Baltimore for us, and the conversation during dinner was pretty acrimonious. Just what Bill thought of the Kerr Company for refusing to let us charter the boat and steer it where we please was pretty lurid.

July 17 -

We had a busy morning, seeing the bank, the Straits Steamship Co., and various wholesale merchants who are to supply food for our stock on the homeward run. We ordered more than a ton of bananas, one hundred dozen eggs, papaya, salt, grass, chicken mash, and other things.

Back in the hotel, we were handed a letter from Carpenter, who had taken offense at Bill's unwillingness to assume responsibility for Carpenter's gibbons. I was simply foaming I was so indignant at anyone's writing to Bill in that tone of voice, and just then Helen Coolidge turned up saying sweetly, "See who's here" and it was Carpenter. It was really fortunate, because he and Bill started kidding each other about the letter, and no ill feelings will follow.

We had a large lunch party - Helen, Carpenter, Mrs. Carpenter and her sister, Van den Weerd, Williams and the two of us, and the lunch was reistafel - a darn good one, too.

After lunch we went out to the Zoo, and Bill picked out some of the animals he would like to have to take home with us, adding principally two half-grown orang utans to our collection.

In the evening we had Berthold and Audretsch at the hotel for dinner, and the talk was all of animals.

July 18 -

We had cholera inoculations this morning, on account of the very recent epidemic in Siam. Then Epperlein's for sausage and yoghurt, then to call on Harold Coolidge, who is not as well this morning. The poor boy is certainly having a terrible time trying to build up strength for the homeward journey.

We sailed from Belawan on the Kedah at five o'clock. Carpenter went down with us, and we stopped for a few minutes to see his gibbons, which were aboard the City of Singapore. He has

nine of them, varying in color from black to blonde, all in nice large cages with perches and bars ~~for the monkeys~~ overhead. They were parked outside the Captain's cabin, and the Captain seemed to be fond of them already. One little pale golden one was very tame, and romped over the Captain's bed and into his tea without being reprimanded.

The Kedah is a fine small boat, trim and white and speedy. The Brownes were on board, and we all had dinner together - and a very good dinner, too, with button quail on toast.

July 19 -

It was pouring rain when we pulled into Penang, early in the morning. We went ashore and walked as far as the railroad station, stopping at the post office to send some letters and cables. Penang is said to be a beautiful island, but we saw nothing of it, except the arcaded fronts of the office buildings near the wharf, the narrow passageways where we tried to walk to avoid the rain, and where we had to step over old men and women sitting on the sidewalk and spitting betel nut juice. It was easier to walk in the puddles of rain in the street. The railroad station is famous for having no trains in it. You buy your ticket at the office, and then go across the street and take the ferry over to Prai, on the mainland.

The train left at 9.40 - a European-style train with compartments known as "cabins" and a good dining car, with Siamese stewards. We sat most of the day in the diner so that we could see the country on both sides of us. For an hour and a half we went through solid rubber plantations - not a break except for an occasional small railroad station. There were four hours of Malaya - the districts of Kedah and Perlis. After the rubber come open plains and rice pawahs. Lunch was our first Siamese curry, which has an entirely different flavor from the curry we are accustomed to, perhaps due to the fact that the powder is mixed with coconut milk to make the sauce.

Padang Besar is the border station, and polite customs officials came aboard the train. "Have you anything to declare?" "No" said we, and he bowed and started away. "What is dutiable?" Bill asked, and learned that only fire-arms are forbidden, and only merchandise for sale is dutiable. The Customs man was followed by the Immigration officer, and Bill made him look at our unnecessary Siamese visa. A traveler can only stay in Siam thirty days without putting up bond, but as we have only a week there was no trouble on that score. He did want to know "How old your Missis?"

All afternoon we watched the moving picture outside our car windows. A few plantations of young rubber showed that Siam has aspirations to compete with Malaya. Most cultivation was devoted to the inevitable rice. Buddhist priests in gold-colored robes wandered through the rain, sometimes holding paper umbrellas over their heads. From time to time curious rocks jutted straight up out of the flat country, high cliffs against the gray sky, and toward evening we came into real mountain country, where a thick jungle spread on both sides of us, and the train needed an extra engine to push it up the steep slopes of the hills. Men and women on the station platforms

look much alike, as the Siamese country woman has close-cropped hair, and her sarong is tucked up between her legs to give an effect of baggy trousers.

July 20 -

While we were having breakfast we had a glimpse of the sea, and learned that we were at Hua Hin, a famous seaside resort. Later in the morning we stopped for some minutes at Petchaburi, long enough to see the temples high on the hills above the town, and to notice the curious bicycle-rickshaws that furnished transportation.

The Siamese countryside is a land of spires - the rocky hills, the temples, even the huge termite nests have a similarity to each ~~other~~ to the other.

And always and always there are rice fields, where men and women toil under huge hats that look like inverted wastepaper baskets. Egrets, marabou storks, and brilliant fairy blue birds fly over the flooded sawahs.

It was just noon when we pulled into Bangkok. From pictures, I had imagined the whole city to be one of spires, and from the railroad Bangkok is a disappointment, for one sees nothing but one-story wooden shacks, some of them thatched, but many with the inevitable corrugated iron roofs. The American charge d'affaires met us at the station, as did a half dozen newspaper photographers. How funny to have one's picture in a Siamese paper, with that curious language making square-cut decorations above and beneath it that are illegible to us!

We drove to the Oriental Hotel, which has the most unprepossessing approach of any hotel I have ever seen. One turns off New Road, which for the Main Street of Bangkok is singularly unattractive, down a narrow gravel road called a lane, and stops at the hotel door before one can even see the hotel, so hemmed in by lumber yards and silver smiths is it. The hotel itself is large, airy, and opening onto a green lawn that runs to the river's edge. Upstairs a wide verandah runs completely around the building, and the big, high-ceilinged rooms open off this - a cool and pleasant arrangement.

Lunch at the Legation took a long time, and was very nice. The ~~Chapmans~~ are most hospitable, and offered to do anything they could for us. After we had left them we called at the shop of P. Siah, a taxidermist, who has a few animals in his back yard, one monkey, a few birds, and quite a number of snakes, including two huge pythons, a king cobra, and an albino cobra.

Mr. Minnigerode, the Consul, came in to call about six o'clock, and took us out to the Sports Club for dinks - a big, old fashioned building, with a beautiful swimming pool and a cool lawn where we lay back in rattan chairs and drank gin slings and wondered how people ever settled down to life at home after being spoiled to death in the East.

Mr. Minnegerode had dinner with us at the hotel. Later we went to a Siamese theatre, where the high-pitched, almost chanted dialogue was unintelligible and hence uninteresting to us, but the costumes and music worth the evening. The orchestra sat in a niche to one side of the stage, and consisted of two xylophone-like instruments, a drum and a pair of cymbals. Both men and women actors wore the curious high, pagoda-like head dresses, gilded, heavy silk costumes ~~and~~ plastered with artificial jewels. The audience was as good as the play, surprisingly juvenile however. There were some adults, but the vast majority were children, and some of them sat on the stage during the performance.

After the theatre we went to How Thin Lau, a Chinese restaurant with a roof garden on the fourth floor, and danced to quite good jazz music until 12.30. Bill enjoyed dancing with some of the little Siamese and Chinese "hostesses" of the establishment.

June 21 -

We called at the Legation in the morning, and went with Mr. Chapman to call on Phya Jolamark, the head of the Department of Agriculture. He was a little dubious about finding gibbons in Bangkok, a little disappointed that our time here is so short and he cannot take us to the jungle. He was I think, all prepared to lead our expedition to some grand country, and it is too bad we cannot follow him.

He did take us to some Chinese bird stores, and in one of them we found three gibbons, one of them a baby one. One is gray, one yellow-white, and one black, and we bought them all. When we came back to the hotel, and asked where we could keep them, the hotel manager had no suggestions whatever, so in spite of his pained protests we took them to our room. After lunch I took the baby out of the cage to play with her. She loves to hang around on'es neck, and is really the most appealing little animal I have seen for a long time. When I put her down on the floor or on the bed, she sticks out her tongue, spread her long arms, and runs to me as fast as she can. But when she has to go back in her cage, she cries like a human baby, and I wonder how long our neighbors in the hotel will enjoy her.

Mr. Minnigerode took us for a drive around the city in the afternoon, taking us through the "original city", where are the Royal Palace and the many government buildings, and ending up at the Polo Club, where we met Dr. Jones, a vet, who offered to house our gibbons for us temporarily.

July 22 -

Up at quarter to six, and after a hasty cup of coffee in the room we went downstairs, met Mr. Minnigerode, and went with him for a motor boat ride through the klongs, or canals, of Bangkok. For many years there was no way of getting about the city except by canal, and the whole place is a web of them. We started down the Menam River, and turned off into a canal that took us way out to the outskirts of the city. Here was river life at its most industrious. Shops and houses make a

solid wall along the waterfront. There was no curtain of privacy between us and the Siamese and Chinese going about their daily concerns - cooking, washing, eating, on the raised platforms of their little wooden houses. Steps led down to the river from each house, and sampans of all sizes were moored in front of each dwelling. Men, women and children were bathing, brushing their teeth, doing their laundry, washing dishes, cleaning vegetables in the brown fluid that we would be afraid to touch. Williams dipped his hand over the edge of the boat to see how dirty the water really was, and Minnegerode exclaimed in horror: "Heavens, man, don't do that: Think of the cholera germs!" A little later a passing motor boat splashed both me and Minnegerode, so if there were cholera germs, it was a bit difficult to avoid them. We were glad that we had had anti-cholera serum before we left Medan.

One of the klongs led through the "floating market", one of the most amazing sights in the world. The canal was packed solid with little boats, so that I wondered how we would ever get through. For a couple of miles sampans clogged the ~~wake~~ canal like so many water hyacinths, a solid mass of them, but they parted to let us through, much as water weed does for a canoe. All sorts of fruits and vegetables were for sale, and although it seemed as though everybody was selling and nobody was buying, there must have been a real and organized market idea in back of it.

On our way back, we stopped at the Wat Arun, ^{or Temple of the Dawn,} and climbed from the boat up the rather rickety and very steep steps to the temple grounds. A central tower, or phra prang, rises to a height of 150 feet, and is surrounded by four smaller towers. Stone steps lead up the front of the tower, and there is a walk or terrace around it, from which one can see the niches, and the statues in them, that decorate the four smaller towers. High above one's head are other statues, some of the Moon God riding on a white horse, others of Indra, King of the Gods, on a three-headed elephant. The buildings are constructed of brick covered with plaster, and the whole thing is decorated with pieces of porcelain. When the temple was being built - it took twenty years - there was not enough money for the decoration, and the faithful were called on to give their porcelain ware for this purpose. Set into the plaster, therefore, are thousands of plates, saucers, little bowls of the kind used for tea, and fragments of larger porcelain pieces. Some of the blue china known as willow ware is there, and pieces of rose and yellow and green. Close up, the effect is merely curious, but from even a little distance, so artistically was the placing planned, the effect is flower-like and lovely. From considerable distance the whole place looks as though it might have been built of cloisonne. In the 150 years since the temple was built, pieces have been broken and others taken away by curio hunters, but this method of decoration has survived time and the elements remarkably well.

Later in the day we went to the Pasteur Institute, where serum is made for the treatment of snake bite. Three large pits contain king cobras, ordinary cobras, and kraits and Russells vipers. ~~Under the~~ Two attendants, dressed in white, but wearing no gloves or high boots or any sort of protection, put a ladder down from the wall, and climbed into the first pit, that of the king cobras. They lifted the dome-like shelters off the ground, and the horrible long reptiles came wiggling out. The men showed absolutely no

concern as they walked about among them. Picking up a big snake by the back of the neck, one man held the reptiles, while the other put a glass slide into its mouth. Its teeth and fangs crunched down on the glass, and a teaspoon~~xxx~~full of thick yellow poison trickled out. The attendant carelessly tossed the snake into the narrow moat of water that surrounds the edge of the pit, and they both came out, and proceed to the next pit. Here were the ordinary cobras - dozens of them. Many of the little shelters were lifted, so that the place was simply swarming with the menace of death. The Siamese stood in front of one cobra, made a gesture toward it, and it rose and spread its hood. Still facing it, he bent over, grasped it six inches below the head, moved his hand steadily upward, closing the hood as he did so, until he had the cobra by the neck. Then it, too, was milked. It was the most incredible, and nonchalant, handling of poisonous snakes that we had ever seen. Only with the Russell's viper was any particular caution shown. These reptiles were handled with long metal tongs.

We had lunch at the Legation, then took our gibbons over to Dr. Jones. Later in the afternoon we had tea with Phya Jolamark, head of the Department of Agriculture, and there we met Bill's old friend, Nai Aab, now Phya Salwidhan. They met for the first time in 23 years, and it seemed to be a happy reunion. Kungying Jolamark was very charming and hospitable, let us watch the Siamese pancakes which she served us being prepared - on charcoal braziers the batter was spread very thin, cooked to a crispness that crackled, spread with shrimp, coconut and seasoning, and folded over - a rick but delicious dish.

July 23 -

Phya Salwidhan took us, in the morning, to the Wat Phra Keo, the Temple of the Emerald Buddha - an amazing fairy land of golden pagodas, glittering temple roofs, glass-studded walls that glitter in the light, surrounded by a wall and corridor, the inside of which is frescoed the entire length with scenes from the Ramayana - small figures, detailed landscapes, lots of gold paint, an infinite amount of work. The temple itself is a beautiful building, with doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl on lacquered teak, and with hundreds of little bells tinkling overhead. A great golden altar inside has a high reliquary in which is the famous Emerald Buddha, a figure 60 cms. high, cut out of a solid piece of green jasper. It is clad in vestments of gold and jewels, and is so high that in the dim light one cannot get a very good view of it. Around the temple grounds are many grotesque guardian figures, with grimacing masks and high pointed head-dresses; bronze elephants; statues of the bird God (Kinarā ?), demons, and all the complicated mythological figures of the Buddhist tradition. Hindu and Chinese figures have also been brought in, and carved stone statues of indubitable antiquity mingle with the more modern representations of the gods. One of the sights of the Wat Phra Keo is the model of Angkor Wat, a reminder of the beautiful ruins that Siam lost to the French.

Phya Salwidhan then took us to the stables where the royal white elephants were kept. He warned us in advance that they were white in name rather than in appearance. One of them had a blotched and pinkish appearance; one very tall one had a pink trunk and pink mottlings on his ears. We fed them both sugar cane, and

their attendants made them bow their thanks to us.

We drove out to Phya's house, and met his wife. Then we all went down town to the Chinese restaurant How Thin Lao, where we had shark's fin soup, some delicious fish, and a dish of Siamese curry prepared by Madame S. in her own house. She also brought a big bowl of peeled rambutans. This fruit has a pleasant, slightly acidic flavor, but is so difficult to eat that I had never cared much for it. When it is peeled and seeded - a difficult process and one requiring a special kind of knife, sharp and narrow - one can really get enough to taste the juicy, delicate meat, and it is very good indeed.

Mr. Minnigerode had invited us to dinner, and we found ourselves again that same evening at How Thin Lao's. We had a Chinese dinner, with duck skin, pounded prawns, mushrooms, and other delicacies. After dinner we went upstairs and danced until twelve-thirty, Bill getting a great kick out of dancing with the little Siamese and Chinese girls again.

July 24 -

It rained steadily all morning, and we were glad of an excuse to sleep late, and rest up after all our activities. Just before lunch we walked down to the nearby market, admiring the great variety of fruit and green things that Siam raises and eats. Near the market was a Chinese medicine shop, and among the remedies on display were dried sea horses, and tiny seed pearls.

After lunch we went with Phya S. to see Wat Po, one of the oldest and most beautiful temples here. Peace and serenity seemed to hang in the golden haze of late afternoon. Golden-robed bonzes wandered about, presumably meditating. A couple of men were spreading corn on the stone walks to dry, and sweeping it up again with bamboo brooms. ~~xxxxxx~~ Groups of small statues stood in a veritable rock garden, which was sheltered by a green tree. Once inside the temple gate we found ourselves in a corridor where there were many statues of Buddha, gilded, all alike, making a row long enough to have real perspective, grading the statues from the highest one near us to the one that seemed small because it was so far away. The big temple here contains the famous reclining Buddha, 150 feet long, rather shapeless, with most of the gilt worn off, impressive only for its size. One golden curl which had fallen off stood on a nearby table, and it alone was as big as a man's head. In another temple was a rather lovely gilded bronze statue of Buddha, high on a carved altar, and faced by eight of his disciples. ~~Before~~ At the foot of the altar were two big beeswax spheres, elaborately molded and colored a rather giddy pink - a gift from the King to the temple of wax to be used in the temple candles throughout the forthcoming year. The outside of the temple has curved and pointed gables which are covered with bronze colored glass, shimmering in the sunlight like gold and most effective. The temple gates are guarded by many of the same figures we have seen in the other Wats, and also by a curious tall stone figure of a Chinese admiral, in top hat, buttoned coat, flowing tie, floppy trousers and high boots.

This is the beginning of the Buddhist Lent, and the temples are all full of worshippers, who bring with them flowers and gifts of candles and spheres of wax. The air is heavy with the odor of the flowers and of the fragrant beeswax.

In the evening we went with the Salwidhans to Saranrom Park, where a Buddhist fair was being held. In small booths various articles were for sale, and refreshments were being cooked over rosy braziers. In a small theatre a troop of dancers were performing, and although the place was packed to the doors and we could only get glimpses of the dance by standing on tiptoe and looking in through the windows, the effect of the dancers, wearing masks, the conventional head-dresses, and sparkling gem-studded silk costumes, was very beautiful, and I would have enjoyed a closer and more adequate view of the posturing that constitutes a Siamese dance. We were more fortunate in hearing a Siamese orchestra, for we were invited right into their pavilion, seated beside the drums, and given a most interesting concert. Here again we heard the xylophone-like instrument, and also gongs, fifteen or twenty of them, arranged in a semi-circle, mounted on a wooden base, constituting a single instrument played by one man. Two xylophones, two sets of gongs, one flute, and four drums, made up the orchestra. They were accompanied by a chorus of five yong girls, chanting the story of Buddha's life. It was interesting to see, even if the music meant little to Occidental-trained ears.

July 25 -

Up early, and out to the Polo Club at eight o'clock, to watch the jumping competition between the Bangkok Polo Club and the Siamese cavalry officers. They had beautiful, spirited horses, but the track was slippery and treacherous. Time and again the horses refused the jumps; there were many spills, one of them a bad one when a Siamese broke his shoulder. The riding over, we had an elaborate breakfast, and then went on to the Sports Club for a swim. The pool here is a beauty, and the ^{meeting} place is a social meeting for Bangkok society on Sunday mornings. We met the Cullings, and others whom we knew, and sipped cold drinks and ate curry puffs between swims.

In the afternoon we went with the Salwidhans to the National Museum, where in a fine old palace are housed the artistic and historic treasures of Siam. There were many cases of Buddhas of all ages and of all materials - gold, bronze, stone, plaster, etc. A carved ivory howdah that once belonged to the Royal Family took my eye, as did the display of richly colored, handwoven silks. Here was a case of old Siamese money, and I was surprised to learn that the type that is now used only by souvenir hunters for buttons once existed in pieces as big as your fist and worth eighty ticals. A print of Buddha's foot, in bronze, with each toe as big as an ordinary man's foot is one of the exhibits, as is also a model of the tooth, a replica of the original in Kandy. The tooth itself is something over an inch in length. Many bells, gongs and drums tempted Bill to test them for tone, but when he struck one of them Phya looked startled, and explained that the accompanying Siamese text said that if you wanted a child to strike this bell. Whereupon Bill struck it five times more. Old manuscripts are housed in lovely cases of inlaid wood. There are beautiful exhibits of armor and of ceramics - in fact all the arts, industries, and customs of ancient Siam are here shown at their best.

A ride through "silver street", where dozens of open-fronted shops display a dazzling amount of silver work, finished the afternoon. We bought a jade ring and a pair of cuff links, and called it a day.

July 25
Cocktail party at
Shultzes -
Munigrode here for
dinner.

$$\begin{array}{r} 133 \\ 66 \\ \hline 67 \end{array}$$

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All the Americans in Bangkok were invited to the house-warming party of the Scholtzes, and we were taken along. We left about nine, and brought Minnegerode back to the Hotel to dinner with us.

July 26 -

We buzzed around town trying to find out some information about trains and boats, in order to get away from Bangkok, much as we like it. Bill was taken to call on the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and we both went down to the Traffic Manager of the Siam Railways, who unfortunately did not speak English. Having two interpreters rather bungled things up, and when Bill brought up the question of getting rates, one of them said vaguely "I think we must charge you double."

We had lunch at Minnegerode's place, and dinner at the Legation - the only formal dinner we have been to since leaving Singapore last March. Had to brush hunks of mildew off our evening clothes.

July 27 -

In the afternoon we saw the Royal Palace, by special permit, which stipulated that men must wear neckties and coats, and ladies must wear stockings. ~~The building that is usually being lived in is not open to the public at the moment, but the throne hall is with its gorgeous royal~~ The Royal Palace itself, an impressive structure in Italian Renaissance style with a Siamese roof, is temporarily closed. We saw, however, the throne hall, which is a building by itself. The throne is of mother-of-pearl inlay, as are the steps leading to it. Over it is the white, nine-tiered umbrella. ~~The~~ Behind the throne is a golden shrine for the image of Buddha, but it was empty when we were there. The walls of the great room look as though they were covered with wall-paper, but on close inspection it develops that they are painted with small water color scenes on plaster, in a regular all-over pattern. On our way to the audience hall we passed a slightly raised platform, and were told that this was the elephant mounting block. The audience hall was tremendous, much mother-of-pearl inlay, fine painting on the walls, curtains heavy with gold leaf, and at the end, another shrine and another throne.

Later in the afternoon we went to Bangkok Christian College for tea, and met many American missionaries, and many Siamese Christians. In the evening we went to the Cullings' for dinner.

July 28 -

We learned that the S. S. Malini, of the Siam Steam Navigation Line, would sail this afternoon at three, so we had a busy morning packing, and getting our specimens together. Five nice gibbons arrived this morning by train from Chieng Mai, and the Pasteur Institute is giving us two king cobras, and five each of Siamese cobras, kraits, and Russell's vipers. All our belongings had to be taken out by launch to the steamer, which was tied up in the Menam. We found the ship a nice little one, 1200 tons, with Danish officers, Chinese boys, and a Siamese

crew. Our menagerie was stowed on the promenade deck, and we made efforts to feed and water the stock before dark.

July 29 - At Sea

We were up early, and cleaned cages and fed gibbons. Most of the cages are totally unsuited to the animals they contain, and we asked if the ship's carpenter had any spare time on his hands in which to do a bit of remodeling. There is no ship's carpenter, but one of the sailors is said to be handy with tools, and will help us out tomorrow.

All morning we were anchored off Koh si Chang, ^{an} ~~the~~ island where we took on a load of rice. We went ashore for an hour or so, bought some fresh vegetables for our beasts, and found a man who had twelve white squirrels to sell.

July 30 - At Sea

We were tossed about a good deal all night, and woke to find rain and waves sweeping across the decks. Our gibbons were pretty well protected by tarpaulin, but we worried a good deal about their catching cold. Two of them had colds to start with, and this should not help matters any. I held Stengah, the baby, on my lap most of the afternoon - in fact until Stengah got seasick, when she was firmly put back in her cage, and promptly began eating bananas.

Toward evening the weather moderated, and animal keeping was a little simpler. The carpenter has fixed the cages so that it is possible to feed and clean without letting all the inmates loose.

July 31 - At Sea

Two casualties: the white squirrels gnawed through their wooden cage, and two escaped. One was caught again, but one jumped overboard. Also a Russell's viper died. I hated to see Bill open the big box that was full of these creatures, but none of them moved, and he was able to remove the corpse with no trouble at all, and throw it overboard, where it floated, belly-up, looking more poisonous than ever.

We went ashore at Tumpat, in Kelantan, one of the Unfederated Malay States. We found that Kelantan was famous for batik work, and bought four more sarongs. Also some feeding pans, and some more fruit for our pets. The little town was decorated with flags and lanterns, and patriotic slogans in honor of the recent birthday of the Sultan. A great deal of the morning was spent at the Club, where we were taken with true British hospitality, and teated to gin tonics and beers. News reached the captain that there was a cargo waiting for us a few miles back up the coast, so we turned around and went back to Siam to get it. This little jaunt from Bangkok to Singapore, which looks so short on the map, is going to take longer than an Atlantic crossing on a big boat.

August 1-

Yesterday we sent a cable to a Danish planter/at Trenganu asking if there were any animals in the vicinity of his plantation. Today we anchored off shore, blew our whistle, and out came a launch in which rode an enormous Dane. He climbed up the ship's ladder with a wicker basket under his arm, and in the basket was a peacock. With many apologies he explained that the cable had reached him just as our ship rounded the bend, and he had had no time to make any inquiries. However, he did have a peacock in his backyard which he was happy to present to the Geographic Expedition. The Malini runs as casually as a private yacht. The Captain and the other officers were so happy to see Mr. Juul again, that long after his 150 ~~xxxx~~ bags of rice were unloaded, and the ship could have got under way again, they all sat in the little dining saloon, drinking Swedish punch (in the morning), and swapping yarns.

August 2 -

In spite of delays, we got into Singapore almost on schedule. It was lunch time when we sailed into the harbor, and I watched eagerly for a glimpse of the Silverash, the ship that is to take us home. One Silver boat was anchored a little distance away from us. She was between two enormous freighters, and looked so little that I began to have decided qualms about crossing the Atlantic in a ship of that size. On closer examination she turned out to be the Silverwillow, and I could still hope that our ship was to be a sizeable one.

Coming ashore, we learned to our dismay that this is a Bank Holiday - the first Monday in August - and all offices were closed. We sent a message back to the Malini asking them to feed and water our stock, and take care of it over night. Registering at the hotel, we were delighted to find that Dr. Schultz of Johns Hopkins, who has been in Borneo with the Coolidge crowd, had also just arrived, and we had quite a reunion.

Late in the afternoon we went down to the Silverash, which was tied up at the Empire Dock. It seemed an enormous freighter when one stood on the deck, and the laugh was on me when we learned that it was a little smaller than the Silverwillow. Captain Rowe has had a lot of teasing about his animal shipment, and we had to do a lot of reassuring, saying that the animals would be no trouble at all - to anybody except us.

August 3 -

We called first on the Consul, and picked up a bunch of mail. Then over to Harrisons and Barker, the agents for the Kerr Line. The first thing to do was to get our gibbons off the Malini before she sailed, and the agents promised to take care of that. After calling on various government departments in regard to permits, we dropped in at the office of DeSouza, and found that Floyd Smith of Shanghai had been in there looking for us. He was passing through Singapore on the Andre LeBon, on his way to Europe, and we promptly got in touch with him and asked him to

lunch with us. Poor Floyd started out from Shanghai with a giant panda, and it died at sea. If anything could be more heart-breaking than that I can't think of it. He has on board at present 48 rare pheasants, and three Chinese alligators. Bill begged one of the alligators from him, and we all went down to the Andre LeBon, a big Messageries Maritime boat, took off one alligator, and carried it by taxi to the Silverash. This is the way animal collections are built up!

We went out to the DeSouza's in the evening. He is busy working with a movie outfit, a picture that seems to be called "Boola" and is laid in Singapore. DeS. is supplying the animals, and has little that he wants to sell to anyone else. He has taken good care of our blue sheep, and kept them alive in spite of the trying Singapore climate. The weather is very bad, just now. There has been no rain for a week, and days are hot and nights stifling. We sleep under an electric fan - always a bad idea, and I have caught a cold.

Capt. Rowe, and the Captain of the Silverwillow were dining at the hotel, and we had them join us.

August 4-

We started out in the morning to visit some of the Chinese bird shops, but inasmuch as a story appeared in today's paper about "three big animal men" (Bill, Smith and Schultz) being in town, prices were silly. One man had a bear cub which he valued at \$5 last time we were in town, but this morning he asks 25 for it. A baby tiger, just about Harry's size, was priced at \$280. The Chinese who owned the latter took us out to The New World, where he has a small animal show, and showed us a huge Himalayan bear, a rickety leopard, a small wild cat, and a few other things, none of which we bought. As we left him at his store again, I noticed a sign over the door which said that he was also the agent for "leprosy pills."

We went out to Basapa's Zoo in the afternoon, and arranged for quite a number of things, including a young Borneo orang utan.

In the evening we had dinner with the McEnellys, and had a very pleasant evening. Mr. McE. had two telegrams for us, one giving us permit for our extra birds, and the other giving us the cubic contents of our Siantar shipment - 2500 feet. We had been worrying for fear it might be much more than that.

August 5 -

We spent the morning with Basapa at the hotel, and then went out to Johore to have lunch with the Tungku Makota. It was nice to see our mountain lions and bear and raccoons looking well and plump. The Tungku had our shipping cages for us, and two black panthers and a no-wattled cassowary to put in them. We watched his men shifting the panthers from their Zoo cages to the shipping crates, and it was quite an exciting performance, with much shouting in Malay before the crates were finally hoisted to a big red and gold truck and driven down to the ship.

The Tungku is a great Zoo enthusiast, and he and Bill

talked animals excitedly all through lunch.

In the evening we had dinner with Mr. Chasen of the Raffles Museum. Dr. Schultz was also there, and it was a happy evening.

August 6 -

While Bill ran around from agent to ship to government vet to Colonial Secretary, I used the morning to do a bit of shopping, and got some lovely things from Tang, the Chinese dealer. A mandarin coat for Malcolm Davis' wife that is a beauty, and some nightgowns for me in exquisite hand-embroidery. I lunched at the hotel with Williams, Schultz, and Audrey Sellers, and then we went down to the Silverash and joined Bill there. All our animals were put aboard this morning, and we were supposed to sail at four o'clock. However, there was some difficulty about an oil tank, and it was eleven before we finally left. The ship is really veru comfortable. We have our own deck, a big bedroom, and a sitting room. Dinner was simple, but well cooked. I think I shall like the Silverash.

August 7 -

We were up early, and fed some of our stock before breakfast. Poor little Stengah has a cold now, but inasmuch as the other two gibbons who were so sick seem to be getting better I hope she will pull through too. She is such a friendly baby, and loves to hang on anybody's neck. Williams has nicknamed her "sticking plaster."

After breakfast we started to write some letters, when a sailor came with the news that one of our lizards was out. We have several small lizards from Siam in one big cage, and Bill started off with a butterfly net to capture the stray. When he came back, an hour or so later, he said it was one of the Komodo dragons that had broken out of its box, and he had been unable to catpure it. It is fortunately down in the hold, and the only other animals there are the other Komodo dragon and a small collection of birds from the Batavia Zoo. Bill moved the birds up on deck, and left the lizard loose, preferring to wait until he has expert help, which will be tomorrow. It gives one a queer feeling to know that one of those monsters is walking about below decks, even if he is well shut in.

A sudden squall shortly before noon sent everybody running with tarpaulin to cover the animals. Rain blew in from all directions at once. It is hard to take care of animals on board properly, and the first few days are always a mess. We ordered a lot of food in Singapore, but it is at the moment inaccessible in the storage room, and we ourselves forego our morning fruit in order to give it to the gibbons. Cleaning cages without proper instruments, and trying to give the animals water out of a bucket is also difficult. It will be good to have the boys aboard to-morrow and have all our own Zoo equipment.

We stopped at Port Swettenham late in the afternoon, and Bill asked the agent to get us some bananas, chickens and pigeons, which he did. The birds are food for our big cats. The two big panthers from the Tungku. the clouded leopard from Basapa, and our little Siamese wild cat all need meat.

Davis catches Komodo dragon,
but being fed down in no. 6.
Baird tell of finding snake in back yard at
camp, thinking it one of ours, caught, put
in cage, a wild one - escaped two nights before
Baird put them escaped two nights before
bunking camp - Davis saw it heading
for bird pavilion

August 8 -

We were supposed to reach Belawan at daylight, but we are being late all along the line on account of the delay in sailing from Singapore, and it was actually noon when we arrived. Captain Rowe announced at about ten o'clock that he could see Sumatra on the horizon, but couldn't find Belawan. I would not advise a nervous passenger to sail with him. He said, leaving Singapore, that on account of the tide he would have to take an ^{un}accustomed way out of the place, and hoped he wouldn't get lost. He ~~ix~~ lost one ship - it foundered after a collision in New York Harbor, and had another one burn up in the Philippines. I suppose these things happen to all captains in time, but most of them don't tell the passengers about them.

However, he did find Belawan, and we found Davis, Jennier and Gaddi on the dock, where they had been since nine o'clock in the blistering sun. All our animals were on freight cars drawn up right alongside the ship. The railroad people (courtesy ~~Mr.~~ Baron Van Styrum) had given us a special night train, charging us only for the use of the engine (about thirty dollars), and had made arrangements beforehand with the customs people so that there was no checking over of specimens, and no delay in loading. About two the menagerie started to come aboard, and it took all afternoon, and until about eight that night. Bill, Davis and Jennier shouted themselves hoarse, but nothing could make those coolies realize that they were handling livestock, and not crates of rubber or bags of rice. All the cages were ~~xxx~~ swung on board in big nets, and lowered into the No. 6 hatch. A few of the big crates were left on deck, those containing tigers, tapirs, bears, sheep, and so forth. The gibbons are on the boat deck, and we are trying to protect ^{them} as much as possible from sea breeze and at the same time give them enough fresh air and sunshine to keep them healthy.

We were supposed to sail this evening, but again there is delay in loading palm oil, and we stay in Belawan over night. The American Consul (Mr. Walker is acting in charge), Berthold of the Medan Zoo, and Vanden Weerd, the agent of the Kerr Line, all spent some time on board with us. The Coenraads were both here, and had lunch on the ship. Ex-Congressman Castellow, who came all the way out here to be with us, and arrived after Bill and I had left Sumatra, also turned up. He spent four days with the boys in Siantar and got a great kick out of it.

August 9 -

We left Belawan in the morning, and all day the boys worked like mad to get their stock in some sort of order. Cages had been stacked in such a way that it was impossible to get at some of the animals at all. Casualties due to the delay on the dock, and to the rough handling by the stevedores, were sickening. One clouded leopard, a musang, two prehensile-tailed procupines, and five hundred birds are dead.

We got into Penang in the evening. Jennier and Davis, weary as they were, went ashore about ten o'clock and stayed for an hour. Bill and I went early to bed.

August 10 -

Bill and I went ashore with ~~the~~ our old horse-trainer friend, Connie O'Neal, and he took us to various markets and tinsmiths where we got the food and feeding pans that we wanted for our animals. A crate of ~~man~~ rambutans, a couple of pecks of greens, a sack of flour, a big bag of carrots, and a tin of dried worms were among the day's supplies. Gibbons are wild about rambutans, and even those that are extremely fussy about their food and seem to have no appetite at all, will cram as many of these fruits into their mouths as possible. I cannot see how there can be much nourishment in them, but it is pleasant to see an animal enjoy his food. The fat, silly orang we got from Basapa has also an encouraging appetite, and sits, Buddha-like, all day, placidly stuffing himself with any ~~and~~ fruit or vegetable at all.

The little Siamese wild cat escaped, and was located under a lizard cage. Jennier caught it again in a burlap bag.

We took Harry up on the boat deck and chained him to a post but he did not like it ~~at~~ at all. Poor old Harry has been so used to being the boss of the camp, and ~~he~~ has played outdoors all his life, that he complains bitterly about being in a cage, yet is frightened by all the strange noises and smells of the ship when we take him out.

Stengah still has a cold, and is so droopy at different times of the day that we think we are going to lose her, but then she peeps up and seems quite bright again. All she wants is a nurse who has nothing to do but hold her all day long - then she is quite happy.

We were a little late in sailing from Penang, because the captain was doing a little side work, trying to see whether or not he could get a job as pilot in Penang, if he gave up the sea-captain business. I have never known as casual a soul as he is.

August 11 -

We were up early, and had the gibbons, orang, squirrels, wild cat, and some of the birds fed before breakfast. We spent all morning passing the northern coast of Sumatra, which is wild and mountainous and beautiful. Clouds drifted across the blue mountain sides, and veiled some of the peaks, as we said our farewells to Sumatra. After all, in spite of a lot of disappointments and hard work, we did have a good time there, and it is a gorgeous country.

A stiff breeze is blowing, and the Captain thinks we may be getting into the southwest monsoon already, and that will make things a little difficult aboard. We want all our cages safely guyed and anchored before we get any heavy seas.

As the afternoon wore on, the nearness of the Southwest Monsoon became increasingly evident. A stiff wind, sudden gusts of rain, and a wallowing sea, made animal keeping anything but a pleasure. Three times we got completely soaked to the skin ourselves, because we dashed up to the boat deck to cover up gibbons when we saw a cloud on the horizon, and the rain came whitening the sea, and blowing horizontally on us before we could get back to our own quarters. The big Mawas kuda from Atjeh sits and shakes his cage alarmingly, and it has all been reinforced with steel wire and guyed to stanchions so that he cannot shake it completely to pieces. He is the most dangerous animal aboard, not excepting the Sumatran tiger, and certainly the most fearsome to look at.

Davis and Jennier are discouraged almost to the point of tears. Davis confessed at dinner time that there was one bird cage he had not yet been able to reach - the roulrouls have now been three days without food or water. The Captain promptly ordered two sailors to go below with Davis and sort out cages so that this last lot could be reached, and saved - if indeed they were still alive. Only two of the twenty were dead. As Davis said "Boy, they sure can take it."

August 12 -

The day is still a little stormy, but not as bad as yesterday. The Captain turned all hands out to help the boys place their cages where they want them, and make of Number Six hatch something approaching a tidy Zoo. With help, it was done, and Jennier and Davis are cheerier. The female blue sheep, one of our rarest animals, is not feeling so well, and everyone is hoping that she is merely seasick, and not suffering from an overdose of sun the day we were in port. The blue sheep are mountain animals, and the noonday sun is hard for them.

Gaddi is at work again. The first day we were out I watched him, and he spent the whole day running his legs off up and down the deck, always with a couple of buckets of sweet potatoes, or water, trying to get all the stock fed and watered before the day was over. He never had a moment to draw breath, and when I asked him, "Well, Gaddi, what do you think of life at sea?" he answered, "It is very good." Yesterday he was seasick. After many valiant efforts at conquering the qualms, he finally had to give up. He is such a plucky little soul that it must have been hard for him to admit defeat. Today he is smiling and busy once more.

The Captain showed us his movies in the evening, pictures he has taken on his round-the-world trips, and he had some very good shots, especially of porpoise, albatross, and the Medan Zoo.

August 13 -

I have been promoted. I fed the gibbons before breakfast, and then spent two hours down in the hatch cutting up apples and bananas for the birds and animals. Bananas are required cut in three different ways, and a bucket of each kind, so it was quite a job. I had Stengah out for a while, and gave the poor mite a bath, which she seemed to like. The Captain's dog tried to make friends with her, but the tiny bunch of fur did her best to bite him.

August 14 -

The old Southwest Monsoon, that has been held out as a sort of bogey to us, has not been so bad. Sudden gusts of wind and rain come up from time to time, and we all scurry to see if our particular animal line is well covered with tarp. But the sea has been pleasant, and no rough weather since the second day out. It is just as well; how I would survive slicing bananas and apples down in the smelly, noisy hatch, where the pigs squeal, the cockatoos shriek, the siamangs howl, and all the little birds twitter, I don't know unless the floor under me was fairly steady.

We had a swift current - three knots an hour - against us all the way along the coast of Ceylon, and instead of getting into Colombo in mid-afternoon, it was seven at night when we came into the harbor, and nearly nine before we got ashore. The harbor is pretty at night, with the big hotels lighted up, a light house blinking just outside of town, and a big sign ~~gwin~~ that spells over and over again "Ceylon: For Good Tea". The harbor was full of ships, and they added their lights to the general festive effect.

Mr. Buell, the American Consul, came down to the ship to meet us, and also Dr. Hill of the Medical School. When we finally got ashore we went to the Hotel to pick up Mrs. Hill and their small daughter Dorothy, and then went around to see Mrs. John Hagenbeck, to find out if she had any animals for sale. All she had, that we could use, was one squirrel, so we asked her to deliver it aboard in the morning.

Then we went out to the Hill's house, and saw his private collection of birds and animals, which included some rare things. Here were flying squirrels and flying phalangers, in cages that actually gave them room to fly; two kinds of purple-faced ~~monkeys~~ monkeys; a pangolin busily eating mashed banana and milk; slender loris, with its big eyes and queer thin legs; slow loris; red langurs (one of them stole a big black wooden button off my dress); and many birds, including a pair of Queen of Bavaria parrots.

August 15 -

The Hills came on board early to see our menagerie. He brought us one slender loris in a cage, and I do hope it lives till we get home; it is a weird little beast. Our rock squirrel was also delivered, and we sailed at nine o'clock. All along the lovely, mountainous, hazy-blue coast we busily peeled bananas, seeing nothing of the land, and when we came up on deck again we were well out of sight of land, and rolling along across the Indian Ocean.

A stiff breeze blew up in the evening, and we were afraid of another storm, but the Silverash rides steadily, being heavily loaded, and all went well through the night.

August 17 -

There is plenty to worry about, even though the weather stays fine. The big Mawas kuda from Atjeh refuses to eat, having been fed exclusively on durian before being turned over to us, and durian being absent from the bill of fare we carry for our monks.

Good-natured as Captain Rowe is, I think he would draw the line at a large consignment of durian aboard - he complains already that the animal cages smell a bit strong. Three of the Siamese gibbons have colds and no appetite at all. We tempt them with boiled sweet potatoes, onions, oranges, apples, rice, bread and honey, milk and oatmeal, greens, and bananas. One old lady, known as Grandma, eats like a pig, but most of the others are choosy, and Stengah, Mr. Black, and Skinny, won't eat anything. I can't see what they live on.

The most serious loss to date is that our of male serow. That really is a blow. These goat antelopes have never been seen alive in the States, and we ~~have~~ had a fine pair from Fort de Kock that we were hoping to get safely back to the Zoo.

The young orang from Borneo is sneezing.

A tiny finch escaped from its cage this morning while Davis was cleaning, and flew into the big orang's cage. The great villain bent over, sniffed at the tiny bird, but didn't touch it, whereupon it flew out, was captured by Davis, and put safely back into its cage, probably never realizing what a narrow escape it had had.

Harry is still unreconciled to his cage, and is getting himself a bad set of menagerie marks. It is a problem what to do with him, for he is frightened when he is out on deck, and is rubbing great sores on his nose when he is in the cage.

August 18 - 20 Bombay

I wonder if anyone ever came to Bombay for ^{three} four days and saw as little of it as we did. We hurried from the Consulate to the Zoo to the bank to the ship and back again. Every moment we spent ashore we were worrying about our charges on board, and yet there was a lot of business to attend to in town.

Our first call was of course on the Consul, where we picked up some mail. Then out to the Zoo, where we met the Superintendent of Parks, Mr. Ahmedi, the head of the Zoo, and the chief veterinary officer. Our two gaur, sent here by the Mysore Zoological Gardens some six weeks ago, are fine young animals, tame, cow-eyed, and sleek. Not very imposing yet - they just look like unusually fine calves - but if they live they will be handsome bison.

The Zoo is in Victoria Gardens, and is more a botanical garden than a zoological one. They have some fine specimens, however, including a group of sloth bears, a riding camel, huge Bengal tigers (one of them tame), a group of langur monkeys, a mother leopard with two cubs.

We arranged to take the cubs, and Ahmedi secured a full-grown male for us in addition - a tall, light colored Persian leopard. He also gave us the langurs, but we were unable to get a permit to take them out. There is a government law that monkeys may not be shipped during the Southwest Monsoon.

We spent one morning in the market, which is one of the finest I have ever seen. The fruit stalls had grapes from Quetta, pears from Kashmir, melons from Afghanistan. The flower stalls were fragrant and colorful. There was a bird market, but it ran mostly to doves and budgerigars, although we picked up a dozen brown and yellow weavers and ten ring-necked parrots.

We found a couple of private collectors, one of them St. John Cowper, who is an enthusiastic aviculturist. He had sun birds and roulrouls, jays, and many American and South American species, some of which he was raising.

A Parsee took us out to see his collection, which included a number of amazingly tame animals. Birds and squirrels perched on his fingers as he petted them. He wanted to sell us a young tiger, but Bill was inclined to believe the animal had a touch of rickets, and was afraid to buy it.

Bombay is an amazing city - huge buildings in Mid-Victorian style, with a swarming, colorful population. When we were in Sumatra I had thought of making a study of native head-dresses. Anyone who took up that hobby here would have a lifetime job. Robes and headdresses are of all colors of the rainbow, and all different, from the spotted oilcloth hats of the Parsees to the little yellow tams of the police.

Traffic is dense, and I should think it would be nerve-racking to drive in. In addition to the automobiles, bicycles, and pedestrians (who never under any circumstances look where they are going) there are plenty of gharries - old-fashioned victorias pulled by rather ancient horses.

We spent two evenings at Greene's Hotel, where there is dancing with meals. One evening we went with the mate and two of the engineers; the second evening with the captain and a Miss Edna Flower. The music was good, and we enjoyed dancing. We had one lunch in the air-conditioned dining room of the Taj Mahal Hotel, a big structure fronting the bay, with domes and arcades that make it look like an Indian palace. I believe it was built by a Maharajah as a personal hobby. Anyway, we had good curry and rice.

August 21 -

When we woke in the morning, we were just pulling out of the harbor. Bill and I went back to our banana-peeling routine promptly after breakfast. Some of our cages have been shifted into Number 5 hatch, which gives us more room. All the gibbons, siamangs, and Javanese langurs are in a line there, and I now have sixteen monks instead of nine to care for.

We are having difficulties with the Chinese crew, who have shown a disposition all along to annoy some of our more nervous animals. Now things are beginning to disappear - a giant salamander, which could not possibly have got out of its box by itself, is gone, and knowing how fond the Chinese are of eating them, we have our suspicions. Gaddi preserved the skull and skin of the serow that died, but while the skull was drying on

Street scenes in Bombay include a pious Brahmin leading a sacred cow, and holding a bunch of green grass. If you buy the grass to feed the cow, you acquire merit.

People sleep wherever and whenever they please. At no hour of the day can you walk along the street and not have to step over prostrate natives.

Even the mongoose and the cobra feud is still carried on, although we did not see any very spirited version of it. One night on ~~xxxxxxx~~ on the wharf alongside the Silverash a native brought a cobra out of a basket, and a mongoose out of a sack, and tried to get them interested in each other. The fight never came off, although we were told later that the owner of the animals had to be assured of a fair-sized collection before he would risk a fight to the death. In other words, if the audience would put up the price of a new cobra - or mongoose - he was willing to have a fight to the finish,

It was from this native that Bill secured his cobras. He insisted on having specimens that had not had the fangs removed, and was assured that the eight or ten he bought were perfect specimens. They cost eight rupees each - probably an awful gyp.

deck in the sun, someone took one of the horns - good Chinese obat.

We were pleased to see that our animals appreciated the marketing we did for them in Bombay. The blue sheep like the new hay, the mawas kuda likes grapes, as do most of the gibbons (even little Stengah who is so ill sat up and ate a few grapes), and all the monkeys like siri leaves, ~~xer~~

August 22 -

I fed my gibbon line this morning, chopped up a bucket of apples, and then spent the rest of the morning nursing Stengah, who died in the early afternoon, apparently of pneumonia.

In the late afternoon the captain called all hands on deck to cover our cages and lash them all securely, as he had had warnings of bad weather ahead. The sea had been grey and swollen all day, with a damp wind blowing, but about four o'clock the Captain said the barometer had dropped suddenly, and he expected trouble. Everything was made as tight as possible, but nothing happened. The Silverash rides steadily in a moderate sea. In the evening the moon came out, and made the Arabian Gulf ripple with light.

But for a few moments in the afternoon, with the wind whistling through the superstructure, and men struggling to hold the billowing tarpaulin in place while it was lashed over and around our animals, it was a bit exciting. At last the Sou'west Monsoon seemed about to catch up with us.

Karachi, according to the Captain, is a difficult port to make. He was planning to arrive about midnight, and anchor outside the harbor until he could get a pilot in the morning to take us in. He wirelessly ahead, in the face of the storm warnings, and received an answer that our ship would be taken in whenever it arrived. Anchoring outside in weather, even such as this, is impossible.

Traveling on a cargo boat is entirely different, and in many ways much more interesting, than traveling on a passenger boat. One becomes vitally interested in the cargo that comes aboard, and the amazing variety of it, and the intricate way in which it has to be stowed. The Captain does not know ahead of time exactly how much cargo he will take on in a certain port, or what its destination will be, but when he unloads, the Halifax cargo has to be on the top, and the New Orleans cargo on the bottom, no matter where he has taken it aboard. It is all plotted out in sections, and allowance made ahead for various things. Coffee and bonemeal cannot be stowed in the same hatch, or oil and rubber, or ~~graphite~~ *skins* and ~~cotton~~ *tea*. In Bombay we took on ~~bonemeal~~, *skins*, wool, goat's hair -

August 23 -

When we woke, we were alongside the wharf in Karachi, and bales of cotton, skins, sesame seed, Japanese pots and pans, and an amazing variety of cargo were already being loaded. As soon as customs and immigration formalities were over, we went ashore. We had been met by Mr. A. Khan and by Nazirmohamed, a rascally-looking animal dealer. The latter accompanied us, and we went first to the Consulate, where we had rather a bewildering reception due to

the fact that Bill absent-mindedly sent in Captain Rowe's card instead of his own. When the very new Vice-Consul (whom Bill had assumed to be the Consul with whom he had had correspondence) finally put an end to the Comedy of Errors, we got on very well, and met the Consul, Mr. Clarence Macy, and had a discussion of the camel situation which led nowhere.

We may have been disappointed at finding that elephants did not roam the streets of Bangkok. Karachi made up for it by the number of camels that stalk, high-headedly through the streets. Here, unlike any other place in the world, camels are used as draft animals, and pull rubber-wheeled carts through the town. We saw one caravan, of a dozen camels loaded with sacks, and many camels with enormous loads of hay on their backs, but the common method of transportation is these wooden carts, with automobile tires on the wheels, drawn by a camel. The beasts are unusually tall, and would make stunning Zoo animals, but there is so much surrah in the district that the veterinarian could not give us a certificate to take one out. Bands of bells around their knees add to the Oriental atmosphere of Karachi.

Bombay is a mid-Victorian city. Karachi is like picture-book India, with low, flat-roofed houses, some of them built of adobe. The city is completely isolated. Desert hems in three sides of it, and even encroaches on the town, as we went through sections that were nothing but sand and a scrubby mesquite-like growth. The sea makes the fourth boundary, and it is 700 miles to the next city.

We went out to the Zoo, but there was little there that we wanted. A pair of Indian badgers appealed to Bill, but the director, who is a horticulturist, wanted Rupees 500 for the pair, which was simply silly, and we will have to live without Indian badgers.

We had dinner on the ship. The agent came aboard, and Bill appealed to him for police protection for our animals. Natives come aboard in droves to look at our floating Zoo, and while they are not malicious, they insist on poking their faces up against the bars, which is frightening to the animals, and dangerous for the natives. When Bill made the rounds after dinner, he was delighted to find two crimson-be-turbaned Afghans with gleaming badges keeping all sight-seers at a safe distance. When Jennier and Davis came aboard about eleven, they had some difficulty persuading the guard that it was quite all right for them to look over the stock.

August 24 -

Nazirmohamed met us again, bright and early, and insisted on acting as guide for us, although he bores me to death. He talks too much, showing his betel stained teeth, spreads a continual grin over his pock-marked face, and constantly protests his superb honesty, and begs us to recommend him to animal dealers in the States. He brought us three pythons, two cobras - at 12 rupees each, and accompanied by the statement that they were "fixed", that all available cobras indeed had their fangs drawn; some rock parakeets, a hundred avadavits (small, strawberry-like finches), and three of the common Karachi crows, handsome, glossy black animals with grey necks.

Bill is happy because after pleading for two weeks for protection for his animals on deck, he finally has them all ranged on top of Number 5 hatch, and a canvas awning spread over them. Captain Rowe is happy because he has at last heard that he will be relieved at the end of the trip, and allowed to return to England to see his wife, and the eighteen-months old son whom he has never seen.

We had lunch today with the Macys (American Consul). Their other guest was Rosalie Slaughter Morton, author of the best-seller, "Antobiography of a Woman Surgeon". She is a plump and cheerful lady of some fifty-odd years, spending the income from her book on a trip to the Vale of Kashmir.

August 25 -

We ordered most of the supplies we need for the voyage from the ship's chandler, but made the rounds of the market and picked up more cire leaves, some Kabul melons in the hopes that the big orang would eat them. We had to buy 400 dozen more bananas 12 dozen more eggs, greens, apples, tomatoes, peas and beans, pears chickens and pigeons. Our menagerie has a husky appetite, taken as a whole, although some of the individuals are picky, to say the least.

We were supposed to sail at noon, but loading was delayed by the Captain's discovery that five wet bales of cotton had been stowed in Number 2. It took four hours to unload and put cotton back again properly. We did not sail until evening.

Dr. Morton is down with dysentery, and although she wanted to go on to Kashmir, the Macys persuaded her to stay with them for a day or two, telling her that Kashmir was full of cholera and dysentery, and no place for an invalid. She complained bitterly that for forty years she had been dreaming of going to the Vale of Kashmir; now that she is on the edge of it, she is delayed by illness, and besides is told that it is a horrible and dangerous place, and not even a Valley, but some thousands of feet high. She actually felt so sorry for herself that she wept, and was terribly embarrassed about doing so.

Karachi is the first place where we have been that the women as well as the men wore sun helmets. The glare from the desert sun is really terrific, and topi and sun glasses are essential for comfort. Evenings are marvelous, however, with a breeze that is almost cold.

August 26 -

Now we are really heading into the long-dreaded Monsoon, but it is not as bad as we had been led to believe. There is a stiff wind blowing from straight ahead of us, and quite a pitch to the ship. It is enough to lay Gaddi low again, but none of the rest of us ~~xx~~ mind it, and it is not too much motion down in Number 6. We have a canvas sidewall as well as an awning, to keep the breeze off our deck stock.

The gibbons are a trial. One day they all like milk with viosterol, and the next day they won't touch it. I give them milk with honey, and that goes fine for a day. Then they refuse

anything but tea. One day they like grapes and sweet potatoes. The next day they turn up their noses at anything except bananas. The big brown boy from Siantar refuses to drink anything, but seizes his drinking pan the moment it is put in the cage and angrily turns it upside down. The black and white ones that live together, the two who were so ill in Siam, are doing well now. The big white one was drinking milk this afternoon, delicately dipping the back of its wrist into the drinking pan, and licking milk off its fur. Little black boy, too lazy to come down off his shelf and get his own supply, would grab the other gibbons hand and try to lick the milk off that. Roemah Sakit, our camp pet, has a cold and is off his feed entirely.

August 27 - 28

We lost a crate of pythons, fourteen medioum sized ones, - all dead and thrown overboard. The little mouse deer are dropping off, too, which is a real blow. One of our Chieng Mai gibbons died today of pneumonia.

I brought a small black gibbon up to our room, with the hopes of cheering it up enough to induce it to eat. It seems not to be ill, but for days has refused all food. By rubbing a little milk on its hand I got a few drops of liquid into it. It ate one mouthful of banana, and then went on a hunger strike again. In the afternoon I offered it tea, which it ate with relish, but it can't live on such a diet. It is a sweet little monkey, affectionate, interested in its new surroundings, and very tame. I put it in a basket, and put the basket on the floor. It kept climbing out, and trying to roost on top of the mirror, or perched on a chair back. After I set the basket on a chair, it cuddled down quite peacefully and went to sleep.

~~Augux~~ Some of the officers, and half the crew, are down with a form of dysentery, which the captain blames on Karachi water. After so many cases developed, he ordered the water to be boiled. So far, none of us have any trouble.

The Komodo dragons, which have been doing well up to now, today refused to eat. Jennier asked kind of hopelessly, "How long have they been in the dark?" The answer was, "Since July 25" - so what can you expect? This traveling menagerie, without proper accomodations, is simply hellish. The Company should never have agreed to take us on a ship so little fitted to the purpose for which we are using it.

The weather calmed down in the afternoon, and the night was beautiful - mild and serene. All the stars were out, and the water had thousands of little phosphorent marine animals, that looked like reflections in the black water of the stars in the sky, or like some sort of marine fire-fly.

August 29 -

The little black gibbon is still alive, but still refuses to eat. While I was working down in Number 5, part of the hatch was opened up, and I rejoiced in the sunlight and air, that so seldom get into that part of the ship. When I came up on

deck, however, I found poor Jennier in despair, because opening up number 5, on which his deck cargo is stored, left him no place to clean and water the cages, and he was walking across the steel beams, doing a regular tight rope act, in order to reach Harry, the cassowary, the kangaroos, and several others in that row.

The day is warm and bright, and we are all warned to wear helmets on deck. One of the junior engineers is in bed with sunstroke which he got on board ship. There is a nice little breeze, but the Gulf of Aden, which we are now in, is calm and sparkingly blue.

About nine o'clock at night we passed Aden - a row of lights between two light-houses, with the outline of mountains against the starry sky. As we were watching the distant town, a gorgeous meteor cut across the sky, leaving a path of fire that lasted for seconds. Someone on shore seemed to be trying to send us a signal, but nobody aboard got it. Just one of those things to pique one's curiosity - flashes in some code which nobody could read. Well, if it were anything really important I dare say we would have been wirelessly.

August 30 -

The big orang is ill, as is also Roemah Sakit. One of the Medan gibbons is dead. The baby I have taken up to our room is still living on air. The very thought of food makes him scornful, and forcing milk down him is a doubtful remedy.

We are really in the Red Sea now, and it is even hotter than I had been led to believe. Down in Number 6, peeling bananas and chopping apples, the temperature was simply vile. Sweat poured into my eyes, dripped off my elbows, and ran down my knees.

The sea is beautiful, blue and calm, with porpoises to be seen occasionally, and many schools of fish breaking the water and disclosing their presence to the flocks of gulls who swoop down upon them.

We passed Mocha this morning - the nearest, says Bill, that we have been to a good cup of coffee for months.

It definitely is dysentery, and probably amoebic, that has seized the ship. Seven of the officers have it now. And we are forty-eight hours from a doctor.

September 1 -

I have never known, or imagined, anything like the heat of to-day. Number 6 is a veritable Hades, and all the animals are suffering badly. One of Coolidge's bears had a heat stroke, and Jennier rushed him up on the boat deck, where there was no coolness but a bit of breeze, and dashed cold water over him in an effort to bring him to. To everybody's great amazement, the little bear recovered. A little later, when I was down feeding the gibbons, the big black siamang had a similar seizure. Jennier took him out of his cage, and stretched him out on a shady part of the deck. He was unconscious and twitching all over.

All of us were soaked with perspiration all day, whether we were working or simply sitting still.

Bill and I slept out on deck at night, to avoid another sleepless night like last night. A little breeze came up, and it was not too bad.

September 2 -

We pulled into Port Sudan at six in the morning, and a few minutes later the stevedores were on deck, and starting to unload the cargo we had for this port. Many of them were Fuzzies, and I was much entranced with their great mops of curly, woolly hair. Some of them have it all standing on end, some of them comb part of it down to form corkscrew ringlets around their neck. They all sing and chant and laugh a great deal as they work. *Gibbon watched from port balcony*

five I went below early, to get the morning's work done so that we could go ashore. Davis, Jennier and Gaddi were all prowling around with flashlights, looking behind cages and under bales of hay in a most mysterious way. Davis was nearly in tears. The pythons we bought in Karachi had escaped from their cage in the night, and had killed seven birds, including five jungle fowl, a peacock (the one we got at Trengganu), and an owl from Sumatra. Jennier asked me how many pythons I thought there had been in the box. I said we had ordered ~~four~~ *four*, but Bill thought there were only ~~three~~ *four*. "Well, we got three," he said, "so I suppose that is the lot."

The simang that had heat stroke yesterday is still alive, but he looks pretty miserable and headachy. He ate part of a banana and then vomited it. All the small mammals are hanging listlessly on their shelves, interested only in copious drinks of water.

We had ordered four giraffe and two buffalo and two shoe-bills from the Sudan Government, and they were waiting for us on flat cars right on the wharf. It was a gret sight to see four giraffe heads sticking out of crates, and busily eating breakfast as they waited their turn to come aboard.

Jennier got clawed by the black leopard this morning as he was feeding it. Fortunately he instinctively jerked in the right direction, so he pulled the claw right out before it had a chance to rip him badly.

Bill went ashore to see the giraffe, and then had a session

with the ship's chandler, ordering ten more crates of bananas, to get us to Port Said. Then he came upstairs, and when I found him he was stretched out on the bed, saying that the heat had got him down. I felt him, and he was burning up. His temperature was 101 and he said all the strength had suddenly gone out of him. Fortunately there was a doctor aboard, summoned to examine the men who have dysentery, and he looked Bill over and pronounced it heat stroke. We had to keep Bill under two electric fans, with cold towels and an ice bag on him, all day, and he was very restless and miserable.

Our new animals were put over the side by a crane, and they look wonderful - all of them tame, and in good cages, well padded to keep out the weather that we shall have later on.

To-day is not quite as unbearable as yesterday. There is a little breeze, and while it is hot, it is not quite so humid. One can work without running rivers of perspiration all the time. The doctor told us, however, that the temperature ashore was 117, and that here there are few cases of sun stroke, but many of heat stroke. Towards evening the gibbon that was so ill, died.

We had one more excitement before the weary day ended. Just as we were waiting for the pilot to come aboard so that we could sail the boy told the captain some men wanted to see him on deck. The captain went out, to find two of his Chinese crew in an ugly frame of mind. They said that the sailors on the nearby German ship had had the day off - it was true, for they had all been over to see our animals and had made a general nuisance of themselves all day. Jennier said he was sick of the Chinese, you couldn't tell them anything; if he said, "Stand back from the tiger cage" they just laughed. "That's why the Japs have to shoot 'em," he said philosophically. However, when our own crew got impertinent, the Captain threw them off the bridge, and then there was a row! Two of them got their baggage and said they were going ashore. Others refused to do any work. ~~Then the captain~~ One of them kicked the captain in the shins, and another tried to hit him with a bottle, and he had to do a little ju jitsu on them to get them back to the fore-castle head where they belong. Then they all started fighting among themselves, throwing soy bean bottles and screaming at the top of their lungs. Mutiny on top of everything else we have had today seemed like a little too much.

September 3 -

A stiff breeze today makes the ship a much more comfortable place to be. Bill still has a temperature, and is very weak. The captain has decided to jail two of the mutineers in Port Said. Otherwise the day is uneventful - the big news being that the shoebills ate three fish apiece. Usually they are a bit picky about food, and there is always a chance that they will mope when upset by anything like a sea voyage. The big mawas kuda died, from a combination of general unhappiness, refusal to eat proper food, ~~Spoken~~ and violent diarrhoea. I did not have the courage to tell Bill for some hours, in fact not until evening, when his temperature was nearly normal. Gaddi skinned him, and it was pathetic to see how little remained of the tremendous beast - just a small basketful of red hair.

Septmebr 4 -

We both had a good sleep last night for the first time in many nights, the temperature being a little bit more like what a human being can stand.

Another catastrophe below however: there were ^{five} ~~four~~ pythons in that Karachi box, and one of them, last night, killed one of our Banksian cockatoos - a \$6 snake, and a \$100 bird (native prices). Davis says, "If Jennier doesn't keep his snakes in better boxes I don't know what I'm ging to do." And somebody relayed the story to the Captain, and he is furious, too. It's too bad the python didn't get one of the troublesome Chinese instead of our rarest bird.

Bill spent the day in bed, still running a slight temperature, and feeling very weak. I have some sort of rheumatism, that sets up an aching in all my joints, and gives me a slight temperature also.

September 5 -

We awoke on the edge of the Suez Canal. Suez itself is quite a town, with small-size skyscrapers, and parks, and a statue of DeLesseps just where the canal begins.

Bill began the day by setting his heart on a shore excursion the excuse being that I had never seen the pyramids. I protested that he was not well enough, and the Captain backed me up, but Bill was determined, and about eight-thirty we left the ship, taking a big Buick car and a guide named Abdul Abdallah. We stopped in a cafe in Suez for a cup of thick Egyptian coffee, and then headed out of town and into the desert.

The Sahara is one place that lives up to expectations. Sand and sand dunes stretch to the horizon, broken only by the black ribbon of asphalt road, and the occasional scrubby bushes that furnish most unappetising camel fodder. We saw a camel patrol, which Abdallah says is one of many that have made the desert safe traveling now, and quite different from the days when Bill was here before, and Arabs took pot shots at one simply for the fun of it. I also saw something that I have never quite believed in - a mirage. Through the sand dunes, and bordered by the brownish green scrub, were several miles of beautiful blue lakes, that wound in and out in lagoon-like patterns, cool and deceptive.

Towards noon we reached Cairo, and went at once to the Museum. Our time was so short that we ~~tried to see~~ did not attempt to see more than the galleries devoted to Tutankhamen. Even here there was so much material that one could have spent a week. Models of ships, all sorts of household furnishings, alabaster lamps, jewels - gold, turquoise, enamel - pottery, the gold-encrusted mausoleum, the coffins themselves - it was an overwhelming exhibition.

From the Museum we went out to the Zoo, which is a very fine one. Bill had received this morning a letter from the American Consul, who enclosed a list of animals that the Zoo was willing to let us have. Armed with this list, we went into the Director's office, but found that he was away, and his assistant knew nothing

whatever of his plans. He was very unwilling to let us have any specimens, and what we finally pried loose from him were ten jerboas, two hedgehogs, and two lizards (Dabs). The jerboas are cunning little mice, with long legs and pleasant yellow fur. We put the entire collection in the back of the car, and went on to the Mena House, fifteen minutes' drive from the Zoo, and on the edge of the Pyramids.

I must say that Egypt's famous monuments are more impressive seen from a distant. Looming up out of the desert sands, they are softened into romantic outlines - romantic, probably, because they are exactly like all the pictures one has ever seen of them, familiar from childhood, and yet new when one sets eyes on them for the first time. When one is close to them, they are huge and rather crumbly piles, great blocks of stone, and one is so forcibly reminded of the human sweat and agony that went into the making of them, that there seems little beauty in them. Our guide wanted me to ride a camel across the sand to see the Sphinx, but our time was so limited, and we were both feeling so feeble - Bill with his heat stroke and me with my rheumatics - that we weakly said "No, the Sphinx must wait for our next visit." Distant view of pyramids at Sakhara very lovely.

When Bill was here before, he had had with him for six months in the desert an Bedouin hunter named Abdul. For more than ten years I have been hearing tales of Abdul, and have always pictured him as a sort of rascally Arab guide. When Bill began making inquiries about him today, I thought it would be amusing to see him in the flesh. He used to live in a little village right at the foot of the pyramids. Bill asked an old guide at the Mena House if he knew him, and to his great delight found that Abdul was now working for the Department of Agriculture, and we hastened to the Department to look for Abdul. Alas, he had gone home for the day, but as his home was not far away we went there, and drove down a narrow, dusty street into a little village of flat-roofed, mud houses. Our guide went to look for Abdul, and presently a tall, finely built Egyptian, with erect and graceful bearing, came towards us down the little street. Bill was out of the car in a flash, and going over to the man gave him the Arab greeting that he had learned from him a quarter of a century ago. It was interesting to watch the two men's faces - the Egyptian, dignified but puzzled, Bill eager, proud and happy. Then Bill said "Don't you remember Jebel-el-Sheik?" And the dark, aquiline face melted suddenly into the most winning of smiles. He put both arms around Bill, kissed him, and both of them were nearer tears than smiles for a moment. Even I choked up over the sentimentality of the reunion. Twenty-three years ago they had been practically blood brothers, had lived and fought and hunted together, and a three minutes' visit was all they could have. Even then, Abdul had to tell me some of the things that they had gone through together. He wanted us to come to his house for coffee, which I would have loved to have done, but our time was too short, and with affectionate farewells, we drove on. Abdul is a swell guy, and I would like to go on a shikari with him ~~myself~~ and Bill myself.

Leaving Cairo, we went through the outskirts of the town, and through the ancient Heliopolis. Here is the obelisk, marking the center of the town, that Napoleon once took to Paris for the Place de la Concorde, and which the Egyptians now have back again. Farther on is the Virgin's Tree, where Mary rested when she took the Child into Egypt. Reminders of Biblical days are on all sides of one. The native dress, the little villages of flat-roofed houses, the sheep and the camels and the donkeys, all fill out vividly one's memory of

pictures in "Stories From the Bible" that one read so long ago. We drove until long past twilight through these familiar and ancient scenes. Then, at dark, cut across the desert again, and after two hours of exceedingly rough road, with sand in one's eyes, but the desert stars overhead, came to Ismailiah, on the Canal, where we stopped for a bit of refreshment.

The road from Ismailiah on is good, an asphalt drive beside the Canal, where we saw the big steamers coming through, each one with a blinding headlight, that illumines not only the Canal but a hundred yards of desert each side. At nine o'clock we passed Kantara, where the night train for Jerusalem stood, lighted, and ready for ~~his~~ its run. Shortly afterward we passed the Silverash. We blew our horn, turned on the lights in the car, and waved, but hardly expected that anyone on board would notice us. The Captain misses little however, and gave us one short toot of recognition.

Into Port Said about ten, and a first stop at Simon Artz, which has grown from the little Oriental store that Bill remembered, in to a big, modern Department store. We each wanted a felt hat to land in, and made our selections quickly. Then Abdul Abdallah took us to a not very choice Greek restaurant, where we had food and drinks to kill the time until we could get aboard the Silverash.

About one'clock we actually came up the steep and tilted gangway. The Captain's room was full of police, and the two ring-leaders of the "mutiny." There has been trouble among the crew ever since Port Sudan. The Captain put one of the men in shackles, whereupon the whole crew refused to work. He was determined to get rid of two of them to-night, but the police said they had no authority to take sailors off the ship. So they were put in the ship's brig, and will be attended to to-morrow.

September 6 -

We went ashore about eight o'clock, called on the Consul, found a small bird store where we bought six lizards, and rambled about the streets, being amused by the fortune-tellers, shoe-shiners, coffee-purveyors, sellers of pearls, and the general air of the town. We smoked Amabr cigarettes and bought lotus perfume in one little shop, and Bill fell for a Rolex watch at Simon Artz, principally I think because a running watch was kept in an aquarium of goldfish.

When we came back to the office to see about getting a launch for the Silverash, Captain Rowe was there, and simply furious because he had been able to do so little about his mutineers. The British Consul had told him he should be more discreet, and that his (the Consul's) job was to protect Chinese working under the British flag rather than jail them. The Captain finally went to the police himself and said he wanted them to go out and get the two sailors and put them in jail - which was eventually done.

Bill and I had a set-to with the ship's chandler, who charged us too much for exchange, after putting an awful price on food anyway, and sold us rotten bananas, dead quail when we had ordered live ones, and left us with tears, insisting we had gypped him after all the hard work he had done on our behalf.

September 7 -

Our first day in the Mediterranean - bright, sunny, a fresh breeze, everything fine except for the ominous lowering of life boats, and the conspicuous British flags flying, to remind us that we are now going through a war zone. All boats are swung out on davits, and a big British ensign is painted on the canvas awning of the boat deck. Several British merchantmen have been sunk this week off the coast of Spain, the theory being that the Italians have mistaken them for Russian ships carrying supplies to the Loyalists.

The giraffe we got in Port Sudan are doing well, except that the littlest one refuses to drink tinned milk. I suggested today using Lactol, and to our great delight he drank the Lactol. We have enough for about four more feedings, and perhaps by that time he will have forgotten the taste of fresh milk and be willing to drink one of the several brands of canned milk that we have aboard.

The shoebills are doing well on alternate days, which is about as well as could be expected. One day one of them eats four fish, the other one; next day the one that wouldn't eat yesterday eats four fish, and the well-fed one has merely one. They are fine big specimens.

September 8 -

The little gibbon that has lived on air for so long, finally died. I don't know how he survived this long. He always seemed so interested in everything that went on, was always ready to play, and was so affectionate. But at the mere sight of food he would turn away in revulsion, and for weeks now has had nothing more substantial than a few drops of Lactol, or a sip of tea.

September 9 -

As we approach Malta, the Captain radios to the Admiralty for instructions, as per his orders from New York. Nothing happens, and we plow along through cool and slightly rolling seas.

September 10 -

The Captain got an answer to his wireless, which was "No special instructions. Keep ten miles off the Spanish Coast, and look out for floating mines." Later in the morning he got a radio message from a French ship that a mine had been sighted by them, and the Silverash altered its course accordingly.

Conversation at meal times is all of war, and what America and Britain ought to do, and what they would have done in Nelson's day, and so forth. Everyone hangs over the radio news in the evening. And I want to know what mines and torpedoes and submarines really look like, and how big is a bomb, and what effect all these war-like implements have when dropped on a merchant ship in peacetime. None of the answers are at all encouraging. But the coast of Tunis, which is close this afternoon, looks peaceful, and except for a few sailing vessels, we have seen no one - friend or enemy.

I forget all these worries when I am below with my gibbons. They are the most entrancing animals I have ever known. The black and white pair that live together sing me a duet every time I go near. They have an amusing way of sharing their food, and especially their drink. When I give them a dish of milk, or of tea, the white one, with the longest arm, dips his wrist into it, and then just as he gets a lick off his fur, the little black fellow takes his wrist away and licks it himself. Often, when one has a fist full of grapes or banana, the other will eat out of the other fellow's hand instead of taking some for himself.

We separated the pair of Sumatran oranges today. The female is a glutton, and a bully, and has her poor mate so hen-pecked that he is afraid to take a morsel of food for hi self. She will grab as many as seven bananas - sometimes putting three in her mouth at once - to keep him from having any. One of them now has the cage that the big Mawas Kuda had before he died.

We are having banana troubles - either great bunches of them turn rotten overnight, or there are none ripe at all. Today all bananas aboard are green, and we are hard put to it to find substitutes. Davis has some birds that will eat nothing else, such as hornbills and fruit pigeons, though he is gradually breaking them in to melons and grapes. So he gets the few that can be found, and the rest of us have to feed pumpkins and sweet potatoes, which nobody likes quite as well. The Borneo orang is a joy. He eats anything at all, plays with straw and chews on it if there is nothing else available, and waltzes with joy every time he sees me coming down the line with a tray of food.

September 12 -

The Mediterranean, as a winter cruise, must be something of a disappointment if these few days of September weather have been a fair sample. Days have been cold, rainy, and windy; the sea gray with white-caps. Today was a bit better, in fact I stretched out on Number 3 hatch for a sunbath this afternoon, and enjoyed a game of deck tennis in the ~~after~~ evening. We have built a regular tarpaulin tent around the giraffe to keep out the breeze, and they seem happy so far. Even the little one is now drinking canned milk, and they all eat well.

The female blue sheep kicked her way out of her cage yesterday, and danced all over the ship before anybody noticed her. When I went below to give the gibbons tea, she was tied on top of Number 5, feeling very frisky, and waiting for Gaddi and Jennier to nail her cage together again for her. It's a good thing it wasn't the male who got out, as he is rather a mean devil. If y u put your hand in his cage to pet him, he always tried to smash you with his horns. But the female is a regular pet.

The birds in Number 6 continue to thrive, and we need have no temperature worries about them. The palm oil stored below our animals has to be heated, and is now at a temperature of 100, so that the ~~floor~~ deck under our cages is warm to the touch, and the temperature of the hatch is that of midsummer.

Davis has worked out all new formulas for his birds, based on the current shortage of bananas. Melons and pumpkins are chopped up and so disguised that even the fruit pigeons are taking them readily. One big West Coast hornbill has a raucous call that sounds exactly like "Davis! Davis!" and keeps it up all morning until he is fed. Our old friend Jacob, from Piroe, is in a cage with several yellow-crested cockatoos, and they have all learned to say his name now. I went over to the cage and called Jacob yesterday, and one of the sulphur-crested birds came right to the front and said "Jacob" to me. "Shame on you," I said, "you're not Jacob at all," and had little difficulty in picking out our pet, as he is the largest and handsomest of all our cockatoos.

All the gibbons (there are only six now, and we started with thirteen) know me, and begin to sing the moment they see me coming down the line with food. If I sit on the floor in front of the cage and start saying "Whoo - whoo - whoo" to them, they mimic me exactly. I call them my choir. One of them will sit and hold hands with me for hours at a time. The black and white boys from Bangkok decided today that they didn't care for oranges or bananas any longer - rather a strain on one's dietetic planning.

About eight-thirty we passed Gibraltar. It was too dark to see more than a cloud-like outline of the famous rock. Our slogan for Davis and Jennier now is "Join the Zoo and see the world - by flashlight." We signalled ashore in Morse to let them know that the Silverash was passing Gibraltar, and the word could be passed on to Lloyd's that we were safely out of the war zone. We thought we had been pretty lucky to get by with nothing more than a warning of a floating mine, especially as we had seen one ship being towed into Morocco, under escort by a battleship; and ~~the~~ ~~explosion~~ had seen a grim reminder of a British oil tanker's fate when we sailed through a long stretch where the surface of the sea was rainbow-hued with floating oil. We were all in the little lounge, known as the "day-room", about ten o'clock, when we noticed powerful lights on deck, and went out to see what was up. A ship, with terrifically powerful search lights, was swiftly approaching us aft. When it was so close I thought it would hit us in a second more, it swerved, came along the port side, still very close, and playing that glaring head light all over our ship. The young red-headed apprentice ran like mad to the stern to fly our ensign, and from the bridge we heard the signal to the engine room "Stand By." Our strange visitor turned, swiftly and noiselessly, passed in back of us again, came up the starboard side, then wheeled and vanished into the night. It was an uncanny performance. Nobody could make out who she was, except that it was a cruiser, and the consensus of opinion was that she was a Spanish Insurgent battleship, for no ~~other~~ ship of any other country would be so curious and so mysterious about it. A British battleship, checking up on passing ships, would have wirelessly or signalled in Morse.

September 13 -

Today we are well out in the Atlantic, and although it is cool, the weather is fine, and so far not too chilly for our animals on deck. We are taking the southern course on account of our perishable cargo, and will be south of the Azores, in fact wouth of the Gulf Stream all the way, until we cut north to make Halifax.

September 18 -

All has gone well for days, except for losing the larger of the Komodo dragons. The sea has been smooth and blue, and the air perfect. Working around the animals has been fun, just enough to keep us busy, and the gibbons have been holding up pretty well - not a loss since the little black boy.

Today, however, the weather changed, and the ship was rolling considerably at lunch time. As the afternoon wore on, the storm increased with alarming suddenness. Bill wouldn't let me go below to feed the gibbons at three o'clock, as the decks were awash, and the footing very treacherous, due to the decks having been painted with oil yesterday, and being slippery even when they were not wet and rolling. In spite of being lashed together, many of the bird cages started to slide, and had all to be re-arranged and made doubly secure. Gaddi, of course, was sea-sick, which threw extra work on everybody.

All afternoon there was the sound of crashing and banging, as kitchen crockery, glasses and bottles, chairs and tables overturned and rolled about. Waves were breaking over the boat-deck by dinner time, and plenty of seas were coming regularly aboard. We had racks on the table for the first time on all the seas we have sailed since leaving home.

After dinner we sat, uncomfortably, in the little day-room, the settee there being built in, and about as secure a thing to hang on to as there is on board. I had just said, about eight-thirty, "I think I'll have one drink and go to bed," when I heard the telegraph from the bridge to the engine room, and the Captain dashed through our room, on his way to the bridge, putting on his coat as he went. Then of course we had to wait up until he came back, to get his report on what had happened. Secretly we hoped that the Endeavor had been sighted, for how we would love to have the opportunity of rescuing the famous yacht. However, when the Captain came back, he said that the engine was racing, due to the propeller being out of water, and we had slackened speed. That seemed to be all right, and we went out on deck for a while, to watch the moon sail crazily back and forth behind the big blue and white funnel, and to see the huge seas, their foaming crests made luminous by moonlight, come racing up to us. As we stood there, men were busily running about on the wet decks, all of them in oilskins, and with high rubber boots. The Captain said, "They are all going aft; I'll just take a look and see what is wrong." This time he came back to report that the wind had taken away most of the tarpaulin over the giraffe cages, and that in spite of the way in which these big crates (eleven feet high) had been lashed, they had slipped four inches. "I've given orders to tighten them up," he said. "Now I must go on the bridge." He went up the ladder two steps at a time, and we heard the telegraph to the engine room ring again - this time it was "Dead slow". That means about two knots an hour, and at this speed the Captain turned the ship about, so that we had the sea dead ahead instead of on our beam, and we hove to for three and a half hours, while our live cargo was all made safe, and lashed and braced with ropes and lumber. It was amazing how easily the ship rode, once the engines slowed down and we headed south instead of northwest.

Sept 21 - Drove to 58 at 6 o'clock -
Ray & Larp -
Capt's dinner - 1.30 -
Lark night - 1.30 -
Temp. rises - flicker flies about -
Wind cold -
Sun temp. miserable -

It was two in the morning when we finally got to bed. Curious to think that all this is caused by a depression in Bermuda.

September 19 -

The sea is calmer this morning, and although we are still rolling considerably, there are no waves coming aboard, and I was able to get down and take care of my stock, and to help out with the animals that Gaddi usually feeds. It was not too pleasant, however; the smells of animals and food left me no appetite for lunch, and it took courage to go back and finish the job in the afternoon.

Our banana problem has been most perplexing ever since we left Port Said. The ones that were ripe then were too ripe, and many of them spoiled before we could use them. The ones that were green are still green, or ripening so slowly that everybody fights over the few that are edible from day to day. Davis has to have bananas for some of his birds, but my gibbons prefer bananas to everything else, and besides that is the easiest and quickest food to prepare, and seems to suit everybody. Every day we count up, and say "Only five more days - only four more days - only three more days - until we can buy more bananas."

September 20 -

A fine morning, with the sea getting rougher toward evening. One more thing to worry about - to-morrow we leave the Gulf Stream and there will be a drop in temperature. We are trying to get wireless reports on the temperature in Halifax - so far with no success. Boston is 60, and that is all right, but anything lower than that may mean disaster to our big stock that has to stay on deck, with only hay and tarpaulin between it and the cold world.

September 21 -

A cold breeze was blowing in the morning, and got steadily colder all day. We left the Gulf Stream at 6 o'clock, and the temperature then was 58. All afternoon the Captain and the electrician worked on putting 500-watt bulbs in the giraffe cages. Over each animal's head the big lamp was hung, first being screened to keep the animals from licking the heated bulbs. The giraffes are sensible animals apparently, and soon became used to the bright lights overhead. Everything was tucked in at night with plenty of hay, and tarpaulin made as tight around the cages as possible.

This was the night of the Captain's dinner, and we were all pleased to come down to the dining room and see that the British American and N.G.S. flags constituted the decorations. I have sat through many and many a captain's dinner, but never one that was quite so friendly or so much fun as this one. We had Captain Rowe's special cocktails first, and wine with dinner. We had some of the Egyptian quail - the ones that Bill ordered as live specimens and they came aboard all dressed for the table - and then sat talking until midnight, getting occasional reports on the weather. The sea was calm, and the wind subsided, so that although the temperature was in the low fifties we hoped everything would be all right.

Banana boat

Shogun, Kerby

Roberts, Gross -

Lock - Mrs. Davis -

Amer. Consul Hurd

Vice Consul Esslinger

dinner at Nova Scotian

Sept. 23 Drive w. Mrs. Hurd

telegram - telephone in re

5 passengers - no food -

Delay for water in palm oil -

Sailed 4.30 -

Sept. 24 - Spang like day

gloucester fishing boat

provisions -

Breakf. request for bread -

and - Request for stopper

duck Albany 2 -

Capt "Wine & fishing"

is shippers. See Fures
(with)

September 22 -

All the animals seem to have survived the chilly night, in fact they are unusually peppy and hungry. The big bulbs in the giraffe crates raised the temperature about ten degrees for these delicate and beautiful creatures. Harry is full of fight, and although the small tapir got turned around in his cage and couldn't turn back again, making feeding extremely difficult, everything is apparently doing as well as possible. Down in Number five we decided to move the birds and gibbons into Number Six, which is heated by the palm oil tanks underneath. The two lutangs ~~have~~ seem to be feeling the cold, and refuse to eat, for the first time since we have had them.

We sighted the Nova Scotian coast about one-thirty, and it was a real thrill to see land again, to know that we would soon be ashore, and that we would again, after so many months, have our feet on American soil. A flicker flew aboard to welcome us, and it looked so dear and familiar, after the tropical parrots and cockatoos.

We are out of bananas - the ones that we bought in Port Said having been a pain in the neck the whole way across. We ordered some ripe ones, some half ripe, and some green. When they came aboard the ripe ones were ready to deliquesce, and had to be thrown overboard before they could be eaten. Others are not yet ripe, and we have pieced out the animals food with pumpkin, melon, and whatever we had. Last night we were wondering how long it would be ~~be~~ from the time we landed until we could buy bananas, and at least give the animals a good afternoon meal, even if the morning feed was pretty sketchy. The Captain sent a code message to the company asking them to send out 600 bananas by the pilot boat if possible, if not to have them on the dock as soon as we arrived.

The pilot came out, about two o'clock, rowed out in his little boat from the big pilot ship, and as there were no bananas the Captain gave the signal to pull up the ladder and get under way. Just as we began to move forward, another boat, a launch with several men in it, came close, and the men held up a big bunch of bananas. The Captain stopped the boat again, and the men and the bananas were taken aboard. To our great surprise, Shippen of the Star, Gross of the Post, Kerbey of the Geographic, and Commander Jeffrey of the Halifax Chronicle, were all on the deck with us, as well as the 600 bananas. It gave us time to feed all the stock with their favorite food before we ever docked at Halifax, - which was pretty grand.

When we docked, Mrs. Davis was there to greet Malcolm, and as soon as the birds had had their fill of bananas, the two went happily ashore. Roberts of the Geographic was also there to meet us, and to take moving pictures of the Silverash, proudly flying the Geographic flag, coming into harbor. Mrs. Davis, Roberts, Shippen and Gross all want to ride down to New York on the ship with us, and the Captain doesn't know what to do. He has accommodations for only five passengers, ordinarily. Kerbey had secured a passage, making six, but one is Gaddi, who lives with the crew, and hence doesn't count. The rules are made partly on account of life boat accommodation, but the wording of the Captain's certificate is not quite clear, as he is allowed to take 55 persons altogether, and on account of having to put two of the crew off in Port Said, he could take all these people and still not exceed his life boat

capacity. So after puzzling for a while, and listening to all the entreaties of his would-be passengers, he agreed to telegraph New York and see what they said about it.

The American Consul and Mrs. Hurd, the Vice Consul and Mrs. Esslinger came aboard to welcome us. Mrs. H. is German, Mrs. E. French,

We went ashore for dinner, to the Nova Scotian Hotel, and had a good meal of sea food. Later we came back to the ship, - All the newspaper people, plus a newspaper gal who was waiting for us. Bill kept them entertained with stories of this and other trips till nearly midnight.

September 23 -

The five new passengers hung around the boat all morning, waiting for the verdict. It did not come until nearly noon, and was unfavorable. Kerbey is the only one who is to be allowed passage down with us. Mrs. Davis wept, but the others cheered themselves up by admiring the Lady Drake, anchored near us, and decided to go down to Boston on her.

Because of water in the palm oil tanks, we were delayed in sailing, and did not get away until about 4.30. The sun has been warm all day, but the wind is cold, and the temperature dropped at night to 48. We moved everything out of Number 5 into Number 6, where it is much warmer, and the little lutangs stopped shivering, and with warmth, and artificial light, began to eat again, and even to groom themselves, which goodness knows they need - their long tails have become very dirty from being cooped up in a cage for so long.

September 24 -

It is a spring-like day, with smooth seas and a gorgeous sun. All the animals had to be moved off Number 5 hatch today, to make way for unloading of cargo in Boston, and as the cages were lined up along the deck, with the noonday sun pouring into each cage, you could see the animals visibly relaxing and basking in the warmth. Gloucester fishing boats, and porpoises playing in the water, added to the idyllic quality of the day.

We got a wireless message at breakfast from the N. B. C. in Boston, who want to stage a broadcast from the ship in Boston. Bill cabled that it would be all right, but at lunch time we were convulsed to get the following reply: "Thanks for your wire will meet you when you dock best available information I have states you will dock at Pier 2 East Boston inasmuch as necessary broadcasting facilities must be ordered now I am ordering same for Pier 2 please request your skipper to cooperate to extent of docking at that location if you dock at different pier it will upset everything many thanks please wire me collect if original plan as to time and place of docking is changed".

Knowing that the Captain does not always know, until the pilot comes aboard, at which pier he is to dock, and that that is about the only matter on which he is not complete Czar, amused us immensely. And the Captain said: "Wire him 'Only fishing boats have skippers' ".

Sept. 26 - Hurricane warnings along coast
4 p.m. Lines changed in Boston -
8 o'clock. Passed Ambrose Light
Pilot came out in boat with a
red light under white and
Minnel - one down watch
trains & in - I'll have to find fayer
"the last part I'll have to find your
After this you'll have to find your
own parts" Hot coaled men no eye-

And Sparks had typed a neat little ^{mem}agend^y: "With reference to collect messages, there is no such facility in the Wireless Service."

We reached quarantine too late for the doctor, and spent the night peacefully anchored in the Harbour.

September 25 -

We awoke in the early morning to find ourselves enveloped in a thick wool of fog. Foghorns were blowing, to right and left of us, and the doctor, who was supposed to come aboard at six, didn't show up until 8.30. By that time the weather had cleared, and about ten we were actually alongside Albany Pier 2. Alice, Mildred and Austin Brues had come to meet us; also Helen Coolidge, Mrs. Christophe Schults, ^{who tried to collect fish and mals} Roger Conant, Dan Harkins, and of course Roberts, Gross and Shippen. The one person Bill wanted to see was the American Railway Express Agent, and the two of them went into a huddle in regard to New York arrangements for unloading us to-morrow.

The N. B. C. men were there, and had managed to get the broadcast postponed till 11.45, giving them an extra half hour to get ready. Wires were strung over Number 5 hatch, where cargo was actually being discharged, and the broadcast came off during the greatest confusion, and under the greatest difficulties. With winches squeaking, and a ~~hixx~~ stevedores shouting and everybody giving helpful advice, Bill was interviewed on the highlights of the trip. He introduced Gaddi, who said a few precise, well-chosen words in Dyak. The announcer in describing Gaddi, said he was about 4 feet high (No, sir, 5, says Gaddi) with very black hair, wearing tortoise-shell glasses, and his native Dyak costume (this consisted of a blue beret, an imitation mackinaw, ~~and~~ a pair of dirty pants, a knife in his belt, and tennis shoes). The big tiger roared nicely for the microphone, but it was lost; the otter, who has squealed since the day he came aboard, was stricken with sudden shyness, and the only good performer was the black leopard, - but then he would always roar. Incidentally he nicked one man in the leg, and the man swore, and the mike had to be suddenly moved out of reach of the unpremeditated profanity.

All day long we had guests. About five o'clock we went ashore to have an oyster feed. We were late in sailing, as a great deal of the Boston cargo was "optional", and after being unloaded, was put back in the hold again. It was 10.30 when we finally moved stern-first away from the pier.

September 26 -

The wind this morning is brisk and cool, but the sun shone as we came down the coast. Storm warnings were flying at every light-house, and the Captain told us that a Japanese liner in Boston had stayed there rather than follow us along the threatening coast into New York. It gave us an uneasy feeling, and we had the cages in Number 6 tied together again. Many of them were loosely stacked since being moved out of Number 5, but the carpenter, for the last time, brought out planks and nailed the cages together in sections, so that one would hold the other upright.

At eight o'clock we passed Ambrose Light, and hung over the rail for the last time watching the pilot come aboard. As in a small town, where the natives go down to the depot to see the train come in, so we ~~xxx~~ gather at the rail to watch the pilot come aboard - any event that breaks the monotony of days at sea is interesting. Besides, in a swell, such as we have tonight, one has to admire the agility of the man who steps from a bouncing rowboat to the rope ladder and brings himself up on to the main deck.

A few moments later Captain Rowe came into the day room, ~~xxxx~~ smiling, hat cocked rakishly over one eye, and reported "I've found your last port for you. After this you'll have to find your own ports."

We were, of course, too late to land. ~~Forxthexxxx~~ It never seemed odd to sleep in the harbor of Singapore, Belawan, or Bombay, but somehow going to bed in full sight of the Statue of Liberty with a huge Wrigley sign flashing colored lights into our cabin, seemed strange. ~~Forxnearxtoxhomey, andxyet~~

September 27 -

I was up at five o'clock, and as soon as it was light enough clambered down into Number 6 to clean and feed my charges for the last time. Davis and Jennier had been up most of the night, and had all the cages nailed fast, and everything ready to move. There was delay, of course, in landing, but by ten o'clock the big cages began to go over the side, where they were loaded into trucks waiting on the pier.

The New York office had been pretty strict about allowing visitors to the Silverash, and Bernice Siebold, who sails to-morrow for Liberia, was our only unofficial guest. Of course the quarantine inspectors, customs men, express agents, etc., were all over the place, and kept Bill busy. Just after lunch Frank Buck showed up for a brief visit.

We had lunch on board - our last curry - and shortly thereafter went ashore ourselves. I hated to leave the ship that had been our home for fifty days, and could only keep myself cheered up by making the Captain reiterate his promise that he would let us know when she came into Baltimore, and we could see him and it again there.

There was considerable difficulty in getting the giraffes off the pier. The Sudan government had shipped them to us in

11-foot crates, and they could not get through the doors from the wharf out to the street. All that could be done was to saw them down, then and there, and the giraffes rode through the streets of Staten Island, New York, and over to Athenia with no tops to their cages at all - and it is a chilly day. Later we learned that when they got to the quarantine station, the crates would not go into the barns there. Jennier, in desperation, said, "Well, I think the giraffes are pretty tame. Let's lead them in." And that was what they had to do.

Bill and Kerby, Mrs. Davis and I came down on the 4.42 train. Gaddi and Davis rode a later express with the animals. Arriving in Washington four hours later, we were met again by newspaper reporters and photographers, as well as by Dr. and Mrs. Grosvenor, the LaGorces, McKnews, and Mrs. Kerby. For what we hoped would be the last time, we beamed for the flashlights, and shook hands all round.

It is the end of a long voyage, and we are tired and glad to be once more at home.

Summary of Animals Brought Back by the
National Geographic Society--Smithsonian Institution
East Indies Expedition, 1937.

<u>Class</u>		<u>Species</u>	<u>Individuals</u>
Mammals	-	46 47	121
Birds	-	23 83	649 648
Reptiles	-	<u>30</u>	<u>109</u> 112
Total	-	166 169	878 879 882

LIST OF ANIMALS BROUGHT BACK BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC-SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION EAST INDIES EXPEDITION, 1937.

MAMMALS

<u>Scientific name</u>	<u>Common name</u>	<u>No.</u>
<i>Tapirus indicus</i>	Asiatic tapir	3
<i>Ursus thibetanus</i>	Himalayan bear	2
<i>Pongo abelii</i>	Sumatran orang utan	1
<i>Pongo pygmaeus</i>	Bornean orang utan	1
<i>Presbytis pyrrhus</i>	Javan langur or lotong	2
<i>Hylobates lar</i>	White-handed gibbon	3
<i>Hylobates agilis</i>	Agile gibbon	1
<i>Macaca nemestrina</i>	Pig-tailed monkey	10
<i>Macaca irus</i>	Crab-eating macaque	10
<i>Macus maurus</i>	Moor monkey	3
<i>Macaca mordax</i>	Javan macaque	13
<i>Cynopithecus tonsus</i>	Black macaque	1
<i>Nycticebus coucang</i>	Slow loris	5
<i>Neofelis nebulosa</i>	Clouded leopard	1
<i>Panthera pardus</i>	Indian leopard	4
<i>Panthera pardus</i>	Black leopard	2
<i>Felis tigris sondaicus</i>	Sumatran tiger	1
<i>Felis tigris sondaicus</i>	Sumatran tiger	1
<i>Profelis temmincki</i>	Bay or golden cat	2
<i>Acanthion brachyurum</i>	Malay porcupine	3
<i>Thecurus sumatrae</i>	Brush-tailed Porcupine	1

<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>	<u>No.</u>
Micraonyx leptonyx	Small-clawed otter	1
Paradoxurus, sp. <i>hermaphrodytus</i>	^{Small-fisted} Palm civet	4 5
Arctogalidia fusca	Small toothed palm civet	1
Arctiotis binturong	Binturong	5
Dendrolagus inustus	Tree kangaroo	2
Charronia flavigula henrici	Asiatic marten	1
Jaculus jaculus	Egyptian jerboa	10
Tupaia siaca	Tree shrew	1
^{Nycto} Nesocleptes sumatrensis	Bamboo rat	1
Arctonyx collaris	Hog badger	2
Cuon javanicus sumatrensis	Sumatran wild dog	1
Ratufa sp. <i>macroura</i>	^{Ceylon giant} Rock squirrel	1
Ratufa bicolor	Javan giant squirrel	1
Callosciurus melanops	Sumatran tri-colored squirrel	3
Sciurus finlaysoni	Lesser white squirrel	7
Tomomys notatus	Javan brown squirrel	2
Callosciurus piceus	Beautiful squirrel	1
Giraffa camelopardalis	Nubian Giraffe	4
Bilos gaurus	Gaur	2
Synceros caffer	African buffalo	2
Tragulus javanicus	Javan Mouse Deer	1
Tragulus napu	Mouse Deer	1

<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>	<u>No.</u>
Muntiacus muntjak	Barking deer	1
Anoa depressicornis	Anoa	2
Pseudois nahura	Tharal or Blue Sheep	2
Babirussa alfurus	Babirussa	1
Rusa unicolor	Sambar deer	1

BIRDS

Casuarus bennetti	Bennett's cassowary	1
Casuarus sp.	cassowary	2
Casuarus sp.	cassowary (in annex)	3
Argusianus argus	Argus pheasant	3
Cissa chinensis	Chinese cissa	3
Ptilopogon pyrolophus	Varied barbet	2
Schlegelia wilsoni	Wilson's bird of paradise	1
Paradisea rubra	Red bird of paradise	11
Paradisea minor	Lesser bird of paradise	2
Seleucidus niger	12-Wired bird of paradise	1
Cicinnurus regius	King bird of paradise	1
..... bird of paradise	1
Centropus sinensis	Sumatra coucal	1
Munia oryzivora	Paddy bird	20
Munia punctulatus	Rice bird	75

Diphyllodes magnificus Magnificent bird of paradise - 1

<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>	<u>No</u>
Munia molucca	Black-throated munia	75
Munia maja	White-headed munia	50
Ploceus baya	Baya weaver	11
Oriolas chinensis	Sumatran oriole	6
Gracula javana	Javan mynah	4
Lalage nigra	Pied cuckoo shrike	1
Pycnonotus analis	Yellow-vented bul-bul	2
Corvus insolens	Indian crow	4
Lophura rubra	Malayan fire-back p.asant	1
Caloenas nicobarica	Nicobar pigeon	5
<i>D. herveyi</i> <i>zeylandicus</i>	Streaked barbet	2
Coturnix coturnix	Migratory quail	38
Gallus gallus	Jungle fowl	2
Alectoris gracca	Chukar partridge	2
Goura victoria	Victoria crowned pigeon	3
Goura sp. sclaterii	Sclater's crowned pigeon	7
Manucodia atra	Black manucode	1
Rubigula dispar	Red-throated bul-bul	3
Ptilinopus regina	Purple-capped fruit dove	5
<i>Ptilinopus humeralis</i>	Purple-shouldered "	1
Mesia argentauris	Silver-eared mesia	3
.....	bul-bul	1
Irena puella	Fairy blue bird	1
Erythrura prasina	Long-tailed munia	5
Amandava amandava	Strawberry finch	75
Trachycornus zeylonicus	Yellow-crowned bul-bul	5

<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>	<u>No.</u>
<i>Pyrenonotus bidentatus</i>	Orange-spotted bul-bul	3
<i>Ducula paulina</i>	Celebian imperial pigeon	6
<i>Dendrophassa</i> <i>Osmotreron vernans</i>	Sumatran fruit pigeon	4
<i>Excalfactoria chinensis</i>	Blue-breasted button quail	9
<i>Gracupica melanoptera</i>	Gray starling	4
<i>Pitta...moluscensis</i> <i>Rhyticeros</i>	Molucca pitta	2
<i>Phylloceros undulatus</i>	Malayan wreathed hornbill	1
<i>Anthracceros coronatus</i>	Pied hornbill	4
<i>.....</i>	Celebian hornbill	1
<i>Buceros rhinoceros</i>	Rhinoceros hornbill	2
<i>Rhyticeros plicatus</i>	Plicated hornbill	3
<i>Samproturon</i> <i>Ptilinopus jambu</i>	Pink-headed fruit pigeon	8
<i>Megapodius freycineti</i>	Molucca megapode	3
<i>Streptopelia orientalis</i>	Asiatic collared dove	33
<i>Chalcophaps indica</i>	Emerald dove	8
<i>Balaeniceps rex</i>	Shoe-bill or whale-head	2
<i>Fregata ariel</i>	Lesser frigate bird	2
<i>Ibis cinereus</i>	Malay stork	2
<i>Macropygia unchall</i>	Cuckoo dove	12
<i>Gallinula chloropus sub.sp.</i>	Sumatran gallinule	3
<i>Ketupa ketupu</i>	Malay fish owl	1
<i>Spilornis nipalensis</i>	Serpent eagle	1
<i>Haleastur indus</i>	Brahminy kite	2
<i>Aplonis chalybea</i>	Glossy aplonis	1
<i>Ducula aenea</i>	Green imperial pigeon	1
<i>Myristicivora bicolor</i>	Pied imperial pigeon	25
<i>Ducula pinon</i>	Red-eyed fruit pigeon	1

<u>Scientific name</u>	<u>Common name</u>	<u>No.</u>
<i>Aprosmictus cyanopygius</i>	King paroquet	1
<i>Lorius garrulus</i>	Red lory	10
<i>Eos cyanogenea</i>	Blue-eared lory	1
<i>Trichoglossus moluccanus</i>	Molucca lory	2
<i>Trichoglossus haemato</i>	Ceram lory	6
<i>Lorius lory</i>	Blue-crowned lory	4
<i>Pseudeos fuscata</i>	Dusky lory	1
<i>Kakatoe ^{moluccensis} citrinocristata</i>	Great red-crested Orange-crested cockatoo	1
<i>Kakatoe alba</i>	White cockatoo	2
" <i>galerita</i>	Large sulphur-crested cockatoo	2
" <i>sulphurea</i>	Lesser sulphur-crested cockatoo	11
<i>Psittichas fulgidus</i>	Vulturine parrot	1
<i>Calyptrorhynchus magnificus</i>	Banksian cockatoo	3
<i>Psittacula eupatria</i>	Red-shouldered paro- quet	5
<i>Electus ^{sp.} pectoralis</i>	Electus parrot	2
<i>Aprosmictus amboinensis</i>	Amboina lory	1
<i>Chalcopsitta atra</i>	Black lory	1
<i>Psittinus cyanurus</i>	Malay parrotlet	2
<i>Lorius domicella</i>	Rajah lory	2
<i>Trichoglossus nigroregularis</i>	Blue-fronted lory	8
<i>Loriculus galgulus</i>	Red-throated parrotlet	9
<i>Psittacula krameri</i>	Kramer's paroquet	7
.....	Young immature lory	1
<i>Tanygnathus muelleri</i>	Mueller parrot	1

REPTILES

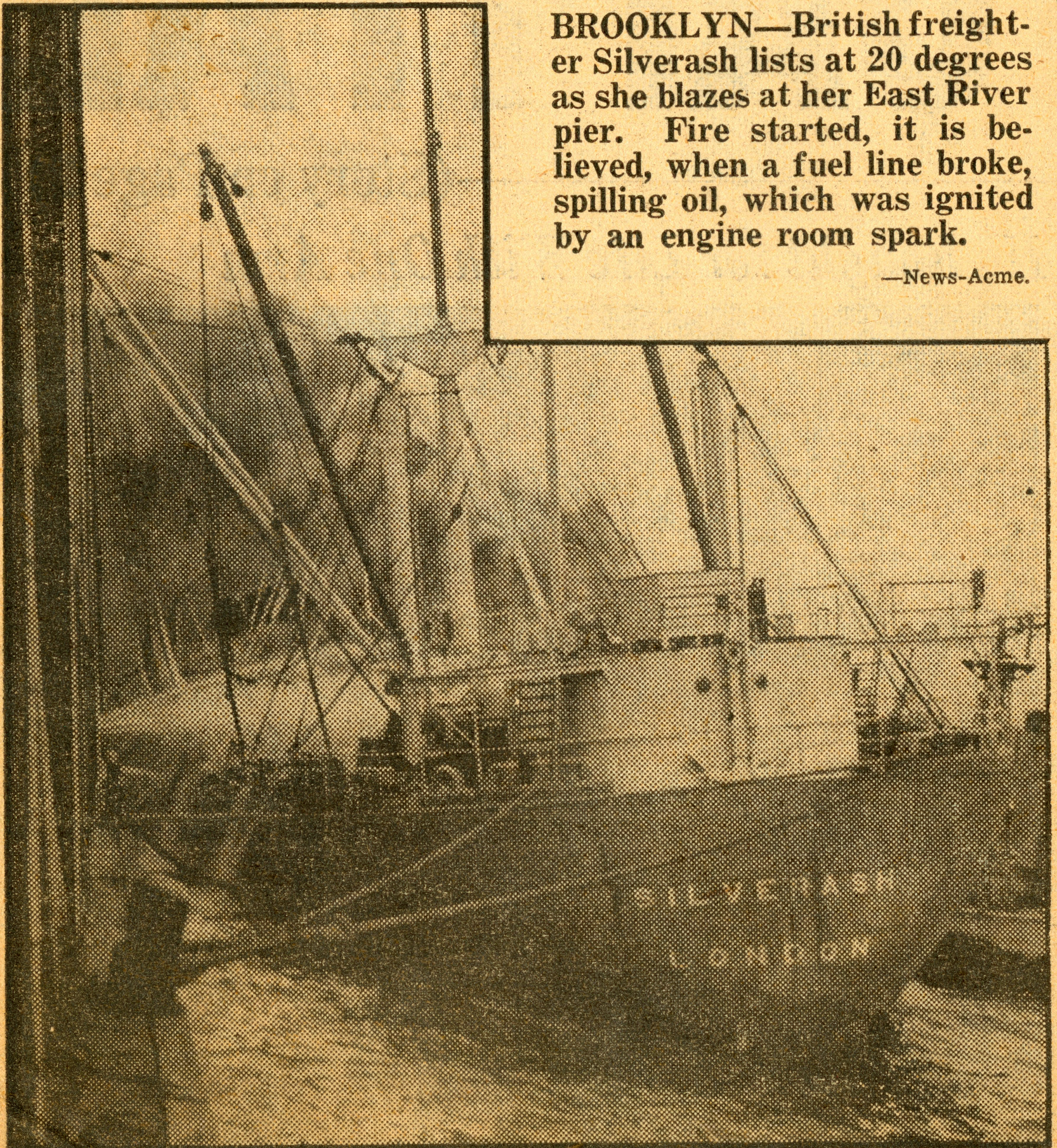
<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>	<u>No</u>
Naja hannah	King cobra	2
Naja tripudians ^{var.} sumatrana	Sumatran black hooded cobra	16 7
" ^{var.} sumatrana	Indian cobra	4
" ^{var.} sumatrana	Siamese cobra	5
Bungarus fasciatus	Banded krait	1
Boiga cynodon	Cat-eyed tree snake	1
Boiga dendrophila	Mangrove snake	2
Vipera russelli	Russell's viper	1
Trimeresurus grammus	Green palm viper	1
" puniceus	Brown tree viper	1
" purpureomaculatus	Brown palm viper	1
" wagleri	Wagler's viper	1
Python amethystinus	Amethystine python	1
" "	" "	1
	(brown phase)	
Python curtus	Blood python	14
Python molurus	Indian rock python	5
" reticulatus	Regal or reticulated python	4
Elaphe oxycephala	Green lacquered tree snake	1
Trionyx ^a cartilagineus	Asiatic soft-shelled turtle	1
Cyclemys amboinensis	Kura kura box turtle	12
Batagur baska	Baska turtle	1
Geomyda spinosa	Spiny hill tortoise	1
Testudo emys	Land tortoise	5

<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>	<u>No</u>
Geoclemys subtrijuga	Siamese field turtle	2
Alligator sinensis	Chinese alligator	1
Megalobatrachus japonicus	Giant salamander	1
Tomistoma schlegelii	Malayan gavia	8
Acanthosaura armata	Armed tree lizard	3
Varanus komodoensis	Komodo dragon	1
Physignathus cocincinus	Siamese water dragon	4
Uromastix sp.	Spiny-tailed lizard	3
Varanus salvadorii	Sumatran monitor	16

Freighter Burns at Brooklyn Pier

BROOKLYN—British freighter Silverash lists at 20 degrees as she blazes at her East River pier. Fire started, it is believed, when a fuel line broke, spilling oil, which was ignited by an engine room spark.

—News-Acme.



Jan 24/39

CAPITAL

(Story on Page 2)

He Fought for Life With One Arm

